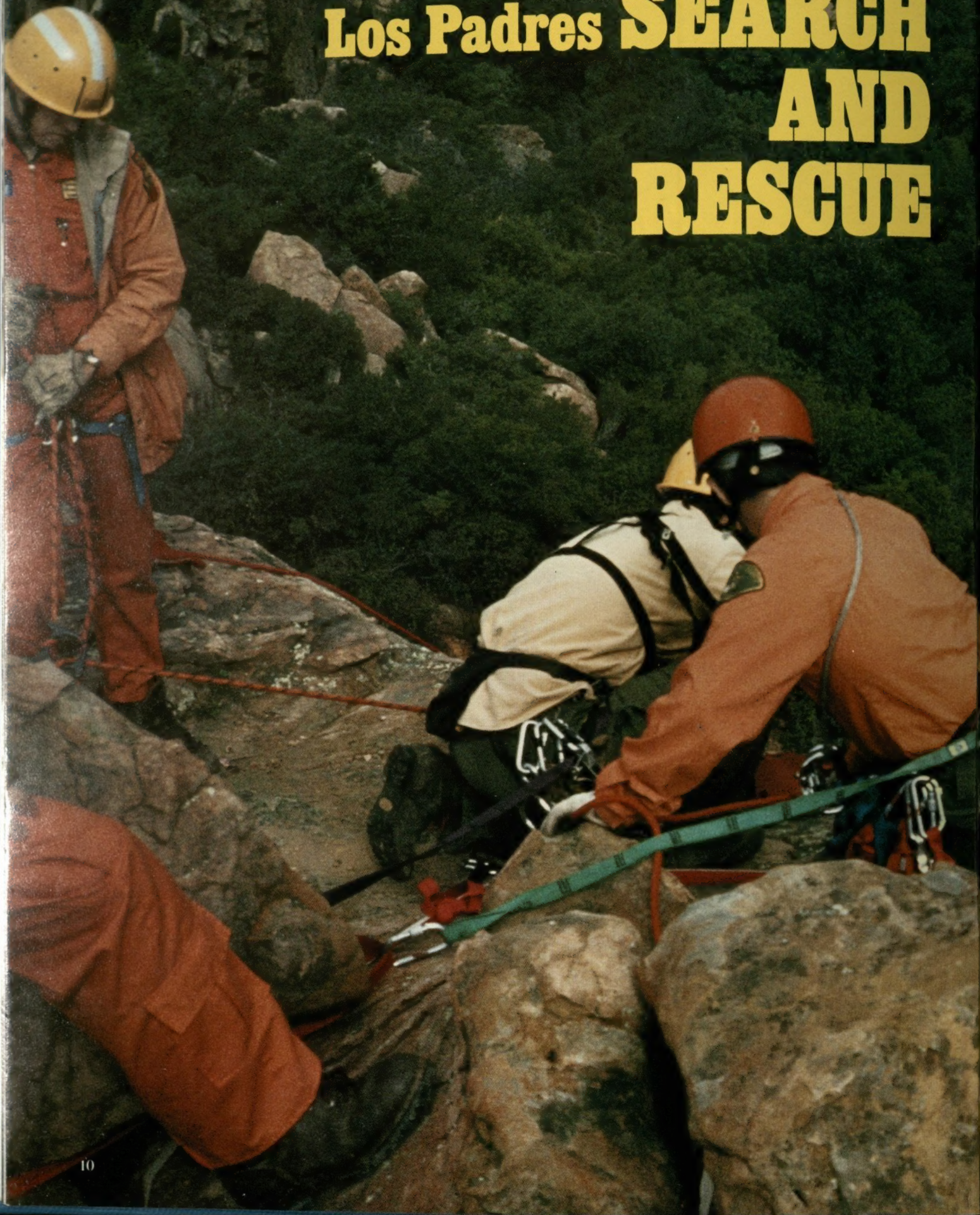


# Los Padres **SEARCH AND RESCUE**





**S**AN MARCOS PASS—SLIDE AREA, reads the sign by the dirt turnout. The driver slumps inside his car. The deputy asks him to step out, then checks the interior for beer cans. When the deputy looks up, the driver is gone. A puff of dust rises from over the side of the cliff.

**M**OST of the 21 members of the Los Padres Search and Rescue Team are at work when the page goes out. They're at Raytheon and UCSB, at Builder's Emporium and Applied Magnetics, working as contractors and lawyers, as engineers and doctors and salesmen. One is wind surfing. Another is home with his leaky sink completely off the wall.

The first unit arrives at the pass within half an hour. Steve Kirkman climbs the embankment and surveys the drop. In spite of his neat brown beard, at 23 Steve still has the open face and manner of a Boy Scout—which is what he was when he got his initial wilderness training.

"That cliff falls straight down after the first few feet," Steve says later. "It's all brush and rocks and loose dirt. We don't chase escaped criminals; that's up to the sheriff. But if the victim is hurt and stuck at the bottom, we're going to get him out."

Following their cliff rescue preplan, the team anchors ropes to their four-wheel-drive truck. Steve is medical officer for this operation, so he rappels down the mountain first, followed by Brian Wise.

Dust coats their faces and dulls the orange of their jump suits and helmets. The cliff face is slippery in places from the recent rains, and rocks tumble free now and then, loosened by ropes or scrambling feet.

A hawk circles above them. Steve can make out a stream far below. After 300 sweaty feet, he hears cries. He slows his descent. Few of the people he's located have been unhappy to see him, but he's heard this victim has a record of arrests for violent crimes and knows he was desperate enough to leap headlong over the side of a mountain.

After 50 feet, below one more overhang, Steve and Brian spy him lying balanced on a rock. Carefully, they lower themselves to his side. He's cut and bruised. He's also agitated, disoriented, and gasping. Brian has to hold him to keep him from toppling off the precipice. Steve's examination includes a weapons pat-down.

The victim struggles to breathe. Several ribs seem broken, and one appears to have punctured a lung, collapsing it.

Steve radios up for a paramedic and for oxygen. He immobilizes the man's neck and spine with an arm sling and a cervical collar, then treats him for shock. High above, other team members buckle the paramedic into a harness. They provide him with a helmet and a headlamp, then lower him down.

The paramedic does what he can, but the victim needs hospitalization—and

soon. Three more team members arrive to help. They strap the victim into a stretcher. Everyone is tied to the stretcher rope system, which in turn connects to a cable and winch high above. The winch starts to pull, and six pairs of feet scramble over loose shale while the weight of seven bodies tenses the twin lines of rope and cable. The operation rises 100 feet, 150, 200 feet.

"Rock!" someone yells.

Team members instinctively make themselves small. The paramedic, unfamiliar with rockfall, sticks up a hand for protection. A rock shatters two of his fingers. The next day, everyone on the right side of the stretcher comes down with poison oak. "But if we hadn't located that victim," Steve says matter of factly, "he never would have made it through the night."

**S**TEVE KIRKMAN and the other members of the Los Padres Search and Rescue

JIM FRANK

*Opposite: Los Padres Search and Rescue Team members (from left) Nelson Trichter, Mike Peterson, Pete Cottle, and Mark Williams practice vertical evacuation procedures at Gibraltar Rock behind Santa Barbara. The highly skilled volunteers have two words for those lost or hurt in the backcountry: Stay put.*

**By Barry Maher**





Team are highly skilled volunteers. They work without pay, donating up to ten hours a week even without an operation. One of the badges on their sleeves says Santa Barbara County Sheriff. The Sheriff's Department provides them with backing and some equipment, but most of the funding comes from private contributions. A member may spend as much as \$3,000 of his own money on personal gear—everything from sleeping bags, backpacks, and dehydrated food to headlamps, radios, first-aid kits, and nylon slings. And the first time he puts on his \$180 hiking boots, he just might spend the whole search up to his checkbook in a river.

The team insists that the work isn't dangerous. "We're paranoid," explains Jerry Smith, 30, a six-year veteran with thinning hair and a quick laugh. Even with the beard, Jerry looks more like a bookstore clerk than a man you'd see swinging from a rope on a rescue. "As a volunteer there's no way in hell I'm going to go out and get myself killed. So I'm real careful. We all are." He continues with a story about being stuck on a cliff face in the middle of the night.

"Every foothold I took, I slid. There was nothing to hang on to. I was tied in, but my rope was only anchored to a couple of tiny bushes. I couldn't go up; I couldn't go down. The guy we'd come up to save was right beside me, and I was as stuck as he was." But with patience and the help of the team, he got himself and the man down. Not much to it, he says.

"Our widows and orphans fund is about nil," says Jim Frank, team president. "Everything we do is backed up. We never forget that several years ago two members didn't come back from a rescue."

The interview is business to Jim. He sits with hands clasped before him, his stillness conveying controlled tension. His olive drab pants have pockets everywhere and most likely a button fly.

"Our recruits usually have extensive backpacking or mountaineering experience," he says. "All our new members have to be comfortable in steep, dangerous terrain. After their preliminary training, we test them—to make sure they aren't going to kill themselves or anyone else the first time out."

*Right: (From left) Brian Wise, Nelson Trichler, Jerry Smith, Jim Frank, and Pete Cottle hone their wilderness skills at a Mountain Rescue Association workshop. While satisfying a desire for adventure and for helping others in need, the volunteers save the county up to half a million dollars a year.*

STEVE KIRKMAN









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the next six months to two years he studies climbing techniques, rope rescue, man tracking, first aid, wilderness survival, communications, and the use of maps, compasses, and direction finders. Then there's team search management, one of the most important skills a recruit can master.

**T**HE TEAM ARRIVES at the Gaviota rest stop as the last light of day fades. They lay out the equipment, set up the antennas, switch on the radios. Some of the trainees jabber excitedly, anxious to be off. "Rescue rush," the team calls it.

Jim Frank leans forward as he walks, hands deep in his pockets. He doesn't hurry. He doesn't get excited. But he's the operations officer during the current two week period, and he leaves no doubt he is in command. At 33, he's been at this for seven years, and the team averages over 30 missions a year.

He shivers once but seems not to notice. A half-hour ago he was in bed with the flu. He makes the assignments quickly. Jim knows his team, their individual capacities and levels of training. His first objective is to confine the area where the woman disappeared, finding all the ways she could wander out, and then having someone there to meet her. Jim assigns the first group to the spot where the missing woman was last seen to try to identify her tracks.

He seeks out the R.P.—the reporting party. This time it's the woman's husband. The man is upset, but under control— anxious to help, to be doing something.

Jim leads him to a picnic table away from the commotion. Together they develop a complete victim profile. Much more than just a physical description, a good profile helps an operations leader make the best use of his limited manpower. Is the victim the kind who would stick to the trails, or would she wander off into the brush? Is she in good shape, or is she likely to tire easily? And it's always a good idea to check the places a person frequents at the start of the search. You don't want to find him or her sloshing down a beer in a dark corner of Joe's after you've given up from exhaustion.

The woman missing tonight won't be found in any bar. Her husband says she's suffering from emotional problems. He suspects a "nervous breakdown." He thinks she might be making for the peak of a mountain she "needed" to climb.

The breeze picks up. Jim zips the last couple of inches closed on his parka. The woman was last seen in a T-shirt, corduroys, and tennis shoes. Every member



of the team knows how deadly hypothermia can be, and it's all the more likely when the person they're looking for doesn't want to be found.

Jim Frank's eyes wander the darkened mountains. He knows they're hazardous enough during the day, even for someone who's calm and rational and trained. If she's fleeing and overwrought, she could be in trouble.

**J**ERRY SMITH IS AS MOBILE during the interview as Jim Frank is still. He hops up to answer the phone or to Xerox some information. He leans first against a desk, then a chair, then the wall, yet he always seems relaxed. Both Jim and Jerry work out of their California Mountain Company warehouse, where they sell rescue equipment by mail order to teams and agencies all over the country. Every fall they grow beards together, and in the spring they shave them off. New recruits sometimes confuse the two.

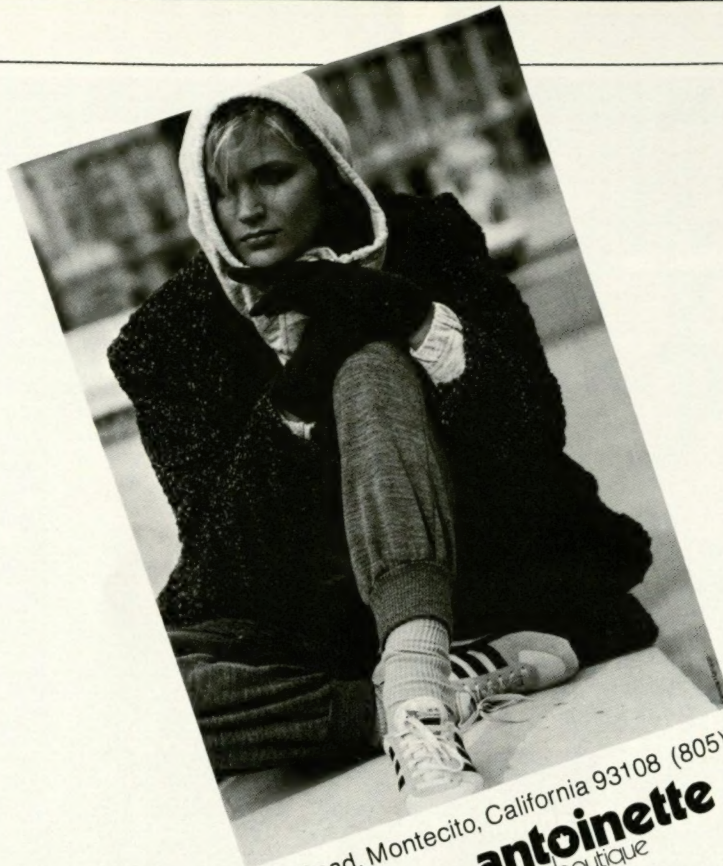
"Generally," Jim tells me, "if a person is alive when we're called, the person is alive when we get him out. But body recoveries have to be done, too, from wilderness plane crashes—or fallen hikers, people who try to take shortcuts on the Red Rock cliffs."

"I remember one team member couldn't smell sage without thinking of bodies," Jerry says, wrinkling his face. "Recoveries aren't our job, strictly speaking, but we're the only ones who can do it safely. And nobody else is silly enough to work on an airplane dripping fuel, dangling from the side of a mountain."

"That gets interesting," Jim agrees. "We try to get everybody else out of the way and let just two or three certain people do the recovery. So if we're going to be carrying people out, we won't have to carry out any of our own."

By now they've made a convincing case for search and rescue work being hardly more dangerous than writing novels. But it's not all as much fun as false alarms at three a.m. or getting smashed against the rocks of frigid, swollen rivers. A trainee once emerged from one such river to find himself trapped between a swarm of bees and several angry bulls, who may or may not have been attracted to bright orange jump suits.

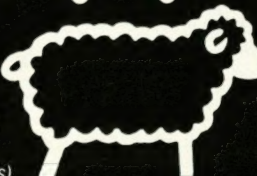
Steve Kirkman was with his girl friend's family last Christmas. The turkey was cooking and they were just about to open the presents when Steve's pager began to beep. The Santa Ynez River had risen after the rain, and a hiker was trapped. Then, five days later, Steve was at his girl friend's birthday party when he got the



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call for the San Marcos Pass rescue.

"The people in our lives just have to understand," Jim says. "We're on 24-hour call. Everything we do is an emergency. This isn't really a hobby. I don't like getting up at two-thirty in the morning to go looking for somebody."

"You don't?" says Jerry.

"No," Jim laughs. "That's why I call you."

Then why do they volunteer?

"Well, some of us do it for the adventure," Jim says, growing serious. "Others say it satisfies a desire to help people. For a lot of us, it's both reasons."

"Then there's the team aspect," Jerry adds. "You get good feelings out of working together at something that's difficult."

"Right, there's a certain pride that you get. Not that many people in the county can do what we do. Lives depend on it. That's why we have to spend so much time training."

"There's a lot of humor while we're working," Jerry says, "a lot of tension release. But we know we have lives in our hands. Some people can't handle the stress. It's not just the rescues and the medical problems, but the searches, too. One lost kid we never found. That's a sleepless night. It tears you apart going over what you did, what you could have done—should have done. It tears you up when no matter what you do, you can't find them."

**J**IM FRANK DISPATCHES A UNIT to the Gaviota mountain the missing woman might be making for. Other units head north and south along the highway. Several members go down to the beach and the nearby park where they interview campers who might have seen her. Still others search the river. Four Wheel Drive Emergency Services, another volunteer group, checks back roads.

Jim initiates "hasty search," sending rescuers to scour the main paths checking for tracks, listening for cries, calling her name. Ruth Waller, one of two women currently on the team, gets an afghan the victim used and gives the scent to her bloodhound.

A deputy sheriff arrives with a German shepherd. Four team members coax the dog onto a board and, balancing it carefully, lift him to the top of the chain link fence around the rest area. The deputy tries to talk the dog into jumping down into the brush on the other side. The dog has more sense. A bloodhound traces a specific scent; a German shepherd will

*Continued on page 26*





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# The High Flying Heart of a Hawk

## By Susan Christol-Deacon

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JÜRGEN HILMER



FALCONERS like to tell the story of a Saudi sheik who refused to clinch an oil deal until the North American country he was negotiating with traded him a gyrfalcon—the coveted and majestic Arctic falcon that has been considered an endangered species for years. He got the bird. They got the oil.

Middle Eastern potentates are not alone in their fascination with falconry. The sport of flying raptors, or birds of prey, to catch small game originated in China as early as 2000 B.C. Then, like fireworks, another Chinese creation that fills the sky, the practice of falconry spread to the West.

Today nearly a dozen Santa Barbara area residents practice the age-old art of hawking. And some of them have brought a Santa Barbara-style environmental awareness to a sport that in its recent history has often raised the hackles of conservation groups like the Audubon Society.

"If I thought legitimate falconry had any effect on wild bird populations," says UCSB associate professor of botany and master falconer Bruce Mahall, "I'd feel terrible, probably more so than the general population."

For Mahall, raptors, a category of birds that includes true falcons and other hawks, are a "precious resource." Along with other similarly inclined falconers, Mahall supports efforts by groups such as the Santa Cruz Predatory Bird Project, which

is raising peregrine falcons and releasing them into the wild. Last year more than 80 peregrines were released in California, many from sites in Santa Barbara County. At one point there were fewer birds than that occurring naturally in the wild.

National organizations like the non-profit Peregrine Fund have been working throughout the country to restock wild populations ever since the widespread use of DDT in the 1960s threatened to wipe out a number of species. Mahall fears that the Environmental Protection Agency's recent loosening of restrictions on insecticides that break down into DDE (the harmful compound in DDT) may begin the destructive cycle all over again.

The desire by some falconers to possess endangered peregrines and gyrfalcons has contributed to the decimation of the species. But most falconers are happy to fly the nonthreatened species allowed by law. These include the spirited merlin and the stunning prairie falcon, the deft goshawk, and the more readily available red-tailed hawk. In some states, captive-bred hawks are becoming available commercially, giving falconers access to protected species without depleting wild populations. Breeders are also experimenting with hybrids.

Both Mahall and local designer and longtime master falconer Dan McCue were deeply disturbed by the news of a smuggling ring uncovered in Montana last summer. The ring was selling endan-

gered peregrines, Arctic gyrfalcons, and other birds of prey for as much as \$60,000 apiece. The Audubon Society charged

*Above and opposite: Master falconer Dan McCue flies his hardy Harris hawk in the hills behind Santa Barbara. The bird's longevity and exploits make her a legend in the fraternity of falconers.*









*Above top: Forever wild at heart, McCue's Western prairie falcon wears a leather hood to keep her calm on the fist. Taming a bird of prey requires extraordinary commitment from the falconer, who must spend hours a day tending, feeding, and exercising his charges. McCue has been a master over 20 years. Above center: By the time he releases her hood, the bird has already roused in anticipation of the hunt. Above: McCue emphasizes that the hawk will never be a pet, though the bond of trust and affection between man and bird is obvious. She remains nameless, known simply as "the prairie falcon."*

that the "sport of kings" had become the "hobby of felons."

"Falconers get bad press from jerks robbing birds from the wild and selling them on the black market," says Mahall. "But remember, the restocking of wild populations is also largely due to falconers." California State Fish and Game captain Doug Buchanan agrees. When Buchanan first began with Fish and Game in 1966, there was but half a page of regulations on falconry. Today there are seven. Buchanan credits concerned falconers and members of the California Hawking Club with helping to bring about stronger regulation of the sport.

The motives, he notes, were not purely altruistic. "The falconry fraternity—and they are a group of rugged individualists—was concerned that if the nest robbing and mistreatment of birds by novices went on unregulated, the government might shut down falconry permanently." What concerns him even more than a few high-powered illegal dealers is the taking of young from nests by teenagers and individuals unprepared to deal with the demands of a captive bird of prey. Many hawks have perished needlessly as a result.

Veterinarian Ron Dalzell directs the Native Bird Rehabilitation Project in Ventura County. Dalzell is somewhat critical of falconry as it is commonly practiced. "I can't wholeheartedly endorse falconry," he says. "I've seen too many ill-treated birds brought to me as a last resort by people who didn't know how to care for them." He is quick to add, however, that he's also seen "top-notch falconers who utilize their skills to benefit the birds."

Today's falconers must be licensed and adhere to strict rules about the kind of birds they keep. They must pass difficult federal exams and demonstrate proper housing for the birds. A novice begins as an apprentice, working under a sponsor for at least two years before moving on to a general falconer's license. Then five years must pass before the general falconer is eligible to become a master.

Dan McCue, who has served as a sponsor for a number of apprentice falconers, stresses that it is suitable only for a very few. "It's a way of life," he says, warning that a falconer must be prepared to build his or her life around the sport. "The well-being of your bird is always paramount in your mind," he says. Falconers can expect to spend several hours each day caring for, feeding, and exercising their birds. The demands are great. "I've seen marriages break up over it," he says.

McCue tries to discourage most would-be falconers. "But if they can survive all my negativity and pass the federal test, then I might give them a shot." He points out that personality and compatibility of sponsor and apprentice are important, too, because they will be spending long hours and many weekends together.

Bruce Mahall tries to discourage falconer hopefuls, too. "It appears glamorous, but it's not," he says. "It's not like playing golf. It's a hell of a lot more effort." Hawks resist domestication. They are unpredictable and can be dangerous. They are not pets, says McCue.

What then is the appeal of falconry? Some say it is a noble calling, and, in truth, it is a sport of kings, having attracted its fair share of nobility. William the Conqueror kept a regiment of liveried falconers and their hooded birds on call. Mary Queen of Scots flew her merlin on the moors. And Henry VIII fell into a ditch following his hawk. Historically, rank determined the kind of bird a falconer could fly: a peregrine for a king, a gyrfalcon for an emperor, as the saying went.

Falconry caught the imagination of writers as well. Shakespeare described a lively hawking party of Henry IV, and *Swiss Family Robinson* author Johann Wyss depicted Fritz Robinson training a mythical Malabar eagle to provide game for his stranded family.

For Santa Barbara falconers, part of the attraction is in working with the birds in their natural environment—watching the dexterous accipiters, like goshawks, make quick, tight turns over the wooded slopes. Or following the hardy buteos, like red-tailed and Harris hawks, as they soar over the coastal plain. But Santa Barbara's terrain has its drawbacks, too. Hawks can be easily lost in heavy chaparral, and man and bird instantly lose sight of one another when a ridge top comes between.

Hawking in Santa Barbara County does offer stunning landscapes as a backdrop for the sport, however, and part of falconry is being in the wild. It is also a chance for an individual to integrate into the natural system, forming a kind of parallel link, where the falconer, through training of his or her bird, controls the bird's natural instinct to hunt. It is a form of hunting, primitive in the sense that a gun would be a more efficient way of putting food on the table, but advanced in the sense that the bird, like solar energy, is a natural tool.

"The difference between hunting with a hawk and hunting with a gun is 300



million years of evolution," says Mahall, who as a biologist takes delight in watching predation in action. Much of the fascination lies in watching prey and predator interact. "Sometimes the way the game escapes is just unbelievable," says Mahall. He has seen game birds disappear down gopher holes to escape his hawk.

For falconers like Mahall and McCue, the "bag" holds less fascination than just watching the birds in action. But they make sure the game their birds take does not go to waste. "I've got a freezer full," says McCue.

"Hawks are natural athletes," says Santa Barbara veterinarian and avian specialist Eric Westheimer, explaining the attraction. "We're talking speed," says another enthusiast. Falcons have been clocked at 90 miles an hour on the flat. And when the birds are "in stoop," making their characteristic bulletlike dives to capture prey, they may reach speeds up to 200 miles an hour.

The unpredictability of hunting with a hawk adds to the thrill. "The exceptions from the norm are what always make it exciting," says McCue. He flies a Harris hawk that he has had for an almost unheard of 20 years. "She's a legend," he says proudly, stroking the bird with affection that is obviously satisfying for both. Over the years the Harris has taken



*Left: Once afield, the hawk could disappear from McCue's life in an instant. Part of the art of the sport comes in keeping the bird "sharp set," at the peak of health and proper weight, yet with a necessary degree of hunger. Here, to coax the prairie falcon back to him, the falconer swings a rope with a duck-shaped leather decoy tied at the end. Below: McCue waits with a third member of his hunting team, the family hound dog Tara, while the prairie falcon finishes her meal.*

brush bunnies, cottontails, ducks, and pheasants. McCue has watched her personality develop, and he says as she gets older she has begun to show traits of a juvenile again.

The bond between a falconer and his bird is a complicated one. Falconry requires a certain empathy with an animal that will never achieve domestication. One falconer joked that the appeal of hawks' personalities is like that of cats. They are beautiful and sleek, but they are also ingrates. All they really need you for is dinner. "The only reason the birds stay with the falconers is because they are hungry," says veterinarian Dalzell bluntly.

Keeping a hawk "sharp set," at the right weight and degree of hunger, is crucial if falconers are to fly their birds

successfully. Once in the field, a falconer uses a third partner in the hunting team, a dog, to flush up game. The hawk is unhooded and pitched up into the sky. To bring the bird back, the falconer may twirl a cord with a lure, or dummy bird the hawk associates with food. Some birds will come straight to the falconer's glove, made of heavy leather to protect against the hawks' sharp talons. The birds are generally allowed to keep part of the "bag." Otherwise, laughs McCue, "they'll stop working with you as a hunting partner."

Rich in history, falconry is also rich in a language all its own. A hawk doesn't dive, it "stoops." It doesn't soar, it "waits on," and it doesn't climb, it "throws up." Juvenile hawks captured during their first migration are known as "passages." In







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captivity they live in mews, and they wear leather tethers called jesses. Young chicks are eyasses, and nests are eyries.

Falconers are, in more than one sense, a breed apart. Most admit they are a reclusive bunch that generally likes to keep a low profile. "It's a very personal sport," says Mahall. "I do it alone." McCue adds, "A falconer has to be secretive to do his thing. And most falconers are that way to begin."

One falconer of note, Christopher Boyce, fits the clandestine mold. Boyce, whose story of selling defense secrets to the Russians was popularized in the recent best seller, *The Falcon and the Snowman*, was an avid falconer. As a student at Cal Poly State University in San Luis Obispo he often went to watch the peregrines that nested at Morro Rock. He flew his own prairie falcon in the hills near San Luis Obispo and on occasion showed up at regional meets frequented by Santa Barbara falconers.

As outside the law in his falconry as in his other pursuits, Boyce flew his birds many years without a license. Then, for some unknown reason, he decided to apply for the permits. Part of the process involved a warden checking the housing he provided for his birds. A fellow-warden friend of Doug Buchanan went for a routine inspection of Boyce's Los Angeles home. "When he asked for Boyce," remembers Buchanan, "he was told he didn't live there anymore." "Where is he?" asked the warden. "In jail," he was told, "for espionage." When Boyce escaped from the federal penitentiary at Lompoc, he hid for weeks in the Santa Ynez mountains, mountains he knew well because he had done his hawking there.

As falconers tell it, they are drawn to the sport almost irresistibly. "I had the thing born in me, I believe," wrote one British falconer. McCue says that after his first exposure to falconry he "was captivated." He's been at it ever since. Mahall, at age 13, tried to teach himself falconry with the family's *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

A falconer's personal relationship with his hawk makes it all the more difficult when he loses a bird, a chance he takes each time he flies it. "If you're going to fly them," says McCue pragmatically, "you're going to lose them."

But doesn't it hurt?

"Hell, yes," he says, "I cry." ■

*After graduating from UCSB and working at radio station KTYD and the Santa Barbara News and Review, Susan Christol-Deacon is currently writing free-lance in Salt Lake City, Utah.*



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# The 10

FROM BUILDING shopping centers to sheltering the homeless, Santa Barbarans are known for their creativity, capability, and commitment. They're stubborn. They get things done. And sometimes in the doing they have to quietly move mountains of drudgery, paperwork, financial problems, and opposition.

When *Santa Barbara Magazine* decided to spotlight ten Santa Barbarans whose work in 1984 had the greatest impact on all of us, we were faced with a formidable challenge. Not only is our community populated with movers and shakers, it also throngs with opinions. Does "greatest impact" mean a single one-time event like the Olympics, or does it mean a permanent change like a center to help Santa Barbara women find new entries into the economy? Does it mean increasing ways of nourishing our inner lives — our minds, hearts, and souls — or does it mean fighting long-term environmental battles to preserve our external quality of life? And does it mean only healthy progress, or can it mean irritating, perhaps even dangerous, change?

For us the answer was yes to all of the above. On the basis of questionnaires sent to scores of Santa Barbarans, research, intensive interviews, and old-fashioned decision making, *Santa Barbara Magazine* compiled a notable list for 1984: Edward E. Birch, B. Dale Davis, Michael Feeney, Victoria Hamilton, Willard Hastings, William Levy, Tony Perrino, Al Pizano, M. Scot Stewart, and Beverly Noran Strong.

We make no claim that the list is definitive. Many people would argue for including other, more well-known, names. We deliberately omitted politicians because power is inherent in their jobs. And we searched for new names, for people who are not readily known to the public. We believe the leaders on the following pages have had as great an impact as any in Santa Barbara in 1984, and that they quietly, successfully, for good or ill, are moving mountains. Watch for them in 1985.

## WHO MOVED MOUNTAINS IN '84

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JÜRGEN HILMER



### EDWARD E. BIRCH

SANTA BARBARA'S VERY PERSONAL participation in the 1984 Summer Olympic Games ignited an explosion of local pride that's still reverberating. "The Olympic Games brought out the best in everybody," observes Edward E. Birch, who helped birth and then nurture this ardor as the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee (LAOOC) vice-president for northern operations. "I've never had a more uplifting experience. The reactions of athletes, workers, and spectators were incredible."

From advising LAOOC president Peter Ueberroth in 1979 about Santa Barbara's potential venues, to actually hammering out a tough \$2-million contract with the

"THE 1,200 ATHLETES FROM MORE THAN 40 COUNTRIES CAME AND WENT AS THEY PLEASED, AND SANTA BARBARANS TOOK THEM INTO THEIR HOMES AND TREATED THEM LIKE LONG-LOST COUSINS."





LAOOC for use of university facilities, UCSB vice-chancellor Birch was the Santa Barbaran in the Olympic know. On May 1, having succumbed to Ueberroth's persistent invitation and to his own Olympic-sized enthusiasm for Santa Barbara and the games, Birch began a leave of absence from the university to create the final details that would make the northern games such a resounding success.

"It was wonderful to see the respect our foreign visitors had for the United States," comments Birch in his fifth-floor UCSB office high above the campus, "and the way Santa Barbara responded in return." To direct the varied Olympic activities he'd shaped, the 46-year-old, high-energy Birch began his days at 3:30 a.m. and ended near midnight as he traveled daily to the three Santa Barbara sites and often to Los Angeles as well.

The results were memorable—a sprawling festival that was flexible, open, and fun. From the 2,000-member Olympic Village staff, about 95 percent Santa Barbarans, to the morning canoeing and rowing events at Lake Casitas and the free boardsailing contests at East Beach, the ambience was typically Santa Barbaran. "Take the security guards," he says with a smile, "they were mostly UCSB students, just friendly kids. And they were unarmed. The 1,200 athletes from more than 40 countries came and went as they pleased, and Santa Barbarans took them into their homes and treated them like long-lost cousins."

In 1976, Birch, his two school-age daughters, and his wife Suzanne, a computer consultant, moved to Santa Barbara from

Delaware, Ohio, where he was executive vice-president of Ohio Wesleyan University. His Olympic activities cap eight years of concerned involvement in Santa Barbara's affairs. He's been on more than a dozen boards of directors, including those for United Way, Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce, and Santa Barbara Bank & Trust. Currently chairman of the board of Goleta Valley Community Hospital, he oversees hospital obligations to provide quality health care for the community.

As UCSB vice-chancellor for student and community affairs, the versatile Birch furthers plans for an international park along the lagoon near the student union. Partly funded by a university foundation auction of donated LAOOC materials, the grassy slopes will sport the Olympic Village's symbolic flag circle, re-created in all its glory. "There'll be about 50 nations represented, both from the village circle and from the display at Lake Casitas," Birch says with pleasure. "Can't you see those flags waving in the wind?"

Just as the Olympic athletes from all over the world will undoubtedly cherish fond memories of Santa Barbara, thanks to Ed Birch we in Santa Barbara will have a living legacy of those 16 extraordinary days in 1984.

—Gayle Stone

## B. DALE DAVIS

**B** DALE DAVIS, a newspaperman of 40 years, took over as editor, publisher, and president of the board of the Pulitzer prize-winning *Santa Barbara News-Press* last June. The city's only daily newspaper

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is relatively secure in its position as a Santa Barbara institution, and Davis could have relaxed into complacency. Instead, he's added another laurel to the influential, sometimes attacked, but always widely read newspaper with a renewed commitment to the tenets of the Fourth Estate.

Under his vigorous guidance, the venerable *News-Press* boasts increased local, national, and international news coverage. It has a fresh, color-enhanced layout. The editorial page has left the classified advertisements for a more appropriate home near the back of the first section. The astrology column can now be found regularly on the comics page. Notices in Brief, always mostly ads, has been redesigned and honestly labeled advertisement. This is responsible journalism, and Davis says there's more to come.

*Continued on page 44*






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MAXIMIZED PROFITS."

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### MICHAEL FEENEY

**M**ICHAEL FEENEY lived in Orange County in the 1970s, as a student at U.C. Irvine. Each day seemed worse than the day before. Smog, traffic, clutter, and noise aggravated his life. One night he dreamed that eight lanes full of drivers were speeding mindlessly along, rocketing off an imagined extension of the Newport Freeway into the Pacific Ocean. Feeney knew it was time to move to where people cared about their living conditions. He moved to Santa Barbara.

Today, newly married at the unflinching

age of 26, he's the executive director of Santa Barbara's Citizen's Planning Association (CPA), the most influential organization of environmental watchdogs in the county and perhaps in the nation. Under Feeney's leadership, CPA helped create government policy on crude oil transportation from the Santa Barbara Channel.

"In 1984," Feeney says, "we sat down with one of the largest corporations in the world, Standard Oil, and said to them, 'This is what we want you to do. . . .' And they agreed."

The culmination of Feeney's remarkable persistence and effectiveness was the 1984 agreement that oil companies must now use pipelines whenever available.

How did he become so effective so young?

"It's not just me," he says with genuine modesty. "The real source of influence is CPA's ten volunteer researchers, writers, and witnesses for public testimony, our 45-member board of directors, and our broad base of nonpartisan supporters. Take the board. It's experienced and knowledgeable. There are nine former planning commissioners, six former water board members, three former coastal commissioners, two land use consultants, and three attorneys.

"If I have currency, it's because I've learned to negotiate. I've tried to pull closer, politically, to government bodies

where environmental decisions are made. And I have an open door policy to staffs of the oil and building industry. I believe in public process. I'm not a radical; I'm positive."

Oil development is not his only concern, but it's the most pressing. "It's the greatest threat to our present quality of life," he explains. He says that the lessons to be learned from previous Santa Barbara oil spills and many other environmental calamities over the past 20 years are often ignored by the powers that be for the sake of expediency.

"Already our environment is being eroded by pollution and traffic and build-fast business concerns, and there's no solid plan to cope, much less improve it. This county could become another place where no one would want to live. All we have to do is ignore the monumental buildup of the offshore oil industry and permit maximized profits. We can't let them produce it all at once, as the federal administration and the oil industry want."

Dedicated and articulate, Michael Feeney supports, advises, administers policy, raises funds, and develops membership for CPA with a special kind of infectious enthusiasm. With enough concerned young activists like Michael Feeney, the South Coast's charms may well be preserved for future generations of Santa Barbarans.

—Philip A. Shelton



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### VICTORIA HAMILTON

THE ARTS IN SANTA BARBARA have traditionally been fueled by a gracious, wealthy few. Affectionately and discretely termed “angels,” they are seldom glimpsed amidst the clouds of welcome anonymity, yet they form an important network of key people who know other key people who give lots of money. But in 1984 our arts community was energized by a new breed of hard workers. They are the arts activists, and they are taking us to new heights of cultural excellence in Santa Barbara.

Victoria Hamilton, age 33, leads the pack. Executive director of the Santa Barbara County Arts Commission, she and her colleagues, along with innovators in local government, have garnered a combined city, county, state, and federal grant package that will increase the commission’s budget fivefold. At the same time the package regrants nearly \$400,000 to local arts organizations over the next three years.

Hamilton came to Santa Barbara in 1981, from her job as special projects coordinator for the Tacoma-Pierce County Arts Commission in Washington state. She set to work on our local arts commission’s shoestring budget, armed with a valuable knowledge of new programs offered by the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA) and boundless enthusiasm.

“After living here for a few months,” she says, “it became obvious that Santa Barbara was a unique community. There are so many arts activities here, especially medium-sized organizations run by people with vision and courage. Despite some opposition, I knew it was a community that deserved more recognition on the national level. The potential seemed so

*Continued on page 45*







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IT SHOULD MAKE NO  
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IN A MONTECITO ESTATE,  
A CABRILLO BEACH MOTEL,  
OR UNDER A BRIDGE."

### WILLARD HASTINGS

**I** VIEW AN EVICTION from a home as the civil equivalent to the death penalty," says Willard Hastings, director of Santa Barbara's Legal Defense Center, a nonprofit law corporation dedicated to providing

legal services to those who otherwise cannot afford them. "A woman with a baby in her arms and a toddler tugging on her skirt stood in this office not long ago," he continues. "Like most who come to see me, there were tears in her eyes. 'I haven't done anything,' she said to me. 'I paid my rent on time. My kids are good; no one ever complained. What did I do to get evicted?'"

"Well," says Hastings, "I found my own eyes full of tears for her and the children. Then I went to work."

Hastings labors hard for the homeless, the helpless, the disenfranchised and disadvantaged. In 1984 he went to trial on more tenant eviction cases than ever before. "What we're trying to do here is combat community deterioration," he says, "and we are successful—such as in this woman's case—more often than landlords would like." What he wants for Santa Barbarans is a just-cause eviction law, which would provide that any person who pays his or her rent, obeys reasonable rules, does not disturb the peace and

quiet of the neighbors, and does not destroy the property will be protected under the law from eviction. "That woman received restitution, but we never did know why she was evicted, because under the present law, landlords are not required to disclose reasons."

Hastings took over the Legal Defense Center's directorship 11 years ago at the age of 39 after he decided his lucrative law practice in Long Beach was "pointless and humdrum." He says he jumped at the chance to take this much lower-paying job "so I could practice some real law for some real folks."

Hastings insists he's nothing fancy, "just a working man from a working man's night law school." Today he takes the log cabin approach in his rustic office. A single fireplace in his room heats the building, the walls are so thin that vines grow in from the outside, and the roof leaks. The center is supported by donations, about half from wealthy philanthropists and the remainder gathered during the year from fund raising and nominal





fees from clients based on their ability to pay.

Will, as he is known to everyone, and Nila, his wife of 29 years, have raised their three children in Santa Barbara. With roots here, he feels he has a special responsibility for the social posture of the community. He's an idealist as well as a happy warrior, fighting for what he believes is a fair distribution of power. Though his losses far outnumber his wins, when he does win, he believes he changes the law for the benefit of everyone. A walking book of quotations, Hastings says he often recalls Emiliano Zapata's "An injustice against one is an injustice against all."

In 1984, Hastings spoke out loud and clear for the ultimate underdog—the homeless drifter, who currently cannot vote in Santa Barbara County without an address. He filed suit on behalf of the "Fig Tree Four" in the state supreme court to win for them the right to register. "They have no physical address," says Hastings, "but that should be no bar to registration. It should make no difference where one

sleeps, whether it's in a Montecito estate, a Cabrillo Beach motel, or under a bridge." He expects to win that battle in 1985.  
—Philip A. Shelton

### WILLIAM LEVY

**L**ET'S SAY that in 1984 you lived at the Santa Barbara Highlands. You worked in the Lloyd's Bank Building or the E.F. Hutton Building or Sambo's Plaza Building or any of the businesses at the western corners of State and La Cumbre. You played tennis at the Tennis Club of Santa Barbara, had lunch at Wendy's, shopped at Dia's or at Piccadilly Square, snacked at Baskin-Robbins, and deposited your paycheck at County Savings and Loan. You had cocktails and dinner at Rocky Gallenti's, the Enterprise Fish Company, the Chase Bar and Grill, or one of the Chico's restaurants. If any of this sounds familiar, you did business directly or indirectly with William Levy.

What kind of person owns so many businesses and buildings at the age of 37?

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"I WANT TO MAKE  
A SIGNIFICANT  
CONTRIBUTION TO  
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AND AMBIENCE,  
SOMETHING FOR MY  
DAUGHTERS TO REMEMBER  
ME WELL BY."

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Surprisingly unpretentious and personable, William Levy (you're inclined to call him Bill) is a Santa Barbara boy made good. His peak year was 1984, a year when his holdings reached such vast proportions that he is now one of the largest

*Continued on page 46*





"I THINK WE NEED  
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IN FACT, IT'S  
ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY  
TO RESPOND TO THE  
NEEDS OF THESE TIMES."

## TONY PERRINO

**T**HEREVEREND Tony Perrino is honored by the local branch of the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) this January with their Community Service Award for 1984. Each year the award goes to a citizen who's made a significant contribution to upholding the spirit of the constitution. A thoughtful and measured man, Perrino has the demeanor and the fine, meticulous features of a scholar. It's hard to believe he's a former defensive back for the Detroit Lions.

Six years ago he came with his wife, Karen, from Chicago to become minister of the Unitarian Church of Santa Barbara. A published poet, talk show host, and

former newspaperman, at the age of 56 he is both an effective religious leader in Santa Barbara and on the forefront of major political and social movements nationwide.

In 1984 he acted as a member of the Fund for Santa Barbara Committee, a member of the board of the Santa Barbara Night Counseling Center, a member of the local United Nations board, a member of the steering committee of the Santa Barbara-based Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, a member of the ACLU, president of the local Center for Post-Modern Thought, and president of the Human Relations Institute. Last year Perrino also produced and moderated

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"THE CITY OF SANTA BARBARA IS 22 PERCENT HISPANIC; THE COUNTY 19 PERCENT. WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE THAT THESE PEOPLE GET THE EDUCATION AND THE OPPORTUNITIES THEY NEED TO CONTRIBUTE TO OUR QUALITY OF LIFE."

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### AL PIZANO

**A**CKNOWLEDGMENT is a powerful thing," says Al Pizano, Southern California Gas Company district manager and Hispanic community leader. "When you give a young person recognition—let him know you think he is worthwhile—the support can keep him going for years."

Pizano should know. Besides being a husband and the father of three grown children, he is a cultivated and widely read man of great personal charm and good humor. He also emanates capability like the quiet purr of a powerful motor. But he started out as an ordinary barrio boy with a language problem that dogged him all the way through high school. Encouragement from a junior high art teacher, later confirmed by a second prize in painting in a major districtwide contest, helped give him the confidence to risk going against the prevailing current in his East L.A. neighborhood. He decided to go to college, and graduation from Cal State Los Angeles laid the foundation for his successful career at the gas company.

Thirty years and several metamorphoses later, at the age of 53, Pizano is still returning the compliment with active support for community projects, young people, and the school system. He is a current or former member of the boards of directors for innumerable local organizations. His most recent contribution is the founding of the Hispanic Achievement Council, which celebrates the accomplishments of eminent local Hispanics.

"The council grew out of the desire to identify successful Hispanics. We wanted to highlight their contributions to the rest of the community, and we wanted to point them out as role models to motivate young people now in school. It's important



that these kids see that success is possible, that the system works if you only apply yourself—here is living proof.

"The first year we honored Municipal Court Judge Frank Ochoa, the first Hispanic appointed to the bench in the county since California joined the United States." The celebration, a feast in the Biltmore Hotel's largest banquet room, was originally intended as a one-shot deal. But it was such a success that Pizano and his colleagues decided to make it an annual event. This October, the spotlight fell on Luis Leal, professor emeritus and senior research scholar of Spanish literature at UCSB, who helped to found and sustain the university's Center for Chicano Studies.

"We received a tremendous outpouring of support," says Pizano, "not only from the Hispanic community, but from the whole community, up to and including legislators at the local, state, and federal level."

Pizano's personal love, the world of art, was brought in as well. "We received an invitation from the Santa Barbara Museum of Art to see if we couldn't work with them in promoting events that would attract minority members to the museum. We are also working with UCSB to bring in a series of Hispanic artists and writers.

"What we want to do is promote the participation of Hispanics in as many fields as possible, where they belong and where they can make a contribution. The city of Santa Barbara is 22 percent Hispanic; the county, 19 percent. We've got to make sure that these people get the education and the opportunities they need to contribute to our quality of life. We worry about protecting our air and our water, but for heaven's sake—what about our human resources? We're going to need them too." —Georgia Sargeant

## M. SCOT STEWART

I GUESS if I had to stick a label on my lapel it would read *FUTURE*," says Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce president M. Scot Stewart. In the eight years since his arrival here the dynamic Stanford-educated psychologist has transformed what was once called a "sleepy disorganized club for reactionaries" into a highly effective moderate voice for the business community as a whole—a voice with many listeners.

Membership has zoomed and activities proliferated until now the chamber has a finger—sometimes a whole arm—in virtually every economically significant project under way on the South Coast,

from industrial development to philanthropy. And this year four of Stewart's most cherished projects, some of them on the drawing board for years, have at last been launched. Their impact should be enormous.

"I don't like complacency," he explains seriously, his low voice softened by a trace of a drawl left over from a Louisiana childhood. His education and experience as assistant general manager of the Lake Charles, Louisiana, chamber of commerce, coupled with drive and discipline, boosted him quickly through the ranks to the vice-presidency of the Greater San Francisco Chamber of Commerce at the age of 35. He held the enviable position for a year, but found it unchallenging. When the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce asked him to recommend potential candidates for its presidency, he recognized an opportunity to test some of his views of planning for a city's future.

"IN MY TYPE OF WORK YOU HAVE TO KNOW WHO RUNS THINGS. . . IN SANTA BARBARA THERE WERE ABOUT A DOZEN. THEY HARDLY KNEW EACH OTHER, AND THINGS WERE ALMOST AT A STANDSTILL BECAUSE THEY WEREN'T COMMUNICATING."

"California is the bellwether for the rest of the country, and there are three regions that lead California: Marin County, Orange County, and Santa Barbara Coun-





ty," Stewart explains. "I found an interesting situation here when I came to visit. Not the physical situation—anyone can see it's beautiful. But in my type of work you have to know who runs things. There's nearly always a Mr. or a Ms. Community—one person at the hub. In Santa Barbara there were about a dozen. They hardly knew each other, and things were almost at a standstill because they weren't communicating."

Responding to the challenge, Stewart relocated, and has never been bored since. His pet projects are the chamber's new technology development council, civic affairs department, leadership development program, and most importantly, its groundbreaking economic modeling project. This comprehensive computer-based model, developed in conjunction with UCSB's economics department and underwritten by the chamber's New Directions Foundation, will allow its users to predict the impact of any significant change—be it law, weather, the crosstown freeway, oil spills, or real estate investment—on the rest of the community, and eventually the whole county. "It's the most important thing we've ever done," says Stewart simply.

A bachelor, Stewart enjoys restoring antique cars and Victorian houses when not working. He finds life here deeply satisfying, and cannot currently imagine moving on. "I can't tell you how much I've grown in the eight years I've been here. I keep giving away what I have—my time, my energy, my resources, my ideas—and it keeps coming back multiplied a hundredfold." —Georgia Sargeant

## BEVERLY NORAN STRONG

WHEN BEVERLY NORAN STRONG moved to Santa Barbara three years ago, she left a home on three Minnesota lake-front acres, a \$32,000-a-year career in speech therapy and educational administration, and a traditional way of doing things. Now she earns about half that much as executive director of Santa Barbara's Women's Community Building Project. In 1984 she spearheaded the nontraditional group in a stunning drive to raise \$100,000 for half the down payment on a \$500,000 women's center at the busy intersection of Milpas and Ortega streets.

The recently occupied building is dedicated to women in general, to women's crisis services in particular, and to the future integration of women as self-sufficient, financially viable members of society. "Santa Barbara seems to be concerned about what concerns us,"



SCULPTURE BY DIANE HAUSE

Strong says with a delighted smile, "or we wouldn't have so much community participation. About half the \$100,000 came in small contributions of \$5, \$10, \$100 from rich and poor, Junior League members, Gray Panther members, and women on welfare. That's a lot of people with a lot of diversity."

In the spacious 8,340-square-foot building, donated tables and chairs cluster beneath bright skylights. The plaster walls are patched, soon to be painted. A seascape leans against a scarred desk. And Bev Strong, 49 years old, gray-haired former suburbanite and mother of three adult children, sits in the building's back room, coffee steaming in her hand. There's no heat. The group has mortgage payments on \$300,000 to meet each month.

"I now believe that the needs of single mothers who can't afford to clothe their kids will not be met adequately by the government, foundations, or other people," Strong says quietly. "I think we women and concerned men have to do it ourselves. Owning something that can create money, like this building, is the essence of getting anything accomplished. We want women and the organizations that help women to become self-sufficient."

Santa Barbara's Rape Crisis Center has moved into one wing. Shelter Services is expected to join them soon. "One of the worst things happening to women in this country is more than that they're 70 percent of the poor," Strong says, "and that they have a 50 percent chance of being divorced and their living standards significantly decreased. It's that if something goes wrong—they're battered or raped

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or just plain poor—they blame themselves. In our society the guilt is built in and numbing. Even here, women's average monthly income is only around \$890, and in Santa Barbara you know what that means."

Women professionals have already contacted the group about renting offices on the building's mezzanine. Rental income will help pay off the mortgage and eventually fund nontraditional employment training for women and loans for privately owned businesses. Meanwhile, plans expand as the group mounts its second major drive—to raise another \$100,000 by March 14. It's the last half of their down payment on the building. Without this crucial money, the daring group's dreams will be without a home. Bev Strong anticipates that 1985 will be another busy, challenging year.

—Gayle Stone ■



# INSIDE SANTA BARBARA

## The Collection Connection

VIRTUALLY ANYTHING can be a collector's item, and there are dozens of specialized businesses around town catering to both experts and dabblers in the collector's art. Psychologists say that collecting gives you a sense of order, accomplishment, and mastery that's tough to match in the workaday world. Many collectibles are aesthetically pleasing, and some satisfy

a nostalgic craving for the good old days. Then there's the lure of big money to be made—always subject to the ups and downs of the marketplace, but an enticement nevertheless. Whether for profit or just for fun, everybody needs a hobby, so if you're looking for one, here are a few departure points for your collective pleasure.



### Record Broker

WOULD YOU RATHER have a song in your heart than a whole pile of them in your garage? Take a spin on down to American Pie Records, and you might come out whistling a new tune. Dennis "Doctor D" Hartman, discophile extraordinaire, buys and sells golden oldies with the unbridled enthusiasm of someone who's found his true calling. The busy deejay stocks more than 30,000 records, from classical to new wave and everything in between—country, sound track, international, jazz—you name it. He specializes in out of print and hard to find material, the most collectible (i.e. valuable) being first cuts, promotional copies, test pressings, and some picture disks. The Evolution of Rock, a 65-disk set, goes for \$1,500, but many platters can be had for as little as 75 cents. Also for sale, at \$10 each, are vintage posters from the '60s promoting Santa Barbara appearances of such pop immortals as the Doors, Country Joe and the Fish, and the Grateful Dead. Doctor D's visiting hours are 10 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday; till 8 p.m. Tuesday and Friday.

*American Pie Records*  
600 North Milpas Street, Santa Barbara  
(805) 965-2161

### One for the Books

AMONG SANTA BARBARA'S RARE BOOK dealers, Maurice F. Neville holds a place of distinction. Situated in a rambling historic 1825 adobe on the edge of Old Town, his establishment specializes in nineteenth and twentieth century literature, both American and British, mainly by well-known authors. Many of the volumes are out of print, and virtually all are first edition, signed, or dedicated copies. There's a separate room for each genre—fiction, drama, mystery, fantasy, and as a special sideline, the largest collection of Santa Barbilia available anywhere. (Neville's 1872 copy of *Guide to Santa Barbara Town and Country*, worth over \$1,000, was the first book ever printed in town.) Most of the volumes go for well under \$50, but a few carry sky high prices, like the \$10,000 hand-illustrated and dedicated volume of Yeats's poetry—a bargain, at that. Neville welcomes browsing bookworms 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Monday through Friday, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Saturday. *Maurice F. Neville Rare Books*  
835 Laguna Street, Santa Barbara  
(805) 963-1908



JÜRGEN HILMER





## Deal Me into the Ball Game

THE WALLS OF GREG KIRBY'S pint-sized Baseball Card Shop, situated in a renovated downtown Victorian, display an awesome tribute to our national pastime. Depicting players both legendary and obscure, most of the brightly colored baseball cards are either out of print, unavailable elsewhere, or especially hard to find. Kirby stocks over 400,000, and if you play your cards right, you might even strike it rich. The Pete Rose rookie card goes for the big league price of \$375, and a Babe Ruth is in second place at \$195. (Kirby reports that a rare Honus Wagner once sold for \$30,000!) The shop also pitches an eclectic and arcane selection of sports memorabilia like beer mugs, vintage photos, and copies of *Sports Illustrated* dating back to the premiere 1954 issue. Kirby, a former printer, got into buying, selling, and trading cards via his young son's hobby. Some thought he was out in left field when he went into business three years ago, but he slugged it out and now happily reports that more and more sports fans are getting into the game. The shop is open Sunday through Friday 12:30 to 5 p.m.

*The Baseball Card Shop*  
501 Chapala Street, Santa Barbara  
(805) 965-6641

## Tanks a Lot

THIS MESA EMPORIUM looks like an otherworldly museum, but its aquariums house some of the most bizarre and beautiful creatures known to this planet. Over 750 species of underwater life from every corner of the globe inhabit the weird watery wonderland—each more beguiling and magical than the next. According to owners Andy and Dana Woodward, their shop rivals the collections of Marineland and Sea World combined and features more saltwater species than anyplace else in the Tri-Counties. The brothers also design and install marine systems to individual specifications, and provide weekly maintenance, which includes a guarantee on the critters. Stop by 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. Monday through Friday, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturday, or 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday and get your feet wet with a ten-cent goldfish, or go ahead and make a big splash with a \$215 Australian angelfish.

*Woodward's House of Aquariums*  
1970 Cliff Drive, Santa Barbara  
(805) 966-1525



## Plant Parenthood

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# Archie Banks's Windmill Whimsies

By Diane Meredith



**W**HENEVER A BREEZE BLOWS through the yard on Ontare Road, the 20 or so windmills spring to life. High above the garden, the pelicans flap their wings, the penguins chase each other, the *Concorde* takes off, and the *Hindenburg* spins on its axis. Each is the creation of the late Archie E. Banks, inventor, amateur scientist, and former owner of Banks Stationery Store on State Street.

Several months prior to his death last October, at the age of 91, Banks talked about his life and his windmills. Tall and

*Above: Folk artist Archie Banks began his fascination with whirligigs around the turn of the century. He's shown here, at 91, in his Santa Barbara wind park.*

thin, with white hair and glasses, he sat in his overstuffed leather chair in the living room of his home and gazed out the large picture window to see some of his windmills dancing in the breeze. Spread out around him on the floor were his technical books and magazines, and next to his chair stood a complicated floor lamp that he had designed and built.

With his daughter, Jeannette Leister, by his side, the folk artist recalled his youth and the time he spent on the family farm in Iowa. He said that even as a boy, he was fascinated by mechanical things and by electricity. He was always long on curiosity and enthusiasm but short on patience.

After completing his first windmill

when he was just a child, he had to sit back and wait for the weather to change before he could see it run. "The first windmill I made was on the farm," he said. "It was about six feet tall and four feet wide. And do you know the wind didn't blow for three days!"

He went on to study electronics at a technical school and served in the U.S. Navy as a radio operator during both world wars.

He, his wife, and three children came to Santa Barbara in 1922, and for 45 years they owned and operated their stationery store downtown. All the while, making windmills was one of Banks's hobbies, along with ham radio operation and seismology.

After retiring in 1971, Banks began making windmills in earnest. "I had nothing else to do," he explained with a smile.

With so much time on his hands, Banks went to work researching his ideas, designing, sketching, and building windmills using almost anything he could find. He searched for his materials in hardware stores and at swap meets, but mostly used "junk that was laying around," like gelatin molds, thimbles, nuts and bolts (plenty of them), coffee cans, sheet metal, scrap wood, and small ball bearings from old roller skates.

According to Banks, ball bearings were the secret of his success with the windmills. "They're the basis of the whole darn thing," he insisted. "You can't wear them out."

He gestured past the window to one of his windmills outside. "That one there, I haven't oiled it for four or five years and it's still turning."

For Banks, apparently, the more moving parts, the better. "I just like to see them run," he explained. And run they do. In addition to the pelicans, penguins, *Concorde*, and *Hindenburg*, Banks's world of windmills includes a Mississippi





JÜRGEN HILMER

riverboat, a circus, ducks, flying geese, the U.S.S. *Nimitz*, sailors, ballet dancers, witches on brooms, horses, a U.S. Navy helicopter, and a Dutch windmill inspired by a trip to Holland.

Banks estimated he'd made about 50 windmills in all. Many are displayed in the yard, but some are still in his workshop, uncompleted or awaiting repair.

All of his windmills were handpainted. In fact, according to his daughter, due to Banks's enthusiasm and lack of patience, the windmills usually were displayed before the paint had time to dry. He just couldn't wait to see them whirling and spinning in the wind.

While many of the windmills are whimsical, some were designed to generate electricity or to show wind speed and direction. One windmill in the yard used to generate electricity before it was disconnected. The sign on it reads, "Wind charger, 15 watts generated." Banks regretted that Santa Barbara didn't get enough wind for his windmills to generate

*A successful Santa Barbara businessman, Archie Banks ran a stationery store on State Street for 45 years. He was also a dedicated and highly respected amateur scientist, who spent his free time studying and charting the forces of nature in a backyard workshop filled with solar devices, seismographs, electronic equipment, and scores of fanciful windmills in various stages of completion. Clockwise from above, bottom left: Among the 50 or so windmills he made, Banks's childlike curiosity and enthusiasm led him to create this colorful contraption from discarded Jello molds and funnels, a mother and baby pelican that flap their wings in the breeze, and a fanciful gauge to track wind velocity. Many of his whirligigs include charming wood and metal figures like this horse and buggy and flock of penguins. Other machines actually produced electricity, like this turbine labeled: "Wind charger, 15 watts generated." Below: Banks's favorite was his final work, the Golden Gate Windmill, a scale "replica" of the famed San Francisco bridge.*



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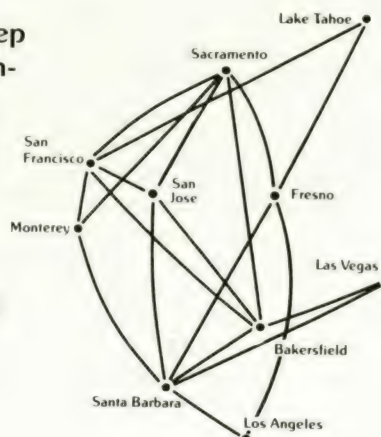


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electricity for his home. "I've generated power, yes," he said, "but to run a house you have to go up to Lompoc or places like that—they have plenty of wind." Instead, Banks installed solar panels on his roof, which provide heat for the home and water supply.

Banks gave partial credit to Leonardo da Vinci for the wind gauges found on his windmills. "Da Vinci made one of the first wind gauges," he explained. "I put one on the Golden Gate Bridge, but you've got to give Leonardo da Vinci some of the credit."

The Golden Gate Bridge windmill is Banks's final work, and the one of which he was the most proud. It's an exact replica, built to scale, of the famed San Francisco bridge. Not only is it the largest windmill Banks ever made, but it took the longest to make—about 30 days.

"A tree died in the yard, and I thought, 'Why not put the Golden Gate Bridge in?'" he recalled. "I had a lot of research to do, because at the time I knew absolutely nothing about the Golden Gate Bridge."

After the research he made a wooden model. It stretches out across the ground in the garden and comes complete with toy cars and boats that "ply" the dirt waters beneath it.

Near the model is the smaller Golden Gate Bridge windmill, which spins around in the wind from atop a pole. It is 39 inches long, exactly one inch to every foot of the original bridge.

"I bet you won't find another Golden Gate like it," Banks said proudly. "That's probably the only one in the world."

Over the years, the Banks family welcomed many people who stopped to take a closer look at the windmills in the yard. But it was the children the master windmill maker liked best.

Banks's family—3 children, 6 grandchildren, and 12 great-grandchildren—plan to keep some of the windmills. Out of respect for Banks's long-held wish that the windmills never be sold, the rest of the pieces will be donated to a public place able to display them properly. Banks would be happy to know that other people, especially children, will be able to enjoy them for years to come.

"Little children just can't get enough of the Golden Gate Bridge," Banks said. As for the grownups, "Adults just take a glance at it and go, 'What the heck?'" ■

*Diane Meredith, a free-lance writer from Wisconsin, is currently studying photography at Santa Barbara's Brooks Institute. Her areas of expertise range from scuba diving to antiques.*





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# DIRECT RELIEF INTERNATIONAL

Though fabulously wealthy himself, William Zimdin knew firsthand what it meant to run, to lose your home, to be truly in need. The great humanitarian's world view was blind to national boundaries. Today his Santa Barbara agency channels the efforts of thousands of volunteers and millions of dollars in medical aid to those who need it most.

Text and Photographs by Kevin McKiernan

I spent a fairly long time in the field, a rough-tough place. They were great out of doors, but the climate was not too good. According to the weather report, it was one of the worst of the samples surrounding the area. There's a lot of trouble, but the weather is simply some kind of a work break at the long distance. I Direct Relief International, where the volunteers they are working with are in the mountains, and there.

It may seem as if they are in a





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Mahoney ("I'm the only one who will admit her age") to her specialty, which for the past 13 years has been boxing tubes as Direct Relief's "ointment lady."

Direct Relief was established here in Santa Barbara 37 years ago to assist disaster victims, and it owes its success chiefly to the thousands of volunteers, old and young, who donate their services in the collection and distribution of medical aid. Over the years the nonprofit, nonsectarian agency has responded to such emergencies as earthquakes in Central America, floods in India, epidemics in Africa, and hurricanes in the Caribbean. Among hundreds of thousands of long-term recipients have been Salvadoran homeless in Honduras, famine victims in Ethiopia, and Cambodian refugees in Thailand.

William Zimdin, a flamboyant philanthropist who settled in Santa Barbara after World War II, founded Direct Relief in 1948. "He was a globetrotter," Zimdin's 79-year-old widow Elizabeth recalled recently, as she worked at her desk in the Direct Relief offices a few miles from the warehouse. "He was a refugee. He knew what it meant to run, to lose your home."

Indeed, Zimdin, who fled his native Estonia during the Russian Revolution in 1917, was a stranger neither to loss nor success. By the age of 21 he had made his first million, traveling to Persia and returning to Europe to introduce prayer rugs to the Western world. He lost that fortune but made a second one a few years later, this time with a gold mine in China. "I knew 300 words in Mandarin, and it got me a million dollars," he reportedly said.

In his early 30s, Zimdin's gold mine interests were stolen from him in the Far East. He moved to Germany and began exporting potash to the United States, where it was a relatively new tool for soil enrichment. Zimdin bought and sold shiploads of the product in the 1920s, gaining his third fortune and becoming one of the world's richest men, with assets to match the Rockefellers and Carnegies. Then came the stock market crash of 1929, and once again he forfeited the bulk of his investments.

Still a millionaire during the Depression, Zimdin turned to other pursuits. But there was no future for him in his adopted Germany. Invited to a meeting of industrialists by Adolph Hitler, Zimdin insulted the rising dictator by spurning the invitation. He was forced to flee to France. There, he concentrated on managing his holdings, which by this time ranged from banking interests in Canada and tin mines



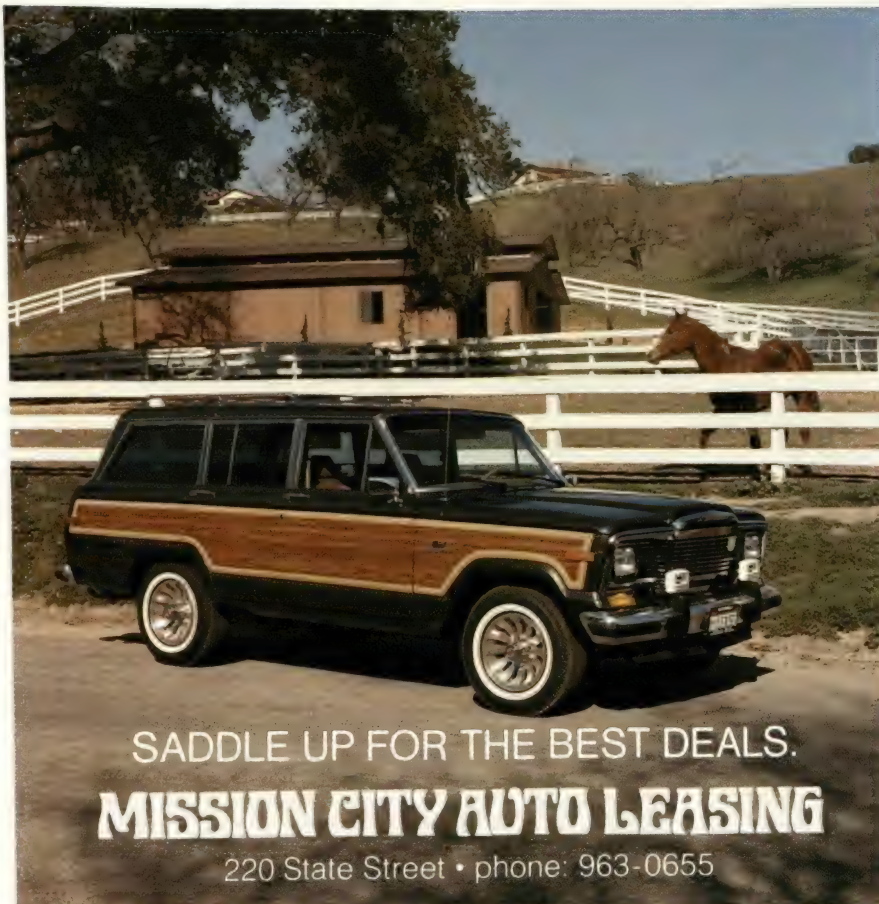
in Malaya to coffee plantations in Latin America. But when the war came to France, Zimdin had to move on. This time it was to the United States, first to New York and then to California. In 1941, he established citrus orchards near Los Angeles and set to work hiring film directors and writers at his newly acquired movie studios in Hollywood. The attack on Pearl Harbor later that year led to the closing of his studios, and Zimdin moved on again. When the war ended, he had settled in Santa Barbara, having bought Rancho del Ciervo and Refugio Ranch, near the present-day site of President Ronald Reagan's home.

Once in the Santa Barbara area, Zimdin began dabbling in real estate. He bought the Montecito Country Club, developed the El Presidio property at the corner of Anacapa and De La Guerra streets, and worked on a variety of other projects. But now urgent news was arriving from friends and relatives in war-ravaged Europe. Letters told of starvation, desperation, and the great need for food and medicine. "He wanted to help distressed people," Elizabeth Zimdin said, so he began answering the letters with money and packages of food and medicine.

Described by a former associate as a "Howard Hughes with a heart," Zimdin had established an old-age home in Estonia in the 1930s, which he continued to support. He was also known in Vienna as a businessman who drove carloads of presents into the slums at Christmas time. But the scale of the new venture in Santa Barbara would soon surpass his previous efforts.

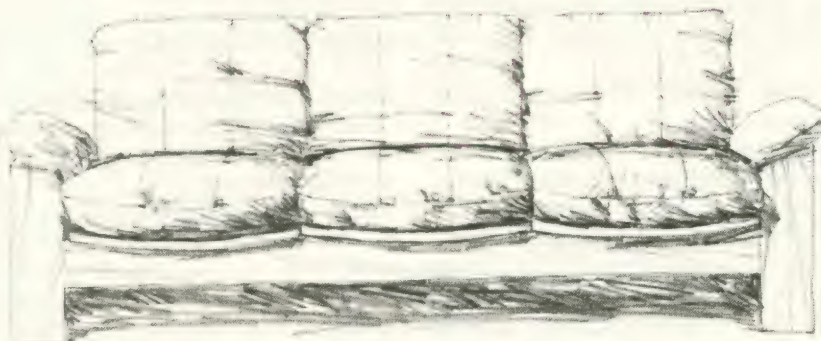
"At first we bought food at the Safeway and medicines at the old Red Cross Drug on State Street," recounted Dennis Karzag, Direct Relief's executive director since 1948. But when overseas friends told their friends of Zimdin's concern, and letters started coming from strangers, "it became quite a project."

William Zimdin died of a heart attack in 1951, leaving 50 percent of his assets to the burgeoning relief agency. Karzag, who bought and sold Santa Barbara real estate for Zimdin, worked as a volunteer for Direct Relief until 1955. The advent of the civil war in Greece that year and the influx of Chinese refugees into Hong Kong changed Direct Relief's emphasis. Karzag took a staff position part-time, hired office people, and stopped shipping food, which because of its bulk had become too inefficient. "Once, when Del Monte contributed 20 truckloads of canned fruit, we had to get the California National Guard to bring it to Santa Barbara," he



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*Above top (from left): At the offices on upper De La Vina Street, Elizabeth Zimdin, vice-president of Direct Relief and widow of its founder, confers with Ann Carlos who heads relief efforts to Latin America and Susan Hart who coordinates transportation. Above (from left): Warehouse staffers Tom Shardlow and Ron Vivian prepare a renovated dental chair for shipment at the mammoth facility on Salsipuedes. With only 30 on staff, the operation relies on its 5,000 volunteers to collect goods, fly them to Santa Barbara, sort and package them; then shepherd them past red tape overseas.*

recalled. "We stored it in schools, lumberyards, anywhere we could find."

Direct Relief opened its first warehouse in the old Red Cross building at Micheltorena and Chapala streets and its first office at 21 East Canon Perdido. Karzag enlisted volunteers from the city's Junior League to help him pack the shipments. When Santa Barbara's Ernest Brooks, Sr., became a member of the board, Direct Relief moved its warehouse to the Brooks Institute of Photography campus on the

Riviera. "We had no heat or light, so we could work only during the day," Karzag remembers. The group acquired a house on Milpas Street in the early 1960s, obtained its first pharmaceutical license, and hired a pharmacist. By this point, 30 to 40 volunteers were coming daily to package shipments, and church groups were assisting at night.

During the 1960s, new tax laws favorable to charitable contributions by drug companies caused activity at Direct Relief

"to explode," Karzag said. But the Tax Reform Act of 1970 curtailed donations by manufacturers, and Direct Relief's shipments dropped by 50 percent. Since then, Congress has instituted more tax incentives, and Direct Relief has slowly been built up again. Today the agency employs 30 on its staff, partly at offices on De La Vina Street and partly at a mammoth warehouse on Salsipuedes.

The warehouse director is Helmet Gunther, a German immigrant who came to Direct Relief part-time in 1958. His home had been bombed out three times during World War II, and, Gunther said, "I guess I just had a feeling for people who lost everything." In those days, he recalled, Direct Relief "would send four packages a day by parcel post to Europe." He and the volunteers would collect empty boxes from grocery stores and "hang leaflets on houses" asking for used shoes.

Times have changed. Today, Direct Relief ships \$6 to \$8 million of relief annually to displaced persons and disaster victims. The figure includes 400,000 pounds of pharmaceuticals each year. The cavernous warehouse processes centrifuges, hospital beds, sterilizers, incubators, CAT-SCANS, x-ray machines, dental and orthopedic equipment, surgical lamps, and a wide variety of other material. "If it's not new," Gunther said, "we have to make it new."

On a recent day, Gunther and his crew were readying a shipment to Tanzania after finishing sending a \$750,000 brain scanner to India, a gift from a hospital in Bakersfield. Gunther was reading a thank you letter from a leper village in Chonnam, Korea, and showing visitors snapshots of smiling sick children, which had been included in the envelope. "If my heart is for poor people in every land," he said simply with his German accent, "then I can sleep good."

Despite staff additions, the backbone of Direct Relief is still its volunteers, estimated in number to be 5,000. That includes those who collect goods, those who fly them to Santa Barbara, those who package them, and representatives overseas.

One unique volunteer program at Direct Relief goes by the name S.O.S., for Share Our Spectacles. It was started 17 years ago by a doctor at a Kiwanis Club in Long Beach. Today, Kiwanis Clubs throughout the country set out boxes to collect used eyeglasses and then forward the donations to Santa Barbara. In 1984 alone, Direct Relief received 60,000 pairs of glasses and, in turn, shipped 40,000 pairs overseas. The sorting and examination is



done totally by volunteers, under supervision, and has been aided recently by a \$6,000 lens analyzer donated by Kiwanis.

Wings For DRI, a group of women pilots, also collects old spectacles and, along with other supplies, flies them free to Santa Barbara. The group is part of the Ninety-Nine, an international organization of women pilots started in 1929 by pioneer aviator Amelia Earhart. The Wings For DRI division was the brainchild of a doctor's wife in Salinas, who began flying her husband's excess drug samples into Santa Barbara in the early 1970s. Before long, she and other Ninety-Niners

had developed a unique air relay system throughout the country. At one stage, about 900 women, each the owner of her own plane, were involved in average relays of 150 miles, shuttling eyeglasses and surplus pharmaceuticals from as far away as New England and Florida.

According to Joan Steinberger, who coordinates the program now, the transcontinental aspect of the delivery program was discontinued in 1976. Steinberger, who has piloted her own aircraft for 30 years, said that the cross-country feature was impractical; Ninety-Niners in the East thought it better to deliver their supplies

to more localized charities. "Some gals had so many boxes stacked in their hangars, they couldn't get their airplanes in," she said. Nowadays, the fly-ins come only from Western states. About 200 pilots donate their services and expenses, landing a plane a week in Santa Barbara during the winter and even more in the summer when the weather is better.

Some of the incoming medicines are physician samples with expiration dates that might be outdated by delivery time abroad. Warehouse volunteers discard these. The others are carefully sorted into 1,500 separate bins, then packed and

## DESTINATION: EL SALVADOR

*Ethiopia, India, Lebanon, Thailand—these and 40 other countries received emergency shipments from DRI last year. In March, the author followed one such shipment from the Santa Barbara warehouse to the hospitals and rural clinics of war-torn El Salvador . . .*

THE IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL at the San Salvador airport examines my press credentials, issues a word of warning, "*Di la verdad*" ("Tell the truth"), and waves me through. Across town, near the Sheraton Hotel, the taxicab slows for a corner between twelve-foot high concrete walls that shield the enormous neighborhood homes from view. Two murky figures step out of the shadows cradling Uzi submachine guns, their fingers moving nervously to the triggers. In the hotel parking lot, a uniformed member of the national police adjusts the grip on his automatic rifle and peers through sunglasses into the cab at the new arrival.

I check in at the desk, which is diagonally across from the coffee shop where two American labor officials and one Salvadoran were gunned down three years before. The bellman carries the bags up to my room and shows me a bureau drawer where candles are kept. He says they will be needed during power outages, which occur sporadically when electrical transmitters are blown up by guerrillas.

Constantino Tovar greets me in the lobby the next morning. My association with Direct Relief as a volunteer photographer has made me an instant hero with the young physician, who takes great pains



El Salvador Hospital Room, 1984

during breakfast to express his gratitude for numerous previous medical shipments from Santa Barbara. Four years of civil war have devastated the economy in El Salvador, and medicines are in short supply. The smallest country in Central America, El Salvador is packed with five million people, and the population is expected to double in the next 15 years. Nowhere is the crunch felt more severely than in the overcrowded hospitals, where patients often must double up because of the limited number of beds.

Direct Relief sent \$1 million in medical aid to El Salvador in 1984. In San Salvador, at the Benjamin Bloom Children's Hospital, Tovar introduces me to an administrator

who points out a carton of disposable syringes that have just arrived from Santa Barbara. Noting the demand for injected drugs in a country where the infant mortality rate is 15 percent, the administrator says, "Yes, they are disposable, but for us that means you throw them out after seven or eight uses."

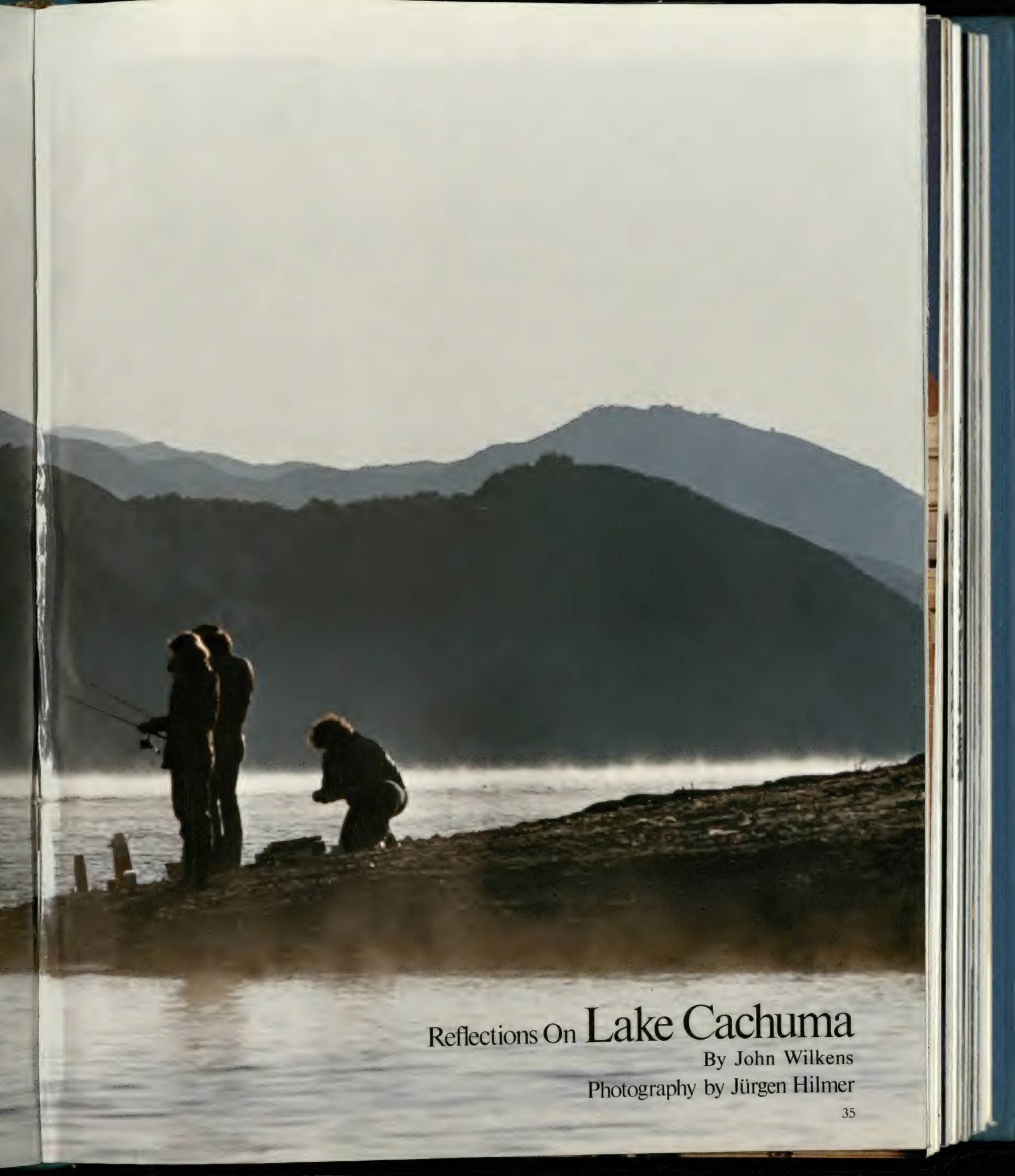
At noontime we eat at McDonald's, a choice of restaurants designed "to make me feel at home." But with sandbags in the parking lot and a concrete gun tower under the golden arches, it is far from being the fast food restaurant I am accustomed to. Over lunch, Tovar tells me that he has solved some of the "customs

*Continued on page 48*









Reflections On **Lake Cachuma**  
By John Wilkens  
Photography by Jürgen Hilmer



**L**YLE LAPE WORKS AT THE LAKE CACHUMA Park boat marina, and he's seen the magic countless times. "People come here in the morning, and they won't make eye contact with you. They're grumpy. But when they come back off the lake later, they're looking right at you with ear-to-ear grins. And they have lots of stories to tell. They always have stories."

Everyone at Lake Cachuma has stories. The veteran fishermen tell them as they clean their day's catch in the marina parking lot, tossing scraps to the wild cats. The men, their cheeks flushed from hours in the sun and wind, talk mostly of the ones that got away. Rangers speak of seeing an osprey pluck a fish from the lake only to drop it in terror at the sight of an eagle, who then catches the fish before it hits the water again. Residents from the trailer park explain with wonder how heavy rains bring spectacular waterfalls, some of them 100 feet long, cascading down cliffs into the lake.

Even if some of the stories are hard to believe, they are worth listening to. They may paint the truest picture of Lake Cachuma—certainly the most lasting.

**B**ILL SEDAR HAS BEEN FISHING at Lake Cachuma, located 20 miles up and over San Marcos Pass from Santa Barbara, since it opened in 1953. Workers at the marina say he knows the sheltered, fingerlike bays and jutting points better than anyone else. They call him Mr. Cachuma. "He talks to the lake, and he listens to what it says," Lape explains.

Sedar, 70, lives in the trailer park with his wife, Barbara. Their trailer, one of about 75 permanent ones in the quiet village, has a sign inside that says, "The worst day fishing is better than the best day working." Sedar seems to believe it, because he spends at least five days a week on the lake, rod and reel in hand. He credits that schedule with helping him develop his understanding of the place. But he also makes allowances for luck.

"I was bass fishing one time with a friend from Los Angeles, and we were having a hard time," he says. "So I said, 'I'm going to show you a trick.' We were in deep water, so I started working the surface. Well, I hooked a bluegill, a little two-inch one. My friend started to rib me, so I said, 'That's only half the trick.' I kept reeling the bluegill in, and right as it got to the boat, a big ol' bass took it. 'That's the second part of the trick,' I told my friend."

Sedar admits he knows where to find the fish at Cachuma. "It's like when you play cards," Barbara says. "Bill knows

what cards have been played." But he says it's not like it once was. "The lake's not producing the way she used to," he explains. "There's too much pressure, too many fishermen. If you catch 19 fish in one day now, that's rare. In the 1950s and '60s, it was nothing." Back in the early days, he says, he and another angler were the only ones working the lake for bass. He recalls a time when he took a sports-writer fishing at the Narrows, and they pulled in a fish apiece every 15 minutes for 11 hours.

But he isn't complaining. Fewer fish just mean a bigger challenge. And, he says, he never gets bored out there, because he can always watch the birds. "I have a relationship with an osprey—at least I think I do. I whistle at him, and he cocks his head at me."

He remembers another story. A couple



*Above: Fishing is the most popular activity at the federally owned, county run park, which offers one of Southern California's finest bass fishing lakes. Other favorite game fish include trout, black crappie, catfish, bluegill, and red-ear perch. Right: A flock of migrating Canada geese find Cachuma to their liking. The area offers some of the finest bird watching in the county.*











*Above: Special park programs include overnight camping trips to historic Arrowhead Island. Visitors can also enjoy guided night and daytime hikes, organized fishing and boating, astronomy talks, or simple gatherings around the campfire. Far right: Ranger-naturalist Neal Taylor leads regular two-hour tours aboard the Cachuma Queen. Right: He says the shoreline holds more wildlife today than ever before. Visitors report sighting wild boars, mountain lions, bobcats, bears, and deer.*







of years ago he found a mud hen tangled in fishing line stranded on the shore. "As I was freeing it, it kept pecking my hand. It was really fighting me." A few months later he found another mud hen in a similar fix. "This time I moved my hand in slowly, expecting to get pecked. But it didn't peck. It stayed calm while I got it free." He leans forward in his chair, his eyes widening behind his glasses. "Now, was that the same bird? I've often wondered."

**N**EAL TAYLOR IS GUIDING the *Cachuma Queen*, a big canopy-covered touring boat, around the lake. As he enters

Bobcat Bay, he explains that the bay once was part of a redwood forest. He sees a giant blue heron swoop by and mentions that Chumash Indians, who long ago inhabited the region, considered the animal a bird of tranquility and took handmade likenesses of it on hunting trips for good luck. Along one shore, he points out seven deer resting peacefully in the shade of an oak grove. "It's hard for people to realize that what we have here is far more than just fishing and camping," he says.

Making people realize that is Taylor's job. He is a ranger-naturalist at Cachuma and part of a county parks department push to utilize all the lake environment has to offer. That push has been led by superintendent Michael Wylde, who took over at Cachuma about three years ago after working his way up the ranks of the department. "What we're trying to do is identify the lake with a total outdoor experience," Wylde says. "The naturalists slow the pace of life down. They point out the little things on the ground, in the sky, in the trees."

Some of the new emphasis stems, in part, from financial considerations. Cachuma is owned by the federal government, but it's run by the county and is required to be self-supporting. The park's \$1.4 million operating budget is covered solely by the revenues it generates through leases for the marina, a horseback riding operation, the general store and service station, and through visitors' fees. Wylde points out that as the park gets older, its maintenance costs go up. It's only logical to try to attract more visitors. There are about a million a year now, with most coming in the summer months.

But there also seems to be a genuine interest in sharing the resources for their own sake. "There is so much to learn by looking at nature," Taylor says. The ranger leads regular two-hour *Cachuma Queen* tours of the lake, explaining its geologic history and Chumash background.

The lake takes its name from the former Indian village of Ah-ke-tsoom, which is now under the waters of Cachuma Bay, Taylor says. An enthusiastic speaker, he often interrupts himself in mid-sentence to scan the 42 miles of shoreline for mountain lion, bobcat, deer, wild boar, and other animals. He also points out the dozens of fowl present, the eagles, swans, ducks, hawks, loons, grebes, and cormorants that make the lake one of the county's best bird-watching sites. "There's more wildlife now than when the Indians lived here," he says. "The animals are so beautiful in their natural setting. And there's something about them, when we're

on the boat, that knows they're safe."

Taylor has a theory about why the tours are important. "People can look, but they often don't really see. We like to open little windows that let light through. I use the word *discovery*. It's ever constant here."

One of Taylor's fondest memories is of a group of inner-city kids from Los Angeles. "We met them at the front gate and went to a picnic area," he says. "We got off the bus, and one little boy—he was six or seven—grabs my pant leg and says, 'Mr. Taylor, what's this?' He was holding a rock! We're around nature so much, sometimes we take it for granted. But that was like a slap in the face." By the end of the weekend, he'd taken the children from that simple rock to fossils and geological formations. "They didn't want to go," Taylor says, "and I didn't want them to go."

Other naturalist programs include trail hikes, on which Taylor or one of the other experts might locate a lichen that the Chumash dried out and used as diapers for their infants. "Indian Pampers," Taylor quips. There are also astronomy shows, overnight stays on Arrowhead Island (used as a reference point by Gen. John C. Fremont when he marched his troops across San Marcos Pass to take Santa Barbara from Spanish rule), night walks, and a fireside theater.

Taylor says that he and the other naturalists constantly stress the need to preserve the environment. Near the end of his boat tours, for example, he stops the *Cachuma Queen* and thanks the passengers for sharing two hours of their time to learn about the lake. And he tells them that they, too, "have a responsibility to protect all this."

Taylor is something of a fly-fishing wizard. His skill—he's a seven-time national casting champion—has landed him on fishing equipment promotional tours to some of the world's finest lakes and streams. But he's convinced that Cachuma is special. "I'm happier now than I've ever been in my life," he says, adding softly, "To be able to share this with others is...well, I'm a little bit humbled by it."

**F**EW PEOPLE who now work or play at Lake Cachuma know much of its volatile history, but at one time it sparked widespread, vicious debate throughout, and later beyond, the county. "Cachuma was an epithet," former *Santa Barbara News-Press* reporter Tom Cleveland once wrote. "You didn't say it, you sneezed it."

But Frank Medearis knows of the past.

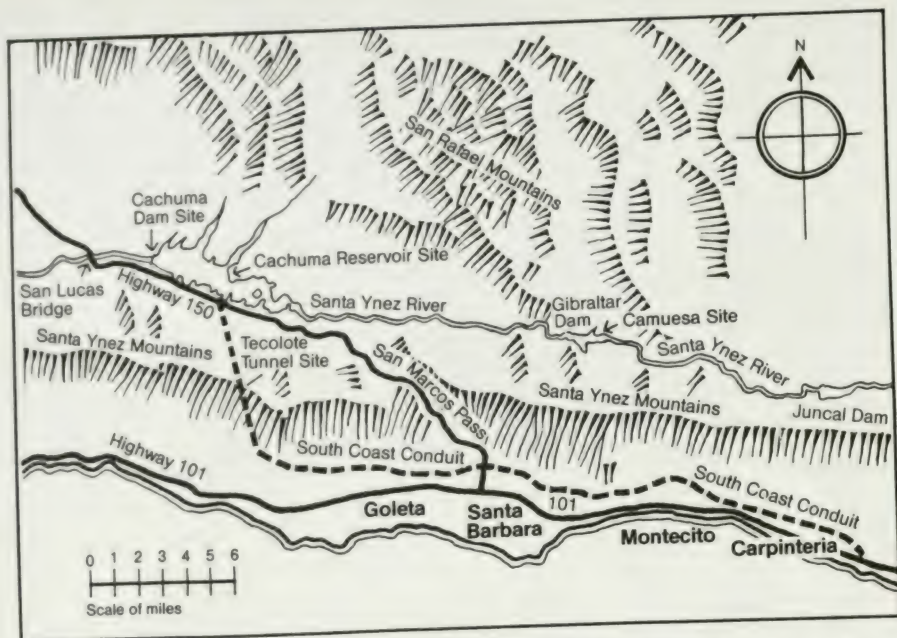












*Above: The reservoir lies some 20 miles up and over the Santa Ynez Mountains. Water flows to Santa Barbara taps through Tecolote Tunnel and the South Coast Conduit.*

He's lived in a trailer at the park for 27 years. And he remembers coming to the area long before the lake was there, to fish for steelhead with his father along the Santa Ynez River. The battle over the Cachuma Water Project, as it was formally known, "was just like an old John Wayne Western," Medearis says. "There were threats and fights everywhere."

That battle dates back to the late 1920s, when farmers along the coast began to realize that their wells were pulling water out of the ground faster than nature was replacing it. Enough concern had been voiced by 1937 that the county board of supervisors, led by Santa Maria attorney C.L. Preisker, hired a private engineer to study the possibility of building a large dam on the Santa Ynez River, downstream from the Gibraltar Reservoir owned by the city of Santa Barbara.

Two years later, engineer Raymond Hill recommended that a dam be erected at Tequepis Creek, two miles upstream from Cachuma. There were outcries from Santa Ynez Valley residents, who feared their water supply would be threatened. But cost, not protests, dealt the death blow to that plan.

In 1941, the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation, responding to calls for an "unbiased" survey of local water needs, entered the picture. The bureau's study, completed in 1944, proposed a dam at the upper end of Gibraltar Reservoir. Although its costs would have been more manageable—no new tunnel, for instance, would have been needed—the Camuesa Dam was opposed by the city, which claimed its water rights

would be sacrificed.

Cachuma was then nominated. The project would have three parts. One would be the 2,900 foot long, 206 foot tall dam. Another would be the 6.4 mile long Tecolote Tunnel, which would carry water from the 3,250-acre lake through the Santa Ynez Mountains to Glen Annie Canyon on the coast west of Santa Barbara. Finally, the South Coast Conduit, a system of underground pipes and smaller dams and reservoirs, would transport and store water all along the South Coast.

Cost reared its head again, but T.A. Twitchell, who by then had replaced his law partner, Preisker, as county supervisor, proposed a countywide water tax to distribute the financial burden among more parties. He reasoned that a secure water supply was essential to the entire county's tax base. The idea took root. But the battles were just beginning.

Twitchell, his fellow board members, and other supporters of the project were called "the water boys" by their sneering opponents, who accused them of being part of a federal government socialist plot to take water rights away from California, of stealing water from the Santa Ynez and Lompoc valleys, and of backing an expensive, much-too-large reservoir that would never fill. Among the opponents was Lewis Welch, owner of the ranch property that would become the bottom of Lake Cachuma. Others worried that the lake would be vulnerable to atomic fallout pollution or would be an easy target for a wartime bomb that would destroy the dam and wash all life down-

stream into the Pacific Ocean.

The foes lost some of their steam in the late 1940s, however, when severe drought conditions in Santa Barbara, and subsequent water rationing, made the promise of Cachuma more appealing. Also, steps were taken to legally ensure that the water rights of Santa Ynez residents would be protected if the dam was built.

Debate still raged in the nation's capital, though. There was mounting resistance to the New Deal philosophy of using federal funds for regional water projects. Critics also noted that the contemplated cost for Cachuma water, \$25 an acre foot,







*Above: Cachuma naturalists can help some of the park's million visitors a year appreciate the area's fascinating geologic history. These strata along the lakeshore tilted eons ago when a massive upheaval of the earth also formed the mountains and the valley. Such sites are gold mines for fossil hunters. Left: Forty-two miles of shoreline offer glimpses of such exotic birds as this great blue heron, egrets, ospreys, hawks, and golden eagles.*





*Above left: The Tecolote Tunnel phase of the Cachuma Water Project began March 3, 1950. Temperatures inside the tunnel reached 107 degrees, and miners often rode to work in carts filled with tepid water. The 6.4-mile straight bore broke through six years later, on March 23, 1956. Above right: That year the new lake held only one-fifth its capacity. Then a long, wet rainy season sent the first few drops over the dam spillway, and News-Press publisher and Cachuma promoter T.M. Storke (with clock) was there with his cronies to celebrate. Right: State law says that Cachuma may store only flood waters, so the Santa Ynez River passes through Bradbury Dam to benefit users downstream.*

was two and a half times more expensive than other Reclamation Bureau proposals. It took relentless negotiating by Twitchell, News-Press publisher T.M. Storke, and Carpinteria county supervisor C.W. Bradbury (for whom the dam is now named) to win approval in Washington. On March 24, 1948, Congress officially authorized construction. It made an initial appropriation for the project, which was expected to cost \$30 million.

But the funding was delayed until a vote of the people could be held. The election was conducted November 22, 1949, and the project was endorsed handily, 15,609 votes to 5,222. Ground was broken for the Tecolote Tunnel on March 3, 1950.

The first stages went quickly, and officials expected the job to be done by the spring of 1953. They were too optimistic. The miners ran into pockets of natural and hydrogen sulfide gas; one blast sent 11 men to the hospital with burns. The biggest problem, though, was hot water that came pouring out of rocks drilled for dynamite blasting. It reached temperatures of 117 degrees and pushed the overall heat in the tunnel up to 107 in places. The relative humidity was 100 percent.

So hot were the conditions that workers rode to and from the heart of Tecolote in mine cars filled with tepid water. The rolling bathtubs kept the miners' tempera-

tures from reaching dangerously high levels. They didn't keep the men from complaining, however, and eventually they walked off the job. Construction was halted for months, and the delay, coupled with the difficulty of the tunneling, rocketed the cost of Tecolote from \$5 million to \$14.5 million.

The tunnel, which experts labeled "the toughest in the world," was completed in March 1956. By then, the other two parts of the project were finished. The final cost, including distribution systems, was \$43 million. That included \$1 million to relocate roads that were now underwater and \$273,000 to clear oaks.

But completion didn't mean success. By 1956 the lake had filled to only about one-fifth its capacity. Some recalled what Cachuma foes had said many years before: "It will be a dry lake monument to New Deal spending."

But then the rains fell. And kept falling. The 1957 to '58 season was the second wettest in Santa Barbara history, and by late winter a spill watch had begun at Cachuma. County National Bank and Trust sponsored a contest to guess the date and time water would go over the top. The lake crept steadily upward until the afternoon of April 13, when, at 3:32 and 12 seconds, it reached its capacity of 206,000 acre feet and sent the first drops over the dam spillway. Sirens wailed and a sheriff's deputy fired several rounds

from a double-barrel shotgun in celebration. A Reclamation Bureau employee captured the first drops, put them in a small bottle, and gave it to Storke, who reportedly kept it on his desk as a conversation piece.

The next day, Storke's newspaper called the event "the most significant local story of this century." At the time, a full Lake Cachuma meant there would be enough water for South Coast residents for more than a decade, even under the worst drought conditions. "What a heritage for one generation to pass along to the next," the newspaper proclaimed in a page-one editorial.

The editorial also stated that "today's development should bury the last remnants of opposition and resentment about the lake." But that has not been the case. Cachuma's more recent history is also dotted with squabbles—controversies about proposals to let seaplanes land there, plans for resort development on the property, and movements to get rid of private boat docks. Last year, the Goleta Water District exceeded its Cachuma allotment, triggering protests and calls for corrective action from other water agencies.

More skirmishes are on the horizon. The county, under pressure from the federal government to keep the park open to everyone and eliminate private uses, is phasing out the permanent trailers. By









*Above top: Seven days a week the Cachuma Trails Riding Stables helps visitors enjoy the beautiful surroundings on horseback. Above: Campers can choose from 465 sites, many fully equipped, others pristinely primitive. Opposite: Recreational opportunities abound, but some visit the lake only to experience the renewal that comes from being alone with nature.*

September 30, 1987, the 109-space facility is supposed to be maintained for visitors; only the old-timers will be allowed to stay.

That saddens Barbara and Bill Sedar, because in their five years there they've come to call the place home. They like it because it's quiet. "The only things that wake us up are the hawks and doves," Sedar says. They say their community is a special one, where everyone knows each other and gathers at the clubhouse for holiday socials and bingo games, where no one worries about locking their doors when they are away, where the fishermen share their catches with those residents too old or ill to toss a line in the water.

Also looming in the future is talk of raising the dam's height to meet increased water needs. That would change things. Today's campgrounds might join the old Chumash villages underwater. Highway 154 might have to be relocated in places. And the \$400,000 worth of boat-launching improvements now ready to begin would be rendered wet and worthless. Superintendent Wylde knows all about the talk. "But," he says, "we've got to go on."

And, as he goes on, he likes to hand out his business card to people in Santa Barbara. On the back there is a spectacular picture of a calm blue lake, its surface reflecting the snow-capped mountains in the distance. "They see it and think it's the Sierras," he says. "I tell them, 'No, it's in your own backyard.'" The photo, of course, is Lake Cachuma, taken after an especially chilly storm. Wylde's story points up an interesting phenomenon: People in Santa Barbara generally don't know what's at the lake, and they don't go there. A survey done for the county in 1983 showed that only 12 percent of the park's visitors are from its home county.

Naturalist Neal Taylor notes that other parks in the state experience similar situations. "It's the old grass-is-always-greener-on-the-other-side thing," he says. Still, it's bothersome. "People in Santa Barbara say they've heard the vegetation is brown. Sure, it's brown in the summertime. But we have four seasons here. I think the best-kept secret in Santa Barbara County is this park in the wintertime."

Even Wylde admits that he didn't always practice what he and his employees now preach. "I grew up in Santa Barbara, and I never really thought of the lake."

Those who do think of the lake have an array of recreational options available to them. Fishing is the most popular activity, with anglers going after bass, trout, black crappie, catfish, bluegill, and red-ear perch. The park has a fall through winter

trout stocking program; the Lopez Farm of Arroyo Grande plants about 100,000 fish from October through April. Marina workers say they get telephone calls regularly from fishermen trying to time their visits with the latest plant.

Campers, meanwhile, can choose from 465 sites, many tucked under wide-limbed oaks and equipped with tables and fireplaces. Showers, children's playgrounds, and horseshoe pits are available, too. Groups can camp in grounds with romantic names like Apache Pines, Eldorado Vista, Dakota Plains, and Mohawk Mesa, while those who want a more private, primitive setting can go to Teepee Island. One of the park's newest features is a specially designed shaded area for hikers and bikers, complete with bike racks. Wylde says there are also plans for a physical fitness course.

**S**HIRLEY ANDO HAS WORKED AT the Cachuma boat marina for 15 years, so she knows a thing or two about fishermen—like their excuses for coming in empty-handed. "If they go out late, they say they missed the early bite. If they come in early, they say they missed the late bite." She lists a few other excuses blaming such factors as barometric pressure and the moon. "And if all else fails, they always say, 'There's no fish in that lake.'"

Ando works at the bait-and-tackle shop, renting out the 130 or so boats that are available, giving the fishermen pointers on where the trout are biting, and tipping them off to the most effective baits and lures. Behind her on the back wall are mounted trophy fish, including the biggest largemouth bass ever caught at the lake, an 11-and-a-half pounder hauled in by Ken Dumong of Norwalk last October.

Ando doesn't fish much herself, but says she's picked up some inside secrets over the years. "And," she admits, "we bluff a lot." One man eyes a lure that promises to "catch anything that swims," but she recommends the night crawlers. She spreads the fat, squirming worms in their damp dirt onto a metal tray for the man to see. He's impressed and buys them. "Good luck," she tells him as he heads to his boat. "At least it's a sunny day."

Ando says they get all types at the lake, from first-timers to bass fishermen showing up for tournaments and derbies with their \$20,000 high-tech boats. She can always tell the rookies. They ask her what the fish are hitting on without telling her what kind of fish they want or whether they'll be fishing from a boat or the shore. "It's nice to get them started, though,"





she adds. "And if they have a lucky day, they're hooked for life."

Like many people who work there, Ando lives at Cachuma. She has been there 20 years and has raised two sons. "They turned out well. If we'd raised them in the middle of L.A., who knows?" She can remember when the crowds were smaller and deer used to feel safe enough to come in and eat the petunias she grew in her garden. "I'd go out and shake my fist at them," she says. "Now I miss them." She remembers more recent times, too. She keeps a scrapbook of pictures showing how the storms of 1983 ravaged the park,

picking up and smashing a boat house into scrap lumber, splintering huge trees, and eroding concrete pathways.

Lyle Lape has been at the lake five years, and he remembers, too. "Mother Nature dominates the lake. As docile as she is today, she can throw a tantrum. If the conditions are right, the water level can jump 12 feet in one night. We have a lot of respect for her and do everything we can to work with her."

He likes to tell of the time last year when he watched the space shuttle scream through the sky on its way to Edwards Air Force Base. He was up early because

mornings are his favorite time. "You could see it come along the mountains, and then it turned, and you could see the lettering on the side. There was a sonic boom. And then the sun rose."

He smiles and says, "You could spend a month up here and get 1,001 different stories." ■

*Sometime trout fisherman John Wilkens was raised in Palos Verdes, California. He graduated from UCSB, where he was editor of the Daily Nexus, and has been a reporter for the Santa Barbara News-Press since the summer of 1979.*





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*Continued from page 19*

problems" that have stalled or diverted medical supplies from other relief agencies. He says that DRI's latest shipment safely awaits our inspection at a local warehouse.

We find 7,000 pounds of pharmaceuticals, bandages, and medicines at the warehouse, the same ones I had seen on pallets being loaded by forklift in Santa Barbara a few weeks earlier. Dozens of phone calls and letters from the DRI home office have helped to assure proper contacts and security for the goods, which otherwise could have been channeled to the black market. And there is one more consideration. These pallets will be loaded onto pickup trucks to be driven to rural clinics, and that diversion from local hospitals has upset some city health officials. It has been a struggle for Tovar to get aid out to the countryside, both because of the keen competition for scant resources and because political powers in San Salvador inherently distrust the agrarian cooperatives for which these shipments have been earmarked.

"At least there are hospitals in San Salvador," Tovar remarks as he drives me back to the Sheraton. "Out in the country, there is nothing." It is a fact I come to grasp the next day, on a tour of 3 of the 14 cooperatives designated as recipients of this latest DRI shipment.

In the morning a driver from Instituto de Agraria Reforma picks me up in a beat-up Toyota truck. We arrive at Agua Fria, a farming cooperative less than an hour's drive from the city. Campesinos are crowded around two DRI pallets as we pull up. They are profit-sharing members of the farm, and they are the lucky ones, for the government's effort at land redistribution is miniscule and lately almost defunct. I am introduced as if I myself were the benefactor of the welcome supplies. The members applaud my introduction and line up to shake hands. The attention is slightly embarrassing, as I have had no part in the collection, packaging, or delivery of the supplies; but I welcome the opportunity to see how the Santa Barbara agency is viewed this far away from home.

That afternoon my driver and I attend a meeting at Los Mangos, another farming co-op. A nurse who rides the circuit between co-ops is on duty at an improvised clinic inside an adobe structure. She thanks me for the medicines and gives me a list of the most needed pharmaceuticals. "We have hardly any penicillin," she says, "and the antidiarrhea drugs are gone." The latter is especially important, as the majority of infant deaths in Third World countries like El Salvador are caused by dehydra-



tion brought on, in part, by diarrhea.

The road north to La Cabaña co-op is lined with downed telephone and electrical poles, apparently felled by guerrillas. The driver says he usually carries a pistol for protection in the city, but today he is unarmed. "If we are stopped, I don't want them to think I'm with the government," he says. And, in a comment more telling about the general state of the nation's poverty, he adds, "Those guys rob everything, even shoes—most of them don't have any."

Of the 500 family members in La Cabaña co-op, 414 are children. Men and women and some children work 12-hour days cutting sugar in the fields. The monthly wage per family is about \$100, so the Direct Relief shipment will have some effect at cutting health costs here. But the co-op clinic is no more than an oversized closet, with shelves sparsely stocked with ointment, gauze pads, tongue depressors, and cotton balls. One co-op member has some basic first-aid training, so he has been assigned a key to unlock the room. After showing me around, he gives me another medical "wish list" to take back to Santa Barbara.

I spend the night in a hut at La Cabaña. At dawn the next day, I visit some of the co-op homes, which have dirt floors and no running water. The women are outside making tortillas, while the men chop wood for the cooking fires. Although it is early, the fan-shaped stems of the surrounding palm trees are already limp in the hot morning sun.

The co-op gates outside the sugar processing plant are heavily guarded by soldiers. My guide points to the nearby Juazapa volcano to show the war not far away. Juazapa is a guerrilla stronghold. This morning, U. S.-made A-37 Dragonfly jets can be seen circling the steep sides of the volcano, dropping what appear, from their pufflike impacts, to be white phosphorous bombs.

Driving back to San Salvador, soldiers again stop us on the road for an identification check. Intense fighting is in progress at Suchitoto, not far from La Cabaña. The casualties have been heavy. Not until I reach the hotel do I learn that *Newsweek* photographer John Hoagland has been caught in the crossfire at Suchitoto. He is dead.

"With the war going on," Tovar says several days later as he drives me to the airport, "it's hard to deliver medicines, even if you have them." Shaking hands as we part, he adds with a smile, "I hope you get a chance to tell people there what it's like around here."

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## The Paul Mills Collection: A Fascination for Flags

By Judy Powell

**O**DD AS IT SEEMS to people who know him, Paul Chadbourne Mills had no early childhood attraction to flags. In fact, the 60-year-old Santa Barbaran, who was director of the Santa Barbara Museum of Art for 11 years, says his fascination with flags began only 20 years ago.

"My wife, Jan, and I were staying in a beautiful little hotel in downtown Lisbon, Portugal," says Mills. "Right across the street stood an old civic building, and flying on top was a marvelous modern flag of black and white triangles." After repeated inquiries, he discovered that, instead of being modern, the flag was Lisbon's ancient symbol, born centuries ago in the Middle Ages.

That flicker of black and white through the glazed windows of the old hotel roused

*Left: Vexillologist Paul Mills has been collecting, studying, and promoting the appreciation of flags for nearly 20 years. His wife Jan commissioned the painting over the armoire. By David Ligare, it depicts the Mills-designed family flag caught at sea on a puff of air. The symbol—of an abstracted millstone—also waves from a flagpole outside the couple's hillside home. Opposite left: Mills founded and now directs the nonprofit Santa Barbara Flag Project, which installed this magnificent 15- by 25-foot rendition of Old Glory at city hall.*

PHOTO AND INSET BY JUDY POWELL





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in Mills such an interest in flags that he entered the curious world of vexillology, a world in which he's studied, collected, designed, and cherished a multitude of banners. And, in the process, his work has benefited Americans across the continent.

Sitting in the living room of his modern foothill home overlooking Santa Barbara, the silver-haired Mills explains, "The Latin word *vexillum* refers to the small banners that hung from standards carried by Roman legionnaires. *Vexillology* means the study of flag history and symbolism. The term was coined by Whitney Smith, director of the Flag Research Center in Massachusetts."

Considering the long history of banners, it's not surprising that Mills's attraction to flags is rooted deep in his pleasure of the past's pageantry. "As a young person," the Seattle native recalls fondly, "I loved to look at books on castles and the ceremonial panoply of the Middle Ages." At the same time, contemporary art appealed to him. "Especially the graphic end of it," he says. Flags offered him a happy combination—the heraldic and the historical mixed liberally with the elements of modern design.

With two university degrees in art history, Mills served as curator of the Oakland Museum of Art for 17 years before coming in 1971 to the small but nationally respected Santa Barbara Museum of Art. As director here, he shepherded the institution through 11 years of expansion that included the birth and infancy of the majestic new Alice Keck Park Wing. Now retired, Mills's involvement in Santa Barbara art and historic preservation projects continues unabated. He describes himself today as a museum consultant, an art consultant, and—of course—a vexillologist.

Mills designed his first flag while in Oakland. "It was 1970, a time when we were looking for ways to express the different racial groups in the city," he remembers. Commissioned by the museum, he met the challenge with a popular, symbolic design that incorporated an abstraction of an oak leaf, the primary element in the city's original flag, with a series of multicolored stripes that represented the area's rich ethnic diversity.

Since then, Mills has designed more than 20 banners for individuals and communities. He brings the historian's perspective and sympathy to his art and firmly grounds each flag in heraldic tradition. But harkening back to his first experience in Oakland, he says, "My greatest satisfaction still comes from designing flags as community symbols."



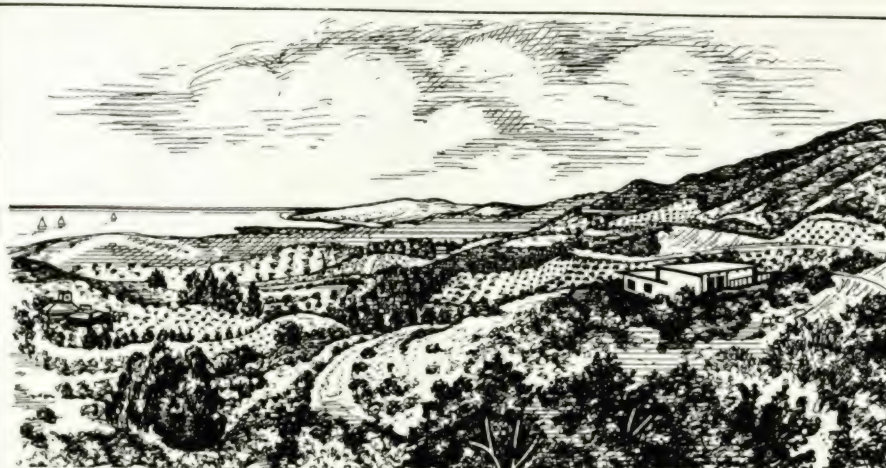
In 1976, Mills's vexillology went national with another of his interests—the display of banners. While director of the Santa Barbara museum, he received a bulletin from the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA) calling for special, innovative projects to celebrate the nation's bicentennial. “I wanted to show people some of the handsome flags of the revolutionary war era while encouraging fresh designs, and the idea led to the ‘New Glory’ exhibition,” he says.

Funded by the NEA, sponsored by the Santa Barbara museum, and scheduled by the Smithsonian Institution's Traveling Exhibition Service, his two-part show toured the United States from 1976 through 1977. Tens of thousands enjoyed the exhibitions at museums such as the New York Museum of Modern Art and the National Art Gallery. Half the show featured 28 flags based on historically important colonial and revolutionary era banners, while the other half displayed 28 exciting new designs prepared especially by American graphic artists. Two blue-ribbon panels of judges, which included Mills and Whitney Smith, selected the banners to be displayed.

Engrossed as he turns pages in the first of two catalogs chronicling “New Glory,” Mills stops at the photograph of an early Union Jack. It is the banner that flew on ships of the Jamestown settlers and throughout the colonies until the American Revolution. He explains that the design combines the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, and that the two symbols reflect the unification of England and Scotland when King James I ascended the throne in 1603.

As his fingers hover knowledgeably over more flags in the book, Mills points out the use of fimbriation, or the insertion of thin white lines to separate color from color. “One of the cardinal rules of heraldry,” he says, “is that colors should not touch colors, or metals touch metals. The white lines help distinguish colors, and make banners infinitely more identifiable. That's important on the battlefield, where heraldry began.”

He turns the pages to a bright red flag, plain except for a small rectangle of white in the upper left corner. “This was the work of ardent Puritans in Boston,” he says, “who thought that all crosses were Roman Catholic emblems and should be eliminated. A flag bearer reportedly heard this in a sermon one day, went out, and stripped off the crosses.” Smiling, he confesses, “Of course, there's an awful lot of folklore and semihistory about flags of that period. It's even hard to get a firm



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*Below: Mills earned the official title civic herald from Monterey, California, for his design of the city's flag. Here the banner unfurls over the original Castillo de Monterrey in Spain, where Mills delivered it on a goodwill tour in May of 1978. Right: The Santa Barbara Flag Project's display at the breakwater reflects 22 facets of our community along with nation, state, county, and city flags. The project's purpose—with Mills at the helm—is to oversee maintenance of its exhibits and to encourage local groups to show their pride by adopting or creating well-designed banners of their own.*



fact from all the Betsy Ross tales."

A large armoire across the room houses Mills's personal flag collection along with some of the "New Glory" banners. Inside, shelf after shelf of flags lie folded in a bright, inviting mosaic. One by one, he brings them out. "The oldest banners are made of wool bunting from Yorkshire," he says. Thickly woven, they unfurl silently. "Feel the fabric. It's so scratchy, you'd hate to wear a shirt made of it."

In silken contrast, a taffetalike material opens with a hiss as it passes through his hands. It's a flag from the Italian city of Sienna, with intricate handwork executed

by nuns. "It looks delicate," he agrees, "but it was meant for rough use in the city's traditional sport—which is flag throwing."

Mills's personal flag design—a bold red-orange abstraction of a millstone on a rich gold background—is made of heavy-gauge nylon. "This fabric takes the light well," he explains as he leads the way outdoors to his flagpole. The ocean wind, swift and gusty, battles Mills as he raises the flag. A gale captures the sail, and the pole reverberates. The cool, appraising eyes of the designer gaze upward as the flag reaches the top.

Back in the living room of the modern house he and his wife helped design, the vexillologist opens the second "New Glory" catalog. It records the 28 banners created especially to celebrate the bicentennial. The flags are intriguing graphic statements, some heraldic, others less so.

Among his favorites is one designed for the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE). It's a simple rectangle, split lengthwise into equal halves of black and white. In the center are two narrow parallel rectangles—one black on white, the other white on black. What is it? "An equals sign," he says, "with stunning visual







CARA MOORE

impact, don't you think? Very simple, very graphic, very direct—a brilliant flag."

For Mills, the high points of "New Glory" were the simultaneous exhibitions of the two flag groups in Washington, D.C., and in the Santa Barbara Museum of Art. "The banners were arranged right in front of the National Archives building where the Declaration of Independence is enshrined," he says proudly. "It was a very high honor for us. We had poles all around the reflecting pool—the revolutionary flags in the summer of '76, and the newly designed flags in the summer of '77. And at the same time, Santa Barbarans were

able to enjoy an identical display right here in our own museum."

At the conclusion of the bicentennial celebration, Mills brought the entire museum-sponsored collection home to Santa Barbara. Funded by CETA and Work, Incorporated, an eye-catching display of 26 flags was installed the next summer on Santa Barbara's breakwater. About a half dozen were historical flags from "New Glory," but the rest were current government flags and banners representing Santa Barbara organizations. A few months later, enthusiastic Santa Barbarans joined Mills to form the non-

profit Santa Barbara Flag Project. The group's purpose was to oversee maintenance of the exhibition and actively encourage community groups to adopt or create well-designed banners as their own symbols.

The project met its goals. More and more Santa Barbara organizations added their flags to the breakwater collection, and project members rotated and slowly retired the bicentennial banners to join those already in Mills's care. Then, in 1982, adding another symbolic feather to its cap, the project installed nation, state, and city flags in front of city hall to cele-





# Dream Homes

*By Jeanne Umana*

*Photography by Jürgen Hilmer*





“What’s wonderful for me is doing things the hard way. You see, I want my house, like my work, to live and breathe.”  
—John Cody



**A** DREAM HOME is more than a matter of mechanics—the material nuts and bolts necessary to respond to environmental demands. It is also a matter of charisma—that elixir begged, robbed, or borrowed from the gods to beguile us mortals. This story is about the juncture where engineering meets architectural fantasy, where mechanics yields to charisma. And it’s about people, Santa Barbarans with dreams of how they wanted to live, daring Santa Barbarans who took those ethereal dreams and forged them into wood and plaster, rock and brick.

On the following pages you’ll visit four Santa Barbara homes that are as personal and individual as fingerprints. The homes’ creators were guided by singular visions of beauty and endowed with either the financial wherewithal or the economic wit to realize them. All were emotionally, and some physically, engaged in the adventure and mayhem between the drawing board and the finished fantasy. All were tireless in carving out what they envisioned. We believe their charismatic homes epitomize a particular brand of Santa Barbara determination, imagination, and capacity to dream.

**W**HEN SCULPTOR JOHN CODY first hiked into the San Rafael Wilderness some 14 years ago, he climbed down a precipitous mountainside and then up out of a dry riverbed to find “the most beautiful meadow I’d ever seen, right at the foot of

*Opposite: Sculptor John Cody carved his dream in the wilderness by hand, from native stone and salvaged timber, mulioned windows, and hand-forged iron. He even cleared the 12-mile road to the house himself, following the historic trail of early settlers. The home is literally a measure of the man: by necessity, sections of first-floor walls are as wide and as tall—and its rocks as heavy—as its builder could manage alone. Above: Inside, sunshine lights a quiet corner by day, while kerosene and candles take over by night.*





a spectacular pinnacle." This, the young descendant of Buffalo Bill Cody mused, was the place to build his dream.

And build he did, from scratch on 130 acres leased from the descendants of Santa Ynez Valley pioneer Alonzo Davis, who homesteaded the area in the 1870s. At the bottom of the steep bowl of wild and lush terrain, whose rim must be reached by something at least as adhesive as a four-wheel-drive vehicle, nestles the Codys' hand-hewn cottage, truly atavistic, a throwback to the days before freeways and jet aircraft so easily connected people. "I wanted to find out for myself," the 36-year-old Cody explains, "what life without modern technology would be like."

Life without modern technology means few conveniences for the artist, called Cody by his friends, for his 23-year-old wife Felicia, their two babies, and two older children from an earlier marriage who often visit. But there's also no interference between the sculptor's creative genius and nature.

Combining sandstone with serpentine (the same jade-colored native California stone he uses to carve his sculptures), Cody lovingly laid the cottage's floors. He built the first story over old posts filled with rubble and rock—"the way they do it in Europe," he says. He constructed the second level from timbers, some a century or more old, salvaged

*Continued on page 46*





*Above left: Between rough, foot-thick walls, a smooth sandstone and serpentine floor stretches the length of the main living area. Beams from an abandoned bridge support the second story, and the fireplace is made from an ocean buoy. Left: The Cody kitchen features an ingenious stove crafted from rock, steel, and two discarded butane tanks. Above: A hot tub made from half another buoy rests in a bed of rocks just off the patio. The sculptor is well-settled in after 14 years in the wilderness. "I did what I could," he says, "with what I had."*

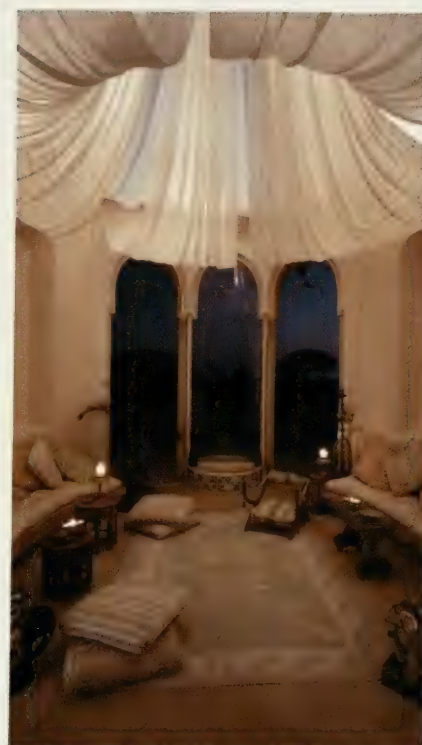




“As you can see, Palmyra isn’t derivative.... We wanted to be free, and to express that freedom in our home.”  
—Murielle La Tourette

**P**ALMYRA. John and Murielle La Tourette’s fantasy estate set in a Montecito parkland of palms, is Murielle’s dream child. The name means palm grove in Arabic, and the dream was inspired by *The Red Shoes*. “I saw the movie when I was a young girl,” she says, “and I always remembered Moira Shearer dancing through a frenzy of wind and smoke to Offenbach’s *Tales of Hoffman*. The scene was so alluring, so ethereal, that it gave me a wonderful floating feeling I’ve never forgotten. I wanted Palmyra to try to





capture those sensations."

At dusk, Murielle La Tourette's favorite time of day, the home does indeed do this. With the candles and fireplace lit, spicy incense mingling with the natural perfume of blooming jasmine, the tea served, and the sliding doors pushed back into walls so that not even glass stands between home and nature, the creator, family, and visitors can enjoy the sense of entering another world filled with intrigue and possibilities.

The effects of fantasy are further encouraged by the dominant use of silk, as in the tenting in the Sultan's Room, complete with large floor pillows, stereo, and wet bar. "We lie there at night, looking

*Continued on page 48*

*Above left: A true fantasy home, Palmyra owes its authenticity chiefly to its owner's faithfulness to a dream. Murielle La Tourette and architect James Morris started with fourteenth century arches as a theme. They added sliding glass that disappears into the walls, allowing free access to breezes from the canyons and the sea. Above: Like something out of The Arabian Nights, silk tenting channels moonlight into the Sultan's Room after hours. Left: Orchids, bougainvillea, and palm fronds feather the grounds of the La Tourettes' mountainside estate.*





"The people who developed the estate had a flair for living. I feel their energy still in the house...."

—Faye Hackman

**A**FTER TEN YEARS of combing the Montecito foothills for the perfect home, Gene and Faye Hackman at last discovered Piranhurst in 1980. "Our 24 acres of God's country," Faye Hackman says with delight. "The two aspects we particularly loved were the exquisite acreage and the historic architecture of the house."

Set amidst ancient live oaks, manicured lawns, ivy-covered walls, and stone statuary reposing in gracious gardens, the home originally was built between 1914 and 1917 by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin, who gave the property its name.

For Faye's husband, actor Gene Hackman, the well-hidden mansion was a perfect retreat from the very public world of Hollywood. "Gene says it's where he



# SANTA BARBARA HOMES







can get away from it all," she explains. "He probably put more of himself into this place than any of us did. He'd get up on the tractor and hack away at the stones that needed turning, leading the crews. He loved being part of the whole renovation process." At Piranhurst, the actor indulges his painting, sculpting, and reading, endeavors that require solitude and contemplation.

While maintaining the basic structure of the estate and mansion, the Hackmans, parents of three adult children, also wanted it to be a family home ready for visits—warm, inviting, and unpretentious. They asked Palm Springs interior designer and friend Steve Chase to translate the original formality to a more personal tone.

The result stresses warm earth colors, accented with outsized silk pillows in the downstairs family areas, and personal memorabilia imaginatively arranged in every room in the house.

A huge model sailing ship hangs from the kitchen ceiling. Gene's collection of kachina dolls, African masks, clay pottery, and pre-Columbian art combine with his book collection in the library. And then there are Faye's collections of antique dolls and glass bottles, the model train, and the favorite family paintings such as Arnold Mesches's *People in the Park*, whose purchase after years of admiration was made possible by the success of *The French Connection*, for which Gene won an Oscar in 1972.

What fascinates Faye most about Piranhurst is its history. "The people who developed the estate had a flair for living," she explains. "I feel their energy still in the house, especially when the sun sets as I'm looking out over the terrace."

Sifting through the family's library of special moments at Piranhurst, Faye remembers particularly their arrival after the estate had been remodeled. "Steve wouldn't allow any of us to come here the last two weeks," she says. "He wanted everything to be perfect. The day we moved in, he greeted us at the door with flowers and champagne. It was wonderful. I never thought when I was a little girl I'd be able to live in a place like this—a dream house straight out of the movies."





*Above left: Designer Steve Chase helped the Hackmans achieve a casual ambience throughout the 20-room mansion. Suede carpeting, wicker with silk-velvet upholstery, and architectural details restored to a natural wood patina soften the living room's formal mood. Left: The paneling in Gene's study lay hidden under decades of paint. Today the quiet retreat holds some of his favorite books and primitive art. Above: Life at Piranhurst revolves around a grand staircase, a fitting centerpiece for one of Montecito's ultimate dream homes.*

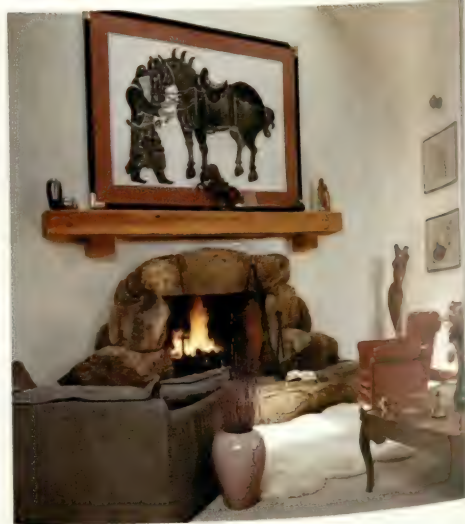


"It was important to me that the house blend into the area, that it be environmentally considerate."  
—Charles de L'Arbe



**S**IMPLICITY AND SENSITIVITY are the key-notes to the elegance of Charles de L'Arbe's all-wood dream home in forested Mission Canyon. A canyon resident most of his life, Charles, now 32, built a custom-crafted, energy-efficient home in 1981 that is based strictly upon naturalistic principles of the world-renowned architect and environmentalist Charles Moore. "It was important to me that the house blend in with the area," Charles de L'Arbe explains, "that it be environmentally considerate."

In keeping with simplicity, he borrowed 20 students from his friend Dennis Allen, who at the time was teaching a home-building course at UCSB. "The crew was astounding," Charles says. "They worked







steadily for six weeks." The happy and swift results were a garage with a studio apartment upstairs, completely constructed by the students, and a main house built by the class and a professional construction company.

Always sensitive to the environment, the workers saved the sandstone boulders that had to be dug out of a barranca where the driveway would be paved. Some of the rocks eventually became the chimney for the massive fireplace in the house's living room. Others formed the foundation for a garden so tranquil and appealing that it is Charles's favorite "room."

Based on architectural designs by Santa Barbarans Robert Easton and Larry Den-

*Continued on page 49*

*Above: World traveler Charles de L'Arbre's dream house came true not 150 yards from his childhood home, where he first fell in love with the natural beauty of Mission Canyon. The home features a greenhouse entry that brings the woodland feeling inside. Opposite above: Fine craftsmanship in the studio surrounds mementos gathered all over the world. Opposite below: A Xian rubbing in the living room came from a favorite trip to China. The olive wood sculpture in the corner is from Santa Barbara, by his mother, artist Nancy de L'Arbre.*



# Art of the Computer

By Gayle Stone

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JÜRGEN HILMER

**I**N SPACIOUS STATE STREET OFFICES of glass, white walls, and noiseless computers, the creators at Santa Barbara based Wavefront Technologies are pushing back the frontiers of animated, three-dimensional graphic design. Want to see a spaceship

blast through a rainbow of colors? Sure, no problem. How about a landscape of emerald hills, glistening blue lake, and winding road? But to complicate it, let's add a Volvo speeding up the road, cows feeding beside the lake, mallards landing

and taking off, and marshmallow clouds casting sweeping shadows. Can Wavefront create all that movement and all those colors on a *computer*?

You bet, and with breathtaking realism, or stark surrealism—your choice. From







JAMES KEATING



enhancing special effects on television shows like NBC's "Knight Rider" and National Geographic's "Explorer" to speeding up scientific research in heart disease and designing actual working robots, the Santa Barbara company's amazing com-

puter program is taking us beyond *Star Wars* technology and into the future.

"Our software program can move more than 100 objects on a screen at the same time while choosing from up to 16 million colors," operations director Mark Sylvester explains. "And if we do only the colored outlines—what we call wireframes—we can do it instantly as you watch."

"Ten years ago," adds president Larry Barel, "this process could have been done on maybe ten computers in the world, and each computer would have cost \$10 million. Today, Wavefront can do it on a \$100,000 computer. And within a year we'll introduce a product so that a \$20,000 desktop computer can handle it."

At the heart of the work at Wavefront are its three founders. Blond, quick-moving, president Barel vibrates with energy. A Santa Barbaran since 1970, the 36-year-old has been an advertising executive, a restaurant owner, and a major real estate broker and developer. He also helped to develop Ocean Meadows Golf Course and was president of Applied Data Systems. Not surprisingly, he was the subject of a feature article in *Entrepreneur* magazine in 1981.

"For me, Santa Barbara is mecca," Barel says. "When we first talked about what we wanted to achieve with Wavefront, people told us that we couldn't do it in Santa Barbara, that we had to move to Hollywood. Now those people in Hollywood come to see what we're doing up here."

Wavefront cofounder Mark Sylvester has been a Santa Barbaran since 1972. Bearded, 31 years old, he's an unusual combination—both a successful businessman and an artist. He's also a restaurant consultant who advised such Santa Barbara favorites as the Presidio Cafe and the John Dory when they first began, and the origi-

nator of a company called Holidays on Glass, which decorates Santa Barbara store windows with bright seasonal paintings.

Brought together by their interest in computers and graphics, Barel and Sylvester operate with their staff of 12 out of Wavefront's 3,300-square-foot State Street office. The third cofounder, research and development director Bill Kovacs, maintains a staff of 4 at Wavefront's production studio in Hollywood. A nationally renowned Clio Award-winner for special effects on film, Kovacs, 35, is one of the Los Angeles graphics wizards who, with Wavefront executive producer John Grower, pioneered computer-generated imagery for use on television. Now he is looking forward to moving his family and Wavefront's test-bed production unit to Santa Barbara in the near future.

The basis for Wavefront's skyrocketing success is PreView, a state-of-the-art software program. The function of PreView, like any computer program, can be compared to that of a human brain—it's what makes the machine "smart" enough to compute data for a desired result.

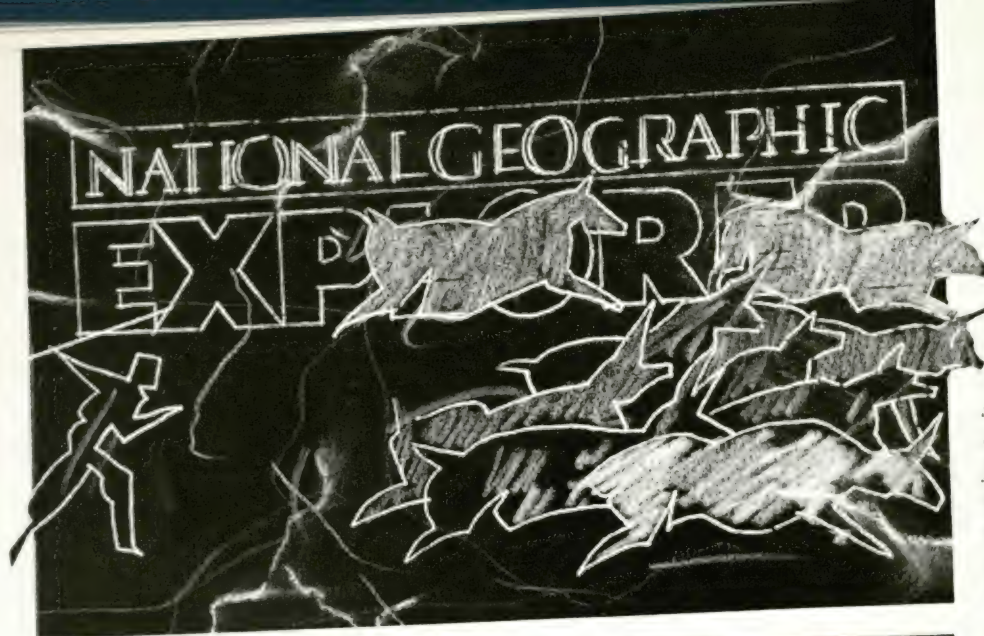
Developed by Bill Kovacs, PreView was finished on January 3, and within two months had sales of more than \$200,000 to companies across the United States, as well as to Universal and other film studios. The Unix-based program runs on either Silicon Graphics IRIS 1400 or IMI 500 graphics workstations.

The entertainment industry is only one area in which the innovative program is used. "Take a medical man who wants to design a new heart valve," Barel says. "Instead of creating a billion-dollar prototype, he can use PreView to design it on a computer. He can watch the heart beat, check variables like blood flow, and see the results quickly."

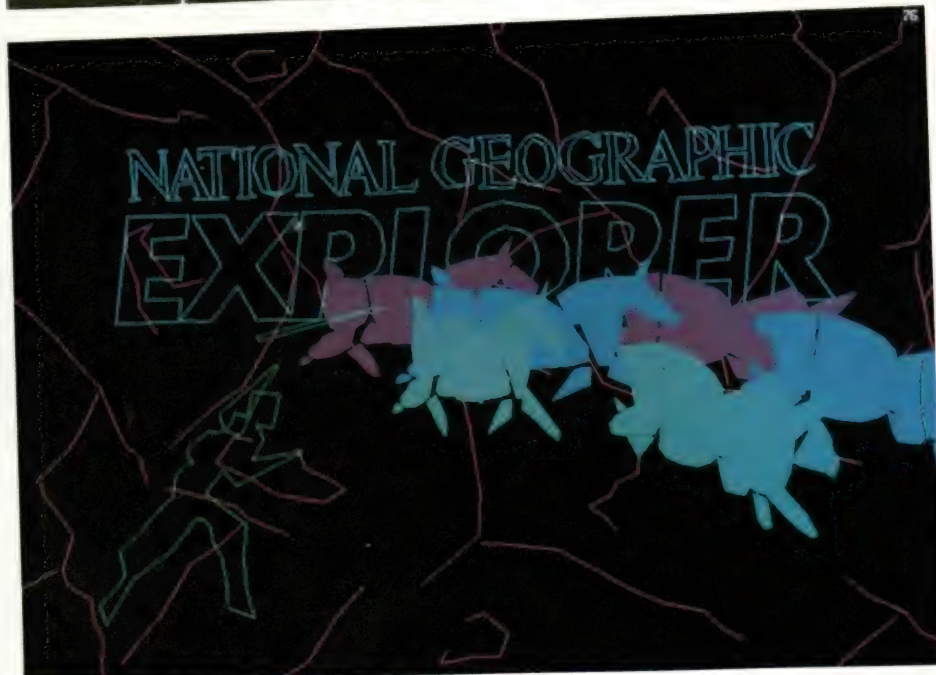
"And then there's robotics. One of the biggest problems with robotics is figuring

*Opposite: Using Wavefront software, computer artist Roy Hall created this hard-edged, mathematically correct fantasy that explores how light might play over an array of shapes and surfaces in a room. Offering three-dimensional motion, and a palette of 16 million colors, the Santa Barbara company is the brainchild of Clio Award-winner Bill Kovacs (above right) and businessmen Mark Sylvester and Larry Barel (above, from left). From fine art to scientific research and architecture, their software is propelling design and movement off the drawing board and into the future.*





Left: Wavefront designed the opening and closing sequences for the new National Geographic series, "Explorer." First, graphic artists sketched storyboards (top), then developed them on computers into colorful moving wireframes (center). The 1,600 images formed a sweeping montage of man's history from earliest days through space walks. Artists created the final images by filling in, or rendering, the outlines by hand (bottom).



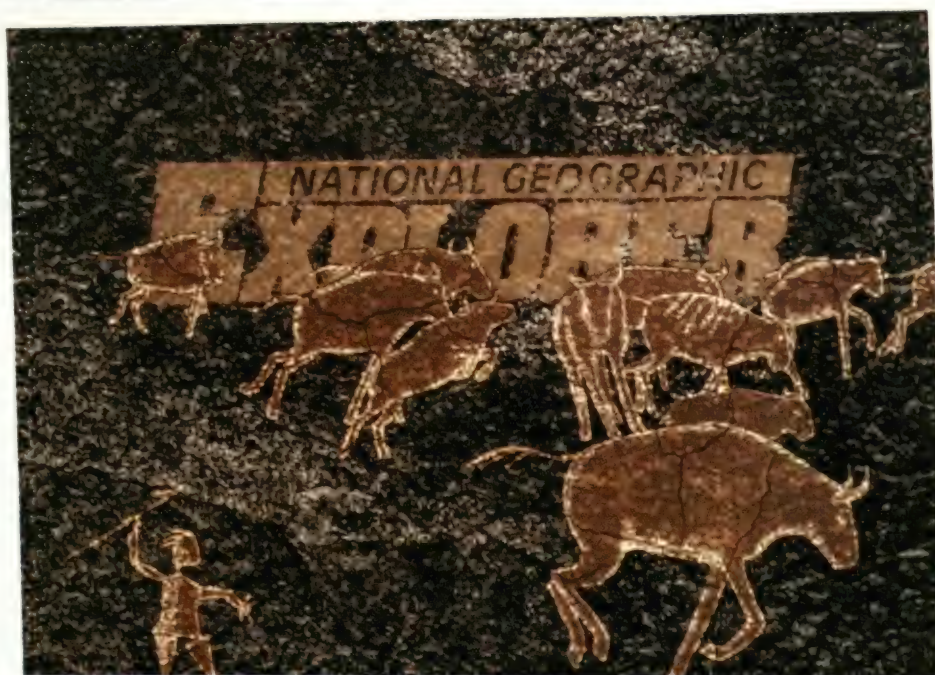
out how to program a robot to move and do tasks. Using PreView, an engineer can design a robot on his computer. He can make it move, screw bolts into parts, and so forth, right on the screen. And by doing that, he's creating a program to run the robot."

PreView, like other graphics programs, operates in three steps—modeling, scripting, and rendering. Modeling consists of entering statistical information into the computer so that the three-dimensional object you want to see appears on the screen. Scripting, the phase for which PreView is a benchmark program, means making the object and its surroundings move frame by frame in a complex and wide variety of ways. And rendering, now the most expensive and time-consuming part of computer animation and graphics, means filling in the object with pattern and color.

"Is it chrome? Is it glass?" Sylvester says. "Is it made out of wood? Is it fuzzy? Is it bumpy? Where's the light coming from? What are the colors? You see, rendering is where you start getting into serious number problems."

"Most television is created at 30 frames a second," Barels explains, "and let's say there are 500 lines by 500 lines on the screen. So, in order to render, the computer has to multiply 30 by 500 by 500 by the density values of all the colors you've chosen. And that's just for one second. Today's programs can bring the biggest computers to their knees because hardware simply can't compute that data fast enough."

The result is that rendering is usually composited, which means that it's aided by the addition of live action or photo composition, painted or drawn over, or even mixed with old-fashioned animation techniques. "You can see how Universal uses our software on 'Knight Rider' and





*Below: Wavefront executive producer John Grower is one of the young graphics wizards pioneering computer-generated imagery for television. Here the Clio Award-winner works on wedding, or choosing the best still frame from a selection made with different light and exposure times. Fast-paced, colorful, and exciting, the field of computer art is flourishing in laboratories, studios, and TV screens across the nation.*





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'Airwolf,'" Barels says. "In the car and helicopter sequences, all the console displays are created with our software on their computers, and then the console is composited so that it looks like it's inside the car or helicopter."

Wavefront also acts as a paid consultant to film production companies like Lucasfilm. "Lucasfilm is among those at the cutting edge of the industry," Barels continues. "But just a few years ago, to get their special effects in the days when they made the movie *Star Wars*, they had to build big models of spaceships and worlds, and then move cameras around the models to film them. All that their computers did was figure out how many frames the camera needed and the distance between each frame. The industry's grown considerably since then."

An example of that growth is Wavefront's work on a new National Geographic 15-part television series for the Nickelodeon cable network called "Explorer." Wavefront artists created 1,100 frames for the opening and closing sequences of the series. Because of PreView's speed and flexibility, National Geographic could easily make revisions, and then Wavefront presented them with a final film of the colorful wireframe images. While artists in Los Angeles filled in the wireframes—rendering, remember?—musicians in London set up their instruments in front of their own copy of the film, to score the sequence as they watched.

Larry Barels smiles when he remembers the people who told him Wavefront couldn't succeed in Santa Barbara. "All we know for sure is that we're in the right place," he says, "in one of the fastest growing industries today." Business experts estimate that computer graphics will be a billion-dollar industry by 1990, but Barels wants to keep the company relatively small so that it can maintain the typical personal and friendly ambience that he treasures about Santa Barbara. He grins. "We would be very comfortable with a staff of under 50 people, \$50 million a year in sales, and a three-year growth cycle to get there."

"But what's really fun," adds Sylvester, "is being at the state of the art, right on the edge. That's the most exciting thing for us." Wavefront has chosen its name well. The pioneering young company is indeed at the cutting edge, cresting over a sea of infinite visual possibilities. ■

*Gayle Stone is cofounder of the Writers Studio in Santa Barbara and the author of five international espionage novels, the last three written on a computer.*



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# ZACA

Still waters run deep at the county's only natural lake

By Brian M. Fagan

*Photography by Jürgen Hilmer*





**Y**OU COME ON SANTA BARBARA COUNTY'S only natural mountain lake suddenly, after seven dirt miles of lush ranch land, hairpin turns, and unexpected water courses. The gray-green, wind-ruffled water nestles in a pocket of the chaparral-covered Santa Ynez Mountains, its shores occasionally snow-covered in winter, dry and dusty in high summer. Steep geological strata tilt toward the lake, and the wilderness of Los Padres National Forest presses in on all sides. It is as if you are isolated miles from anywhere, deep in a mountain fastness. In fact you are close to Los Olivos, just over an hour's drive from Santa Barbara.

Zaca Lake seems like a peaceful and relaxing place, but it has been under

ecological siege for more than a century. The lake has been a privately owned resort for a long time. Every recent owner has tried to enlarge the resort and attract more visitors, so far without success. This past June Zaca sold again, so the threat of more human intrusion may loom once more. So far, the county has stood firm and resisted further development. We can only hope that the new owners will recognize and preserve this unique and very special place.

Zaca is dwarfed by the closest body of water, Lake Cachuma. But Cachuma is artificial, created by human technology in the early 1950s. Zaca is more than 80,000 years old. Ice Age earth movements and landslides formed a mountain

*Opposite left: The legendary Jean Baptiste Libeu watched over the jewel of Los Padres for more than three decades. Visitors at his informal guest ranch loved his tall tale of a mysterious pink whirlpool that he said rose up periodically to play havoc with the lake. Below: Today scientists from UCSB and elsewhere have solved the mystery of Libeu's whirlpool. But they say that Santa Barbara County's only natural lake has many more secrets yet to unlock.*

basin that soon filled with hillside runoff and spring water.

The lake attracted prehistoric peoples more than 7,000 years ago. They hunted deer and gathered wild vegetables along





its shores and captured frogs in its shallows. Prehistoric stone bowls and grindstones are sometimes found near the lake.

No one knows for certain the meaning of the word *zaca*. Some say it is the Chumash word for "hidden waters." Others believe it was the name of a nearby Indian chief or village, or that it was a Mexican-Indian word used first in about 1800. The Inezeño Chumash are said to have called the lake Ko'o, meaning "place of water."

Spanish friars visited Zaca Lake in the late eighteenth century, but no one settled there until a Santa Ynez Indian, Antonio Paljachet, obtained La Zaca land grant in 1829 and moved there with his wife and seven children. By the 1840s, the

lake was feeling the impact of human settlement. Ranchers grazed their cattle near its shores and thinned out the fine sycamores by the water's edge. Fast growing willows moved in where the sycamores had once flourished.

Efforts to preserve Zaca as parkland reached a highpoint in 1896. Enough damage had been done to the area that a group of county residents asked the federal government to preserve the lake for public use. But instead of making it a park, the county declared its surroundings eligible for homesteading. After living on the property 15 years, in 1910 Frenchman Jean Baptiste Libeu acquired title to the 320 acres of land around the lake.

Libeu had a considerable impact on the local environment in the years that followed. He cleared about 45 acres for orchards and farmland; grazed cattle, goats, and horses; and operated a highly informal guest ranch. Although the track to the lake was rough and often inaccessible, local residents—and occasionally Hollywood film stars—would ride horseback into Zaca and camp by the Libeu homestead. The Frenchman would regale them with stories and myths about the lake.

"Many a night my family camped there and visited with old Jean Libeu," recalled 92-year-old Jeanette Lyons of Santa Ynez Valley some years ago. "He used to tell how the lake had a whirlpool at its center."





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COURTESY OF "JIM" BLANKLEY © 1985

Libeu said that anyone venturing out on the lake during its periodic upheavals would be tossed about like a puppet in the swirling waters.

Libeu lived at Zaca until 1927. His successors ran the lake as a convalescent ranch, a private retreat, and eventually an apple orchard. Then Charles Pete Jackson, Jr., bought the lake property in 1947. He bulldozed Libeu's house and erected the present resort buildings. The number of visitors each year increased dramatically, reaching 16,000 in 1973.

By this time the late Howard Olson of Los Angeles, a landscape architect, had acquired the resort. Several times his company, Cal-Rec, applied for permits

were petitioning the state to purchase Zaca Lake for development as a public park. Despite Zaca's unique ecology and a chronic shortage of public campsites in Southern California, the state refused on the grounds of expense.

Ever since Jean Libeu's day, people have recognized that Zaca Lake is highly unusual in that it "boils." Libeu's son Leon recalls life at the lake in his father's day, back in 1913. He once told some environmental scientists, "The lake was a rather cranky thing. For years [friends] had tried to plant fish in it, and occasionally the fish would prosper only to die after some years of what seemed to be a kind of boiling up."



LESLEY NEWHART

to increase the number of visitor cabins and campsites. Each time the county turned them down, on the grounds that Zaca was inaccessible and the fire danger too high.

While Olson tried to expand, others

*Above left: Libeu's reign at Zaca straddled the turn of the century. Acting as forest ranger and fire warden, the Frenchman (far right) lived at the lake with daughters Anna and Eulalie, father "Pivu," daughters Louise and Marie, and wife Catherine until 1927. Above: Zaca seems little changed at first glance, except for the modern-day "water trikes" parked outside the lodge. Left: The peaceful resort has passed through several hands over the years, most recently to an East Coast group called the Human Potential Foundation. They were unavailable for comment, but other sources indicate that Zaca may well continue as a step back in time for a world-weary public.*

Guidebook author Herb Kandel writes that "every few years in the winter, when the winter temperature drops and the winds are just right, the water within the lake turns over. When this happens for about two weeks between late November and early January, the surface of the lake blossoms in magenta and pink hues." Only a very few lakes in the world exhibit this remarkable phenomenon, which gives Zaca a far greater than local biological significance.

Zaca is a holomitic lake—that is to say, its waters undergo circulation to the bottom during the winter months. This "boiling" process is Libeu's whirlpool. While the waters turn magenta and pink, catfish gather in groups with their mouths open, desperately seeking oxygen. Oxygen starvation kills many of the lake's fish during these critical weeks.

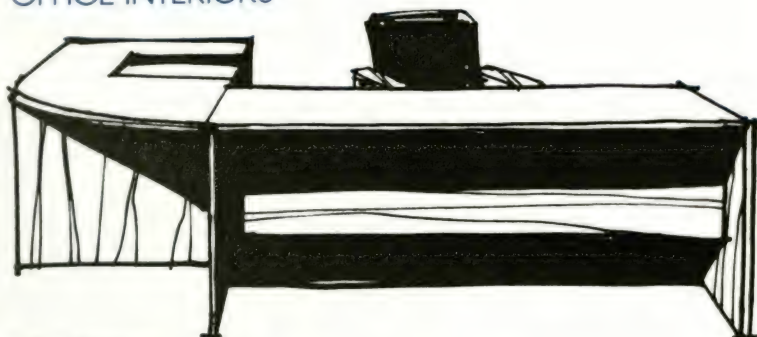
Only recently have scientists from UCSB and elsewhere begun to unravel the details of Zaca's strange upheavals. They've



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found that the waters at the bottom of the lake are free of oxygen, providing a perfect place for photosynthetic, pink bacteria to flourish. These bacteria are nourished by a deadly gas, hydrogen sulfide, and would be killed by oxygen.

When the surface waters of Zaca Lake cool to about 40 degrees Fahrenheit in mid-winter, the lake is destratified—the various water levels are disturbed and convoluted. A strong wind will push the waters ever deeper, until the oxygenated surface waters mix with the oxygen-free anaerobic layers more than 20 feet down.

The bacteria are swept up into the upper waters of the lake, turning the water pink. They die on exposure to oxygen, and the water changes back to its normal hue in coming weeks as the bacteria sink slowly back to the lake bottom. Once there, they form a black compound created by the mixing of sulphur and the dissolved iron in the lake water.

Santa Barbara County's only natural lake also provides a chronicle of biological history along with a disturbing record of human interference with the natural order of things. According to biologist Michael Caponigro, Zaca was once blessed with far more translucent waters than its present jade-green color would suggest. He sank a core borer into the lake sediments back in 1975 and found microorganisms that once had flourished in clear waters deep in the lake bed.

Almost certainly, people were the villains that muddied Zaca's waters. They cut down trees, cleared watersheds, and increased the sediment runoff into the lake. Many more nutrients now enter its waters. They stimulate the growth of algae and foster rich algal blooms in the once clear water. And the periodic lake "boilings" are marked in core samples by black layers rich in iron sulfide, which look like the annual growth rings found in tree trunks. Thus, it should be possible to tell how often the lake has "boiled" and whether such activity has increased since man started modifying the natural environment.

Botanists have studied at least 700 years of Zaca's history, using tiny pollen grains and diatoms preserved in the lake sediments. The intricately sculpted glass walls of Zaca's diatoms are an especially fascinating barometer of human activity. Of the more than 100 different Zaca forms that have flourished during the past century alone, some are at home in nutrient-rich waters, others in polluted lakes, while some reproduce in clear water. For instance, Jean Libeu planted cattails at the water's edge. They were so successful



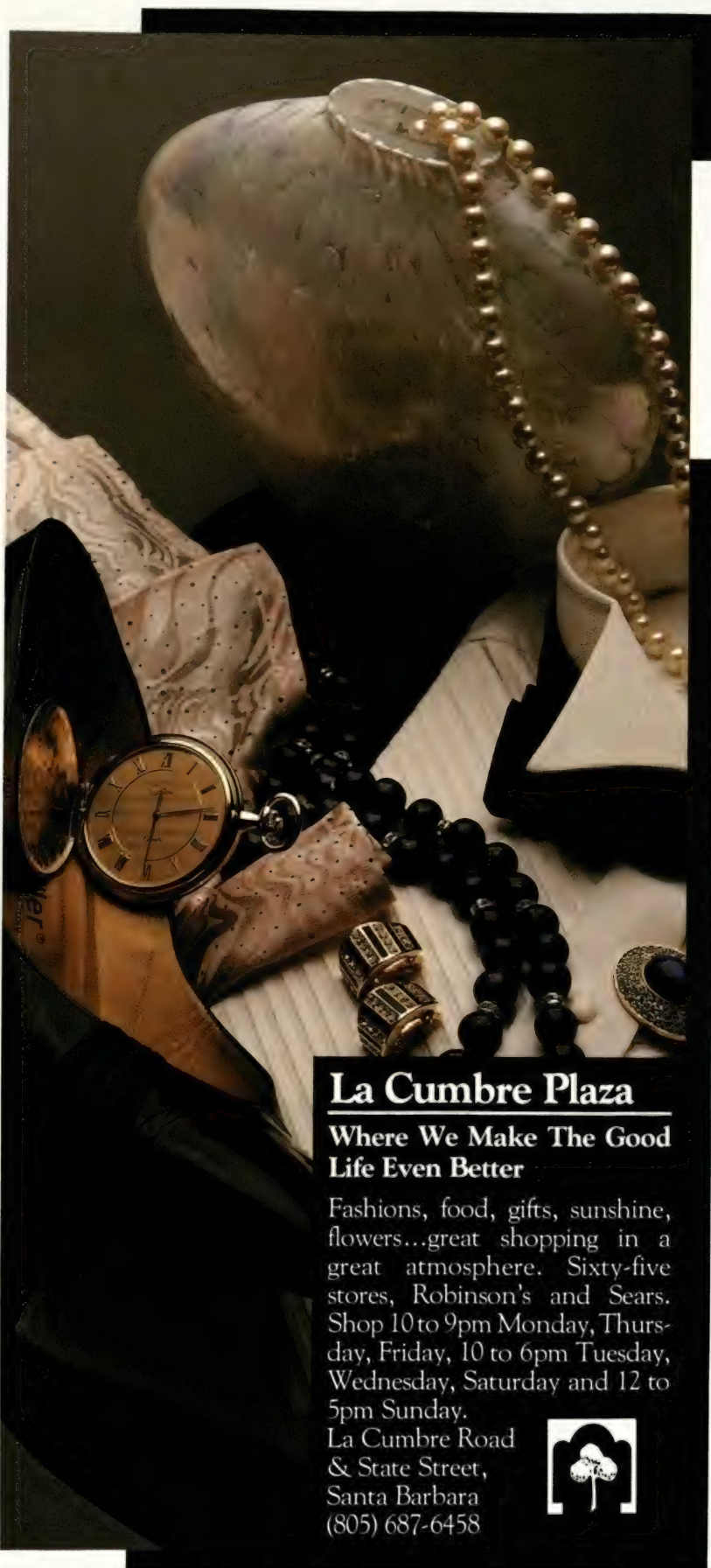
that they almost choked the lake in the 1920s. Later, algae in the lake grew so dense that copper sulphate was used to reduce them. Many fish and invertebrates died. The cores show a sudden increase in diatoms that flourish in nutrient-rich water, while other species vanish.

Praiseworthy attempts to preserve the environment had their effects on the lake, too. Libeu and his neighbors were so successful at fire prevention in the early twentieth century that the chaparral grew very dense and controlled burns were necessary. The following season's managed fires cleared the accumulation, but the rains carried much greater amounts of fine sediment and nutrients into the lake. Once again, the biologist's core samples reflect subtle, but important, changes in Zaca's waters. The changes continue to this day. Charles Jackson planted redwoods and ornamental cedars at the water's edge in the early 1950s. These trees are now reaching maturity, and their pollens appear in core samples from the lake.

Zaca's bottom sediments are a complex and little understood barometer, not only of long-term climatic change, but also of human impacts on a unique environment. Many secrets still remain. No one has yet probed to bedrock through the lake's muddy bottom. UCSB botanist Sally Peterson sank a core more than 23 feet into Zaca's mud without hitting bedrock. The research is incomplete, but enough has been done to show that Zaca is not only unique in itself, but a vital laboratory for measuring short- and long-term effects of human activities on a natural lake. But now scientists worry that ambitious development plans may restrict scientific access to the lake to only a few months a year—or even completely.

More people than just scientists find Zaca unique. They come here to relax, to fish, to ride horses, or just to do nothing—and they return again and again. Managers Dewey and Marge Pfeil have lived at Zaca for seven years. They originally intended to stay only six months, but then they fell under the spell of the place. Marge says most of the lake's visitors come from Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. "We've had visitors from as far afield as Iowa," she says, "but most are locals."

As befits a resort with a local clientele, the lodge is an informal, friendly place, with the relaxed ambience of the 1950s. You can sit on the lakeside deck and contemplate life for hours. Eleven rustic cabins with simple furnishings provide quiet accommodation for some, while others pitch camp. There are no outboard




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# An oldfangled dream came true in the homes and shops of blocklong **BRINKERHOFF**

By Susan Gulbransen

Photography by Jürgen Hilmer



ONLY A BLOCK LONG, Santa Barbara's Brinkerhoff Avenue offers visitors a chance to step into a time warp. There you'll find yourself at the turn of the century, among tidy Victorian houses, spacious front yards, and bright flowers blooming in storybook gardens. But the people who live and work on the restored street are part of today. They're committed to making this historical Santa Barbara neighborhood a special experience far into the future.

Just a few years ago, Brinkerhoff seemed like any other older, rundown street. Tricycles lay scattered on sidewalks. Old cars rusted in driveways. Untrimmed roses choked fences and lawns. And the houses, although cared for, showed the wear and tear of time. Present residents credit Robert ("Bob") and Wanda Livernois for the vision that saw the quality in the rough-cut gem of Brinkerhoff Avenue.

It all began in 1967 when the Livernoises, visiting from Los Angeles, stopped at an out-of-the-way Santa Barbara restaurant, the Redwood Inn on West Cota Street. While eating lunch at a window seat and discussing their hopes, they looked down Brinkerhoff. Unhappy with Los Angeles's urban problems, they dreamed of moving to Santa Barbara and of fixing up an old house where they could live and sell antiques. Suddenly

they looked at each other and then across the street, realizing that the house on the corner was exactly what they wanted.

"When we first discovered the house," Bob Livernois remembers, "it was a lovely old Victorian cottage, but so overgrown with shrubbery that you could barely see it. But it was perfect for us, and we loved it. When people found out that we wanted to open an antique shop there, they told us we should locate instead on Anacapa Street. 'That's where antique row will be,' they said. But this is what we wanted. Brinkerhoff block is a microcosm of a much larger neighborhood, and it has advantages others don't. We're downtown, just a block from State Street. We can live here, work here, all in a beautiful setting of old homes, tall trees, and a majestic mountain background."

Besides the Victorian on the corner, the Livernoises have restored other houses on the street, some while he continued to commute to his full-time job at a Los Angeles bank. "It was long and difficult," he says simply, "but the results were more than worth it."

In their shaded backyard, a huge guava tree hugs the Victorian. Two canary pines soar 40 feet to the clouds rolling overhead. "I planted those pine trees when we moved in," Wanda Livernois says. "They were such little things." Her husband pulls at his graying beard and laughs. "You tend to forget about time. Two customers recently came in and said they'd been in the store a few years ago. They wanted to know what had happened to the young couple who owned the house then. You see, we're in our

*Opposite: Bob and Wanda Livernois first had the vision that made the blocklong neighborhood the gem it is today.*

*Detail above: Dr. Samuel B. Brinkerhoff, for whom the street is named.*





*Above: Marianne Orsua's stately House of Donann, designed by Peter Barber. Below: Dr. Brinkerhoff's partner, Henry Tallant.*



*Above: Lord Harry Hawcroft's cottage, painstakingly restored and remodeled by present owner George Ogle.*



SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

50s now. That young couple was us!"

He claims that he and his wife, a real estate agent, are slowing down. Then he points out where he plans to build a new gate and to the sections of another house he will work on next. With each description, his voice booms with enthusiasm.

Bob Livernois knows all the people on the avenue and most of their stories. He's helped and encouraged them with their slow, arduous tasks of scraping paint, climbing around dusty attics to rewire, yanking off old roofs, pruning overgrown vegetation, and reassembling their improvements into beloved reflections of the past. He knows what they've been through. "These people live on Brinkerhoff by choice," he says. "They could probably be making more money elsewhere, but they'd rather be a part of what's going on here. It's a unique street, and it has the most individual houses on one block that I've ever found."

Dr. Samuel B. Brinkerhoff never lived on the avenue, although it was named for him. As a passenger in 1852 on a steamer sailing up the coast, the 29-year-old New York doctor disembarked for sightseeing in the sleepy little town of Santa Barbara. Shortly before, the sheriff had had a gun battle with the Jack Powers gang. Since the town had no doctor, Brinkerhoff treated the wounded men from the gang and the sheriff's side.





*Above: The irresistible front porch at Brinkerhoff and Haley, restored by owner, resident, and proprietor Lynn Scott.*

Meanwhile, the ship unloaded and left. But the young man stayed to become Santa Barbara's first physician, living on Ortega and then Olive streets, and becoming involved in civic affairs as a bank director, a real estate investor, and a financial supporter of a pier built off the end of Chapala Street, which went defunct after Stearns Wharf was built. He also campaigned to bring the railroad through Santa Barbara. Unfortunately, none of his ventures made much money, and he died in 1880 leaving only a modest estate.

In one of his projects, Brinkerhoff and Henry Tallant, a member of the family instrumental in building Cottage Hospital, bought two blocks just west of State Street for \$20 in 1857. On the advice of Peter Barber, a leading architect of the time, the partners cut through the middle of one of the blocks where narrow alleys were usually located. They named the street Brinkerhoff Avenue. After Brinkerhoff's death, the Tallant family bought his widow's interest in the property, and eventually Tallant's son built the house at 528 Brinkerhoff where today Carl Hightower has his antique shop.

Between 1886 and World War I, Santa Barbarans erected a total of 17 distinctive homes on Brinkerhoff Avenue, and surrounded them with handsome trees and fine gardens. Later when utility poles were hooked up, all connections were routed



*Above: Now antique buffs can share the magic overnight, at Gloria Buynak's newly refurbished bed-and-breakfast inn.*

back to De La Vina and Chapala streets, freeing the avenue of the clutter of poles and overhead wires. In the 1950s the next major change in the block occurred when the city changed the area's zoning to C-2 for commercial use from its earlier R-3, or multi-residential rating.

From the beginning of the building period, two large, stately houses at the end of Brinkerhoff overlooked the charming avenue. In 1957 Berka and James Smock bought one of these, the Abraham house at 124 West Cota Street, built in 1886. Mrs. Abraham had planted the large redwood tree in front, a fitting gesture since her mother planted the landmark Moreton Bay Fig Tree next to the train depot in 1876.

When the Smocks acquired the home, it had spent two tumultuous decades first as a boarding house and then a fraternity house. "Nobody wanted these old places," German-raised Berka Smock says. "They were cheap. This one was for sale for only \$22,500. But it was the house, not the price, that attracted us." By 1965 they had created a restaurant called the Redwood Inn downstairs, and private living quarters upstairs. "We remodeled from top to bottom. It was a mess, especially with all the requirements for a restaurant. We took so long that I think the planning commission forgot about us."

But eleven years later they closed the popular establishment.



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"Sure, a restaurant's fun," she says and runs a hand over her short blond hair. "You're singing and having a great time until ten o'clock, but then you're stuck until three in the morning cleaning up the mess!" She laughs and shrugs. "Finally, we decided to try something else." They had used antiques as part of the inn's decor, and customers often had asked to buy them. That became the couple's next venture. "Antiques are easier and a lot more fun. But they aren't a hobby. Just like the restaurant, they're a complicated business."

At the same time the Smocks bought their house, Marianne Orsua had to give up a beach location for her beauty shop, the House of Donann. An admirer of old houses, she knew that the big Peter Barber-designed Victorian overlooking Brinkerhoff was what she dreamed of owning.

"When I first saw it," the petite woman from London says, "it was a sad corner for anyone walking by. But from the beginning I felt a distinct comfort in the house, almost a friendly presence." She had a strange sensation of homesickness when she first walked into the dining room. Later she realized that the wallpaper was the same pattern as that in her grandfather's house in England.

"It's important for me to preserve old things," Orsua, a founding member of the Brinkerhoff Avenue Merchants Association, explains. "Here at Brinkerhoff we build to blend in." She remodeled the entire house, including new wiring, plumbing, and landscaping. "At the time, some people thought I was nuts." She glances around the kitchen lined with shining bottles of hair colorings and shampoos. "I'm not one to waste space, so I designed the upstairs to live there with my daughters. That way they could be with me while I worked downstairs."

The year 1985 disappears sitting in the sunny kitchen of Brinkerhoff House Collectibles, located in the middle of the block. A 1929 Roper gas stove and two 1936 refrigerators stand against the wall, all still working. "What's unique about this street is that you know everybody," says the Victorian's owner, Oregon native George Ogle. "Other neighborhoods have 'watch programs,' but we've watched each other's places over the years anyway. There's little crime or vandalism here."

At the turn of the century, the first occupant of the Ogle house was an Englishman named Harry Hawcroft. He had a blacksmith shop on Cota Street and a reputation at a saloon nearby. People called him Lord Harry. George Ogle smiles and suggests, "Maybe that's because he



liked to blacksmith in a white shirt." Ogle, a full-time Santa Barbara fireman, has a fondness for his predecessor, who was one of the city's volunteer firemen. "While I worked on the house, strange things would happen. I found my tools moved around, and once a piece of plywood was put up overnight." He smiles. "I didn't put it there. He seems to be a friendly ghost. Perhaps he likes having someone with an English background living here again."

When Ogle bought the house in 1973, it had been a rental for most of the previous 40 years. As his neighbors had, he faced a monumental task of remodeling, which included painting the outside. He is proud of the green color scheme, having researched Victorian house paints. "I read somewhere," he says and grins, "that if you're going to paint your house white, make sure it's a mortuary."

Tended gardens have always added to the street's charm. Even in January, roses bloom on Brinkerhoff Avenue. Ogle has a photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Adams who also lived in his house. Until her death last winter at the age of 103, Mrs. Adams lived on West Mission Street and was renowned throughout Santa Barbara County for her furniture caning skills. The photo shows the couple sitting in a brand new 1916 Pierce Arrow parked in front of the house at 519 Brinkerhoff Avenue. Mr. Adams chauffeured the car for a Montecito family. At the time, the car cost \$6,000, and the house was worth about \$2,000. The picture is titled *Pierce Arrow: Where the Roses Bloom*.

One of the unique characteristics of Brinkerhoff Avenue that appeals to George Ogle is that the houses are all from the same era and in their original settings. "Usually an older house is surrounded by much newer ones because it first stood alone on a big plot of land," he says. "On Brinkerhoff, we're trying to preserve this rare neighborhood. A hundred years and long after we're gone this street will still be here."

L. Scott and Co., on the corner of Brinkerhoff Avenue and Haley Street, is one of the newest businesses. Lynn Scott, who founded the enterprise, has lived in Santa Barbara for eight years and says, "I know I'd get more traffic if I were on State Street, but there is so much that is special about being here. I can live in the house, operate my business, and know everyone around me. It'd be hard to find that elsewhere."

Before her furniture and folk art shop opened last November, she worked part-time in retail stores while dreaming of

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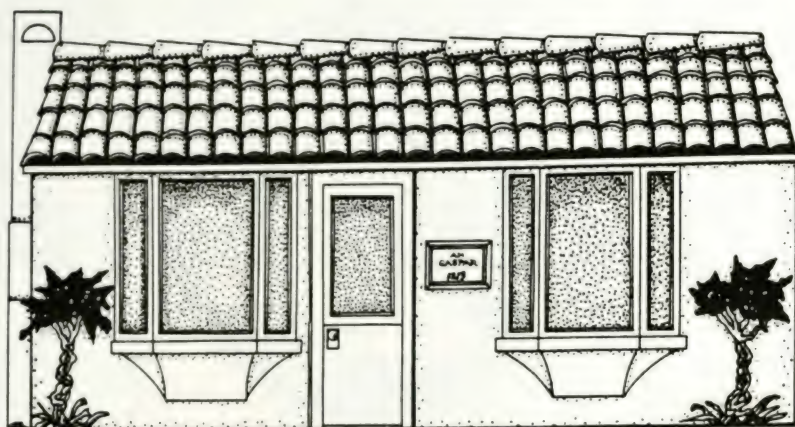
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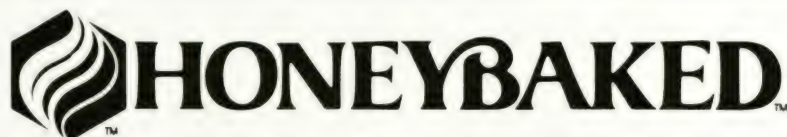


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having her own business. "When I saw this house with the For Sale sign," she recalls, "I slammed on the brakes and said, 'That's the house!' What appealed to me most was the front porch. I love to see porches with people sitting on them, eating, and talking." She and her new partner Marlies Wilding expect soon to offer refreshments along with their hand-picked display of antiques and crafts.

Scott had never tackled restoring an old house, but she soon found herself scraping paint, refinishing floors, replacing the front door with a Dutch door, and rebuilding the porch. Now with time to sit on her porch and enjoy the fruits of her efforts, she is almost in awe of what she has done. "I have three children, so I've been a housewife and a mom," she says. "The whole time I was doing this house, I couldn't believe what I'd gotten myself into. There were definitely times that I wanted to quit, but with the support I had, I'd do it again. The people here were wonderful, helping and encouraging me all the way."

Another new resident, Gloria Buynak, has remodeled two houses on connecting lots, one facing Brinkerhoff and the other on De La Vina. Her tidy collection of small buildings opened on Valentine's Day as Brinkerhoff Inn, a bed-and-breakfast hotel. Shoppers are welcomed in the inn's dining room and art gallery with aromatic coffee from an old copper cappuccino machine.

Standing on her front porch, Berka Smock looks down Brinkerhoff Avenue, now part of a historical landmark district. "Antiques and the chance to see old houses—that's what draws visitors here," she says thoughtfully. "They come because they're attracted to a certain house, and they know they can go inside and look around. They like our antiques and stores, too, but after a while they come back because of the people. Good people live here."

The lovingly restored art of woodwork and decoration, nearly extinct in modern buildings, gleams under the fresh coats of paint and stain. Large trees, their roots deep in the soil, cast a filtered shade. If it weren't for the cars of shoppers parked in front of the green lawns, you'd think you were back at the turn of the century. Here on this street where dreams come true, the past meets the present with a promise of a long and healthy future. ■

*Susan Gulbransen grew up in Santa Barbara. She is a poet and novelist whose work often explores the pleasures of the past.*





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**N**EED SOME ASTRONAUT ICE CREAM? YOU can buy it in Lompoc at a store called Space Country Souvenirs. So far the freeze-dried flavors come only in Neapolitan. But you have to consider that the long-awaited space shuttle at nearby Vandenberg Air Force Base isn't scheduled to lift off until March of 1986. So it's early yet.

Wedge in between a laundromat and a supermarket at the local shopping center, Space Country Souvenirs advertizes "the most complete space-orientated souvenir and memorabilia outlet on the West Coast." If your experience on the novelty circuit is limited, you may not be in a position to doubt that claim. But you can't help being impressed by the range of unusual inventory. The shelves are stocked with jackets emblazoned with Vandenberg and NASA insignia. There are shirts with slogans like We Need Space To Grow. There are MX missile pins, beer mugs, pen sets, earrings, buttons, decals, sew-on patches, posters, tie clasps, and license plate holders. There are hundreds of caps carrying emblems for "Shuttle Team Member," curiosities like Space Erasers, inflatable plastic models of the *Columbia* spaceship, and balsa-wood

*Right: With space fever on the rise, business is brisk at Lompoc's Space Country Souvenirs. Above: A star-spangled control tower watches over Vandenberg's airfield. Current projects include weapons testing and preparations for the shuttle launch next March. Opposite: Airman Hector Mojica salutes before a display of Minuteman III.*



models of the *Discovery*, the spaceship that many promoters promise will put Santa Barbara County "on the map" next March.

"We're talking class here," shop owner Harry Bernard unabashedly informs a

patron. "You won't find space combs or table placemats like they peddle down at Cape Kennedy. I mean, when the *Discovery* landed over at Edwards Air Force Base, they were practically selling shuttle toilet paper. Not here."

Proprietor Bernard has a background that might be the envy of less colorful entrepreneurs. "I started in the magic business in Hollywood in 1951," he says. "I also was merchandise director at Disneyland for two years, and then I worked with C.B. Wood to bring over the London Bridge [to the desert in Arizona]. I've got a \$125,000 line of credit here and a top DB rating—how many novelty store owners do you know who are rated with Dun and Bradstreet?"

Bernard sells both retail and wholesale. "The operation is much more than what you see," he says, handing the visitor what he calls the press kit. "You start with the master company, that's Hanky Panky Enterprises. Then we've got three divisions: Space Country Souvenirs—that's our Space Products Division—and Happy T's—that's our T-shirt shop—and,

of course, H.P. Enterprises—that's the military and corporate sales division. NASA buys a lot through H.P. Enterprises. They didn't like the name Hanky Panky, so we changed it. Heck, NASA bought 20,000 pins for VIP guests who came to Edwards for the shuttle landings. 'Harry,' they said, 'why don't you put your store's name and address on the pin?' Now, you tell me, where can you get better advertising than 20,000 pieces that NASA buys to hand out to VIPs?"

According to the press kit, "Bernard has recently



**TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEVIN MCKIERNAN**





been awarded a plaque by the United States Secret Service Presidential Ranch Detail for his logistical support and development of their distinctive emblem caps and buckles." And one of Bernard's most



prestigious accounts is the Western White House itself. In 1982 he sold 10,000 flags for the presidential hoopla surrounding the end of the early shuttle flights at Edwards Air Force Base. He has even designed hats for the president and Nancy Reagan. This year has not gone as well. "That hostage thing in Beirut made them [the Reagans] cancel their July Fourth visit out here," he laments. "Makes you mad—that'll cost me six to seven hundred hats, at least."

Locally, Harry Bernard appears to have a virtual monopoly on weapons and space novelties. It was not always the case. Bernard contends that Rockwell International, a shuttle contractor at Vandenberg, used to sell some of the same promotions to the public, right on the base. "That was wrong, and [Congressman] Lagomarsino put an end to it," said the entrepreneur. "I don't mind competition, as long as it's clean competition."

**T**ODAY VANDENBERG VISITORS, primarily reporters and VIP guests, have the opportunity to tour portions of the base

*Above: Senior Airman Domingo Perez, a member of Vandenberg's security police force, monitors entrance to the air force base just 55 miles up the coast from Santa Barbara. Left: Maj. Gen. Jack L. Watkins takes great pride in both missile and shuttle developments at Vandenberg. He calls it the Ranch, and intends to conserve most of the 100,000 acres as a piece of "pristine America." An active liaison to the civilian community, he is the most visible base commander in Vandenberg history.*

to view some of the very weapons systems that inspire these exotic souvenirs. The trip makes it clear, it is safe to say, that it is the base that has the genuine novelties. For nearly 40 years the superpowers have kept each other at bay with a "deterrent" nuclear arms policy known as MAD—Mutually Assured Destruction. The tour is a rare opportunity to inspect the training hardware that comprises that program in Santa Barbara County.

At the center of a tour is the Launch





*Above: Vandenberg is an air force base unique among others in the Strategic Air Command. Except for a few helicopters used in security and rescue operations, there are no permanent aircraft stationed at the base. Right: Maj. Jim Delp applies for admission to the Launch Control Facility, where ICBM launch procedures take place under maximum security.*

Control Facility, where military and civilian visitors must pass through a rigorous security clearance. Social Security numbers and other identification, processed and checked in days prior to arrival, are screened a final time through a one-way mirror. Then, by loudspeaker, the unseen speaker behind the glass announces that the steel door entry will be unlocked, and access to pass beyond granted one person at a time.

Down the hall, behind other locked doors, lies the Room with the Keys. Here air force officers, strapped to chairs that glide on tracks before massive control

boards, simulate the launch of intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs). They are practicing for World War III.

In tests last June, Vandenberg fired its eighth Peacekeeper missile. The 100-ton

projectile, commonly known as the MX, streaked into the skies in midmorning on a 4,200-mile journey to a target area in the Kwajalein atoll missile range in the South Pacific. The unarmed launch was







a test of the real MX, which is capable of carrying ten individual nuclear warheads, each of which can separate from the nose cone to be guided electronically to a separate enemy target.

The MX test missiles thus far have been fired from aboveground silos. They are placed in position on the launchpad by a device known as the Emplacer, a semi-trailer with a hoist-bay assembly that rests on a steel chassis supported by three axles. Hydraulic actuators operated by computer rotate the container to a vertical position above the silo. The process of raising the missile elements to the vertical position takes nearly 30 minutes. During a recent demonstration for the media, the length of time needed to install the MX generated questions from some of the press corps in attendance. "It sure seems like it would take a long time to reload one of these things," observed one reporter. Captain Rick Sanford, a press spokesman from the U.S. Air Force's Space and Missile Test Organization, conceded the issue. But, as he pointed out, without apparent irony, "If we ever use the Peacekeeper for real, there'll be no need for reloading."

There are 12 remaining tests for the MX before planned deployment in the state of Wyoming. While the weapon system still has staunch backers, the

Reagan administration has been unable to convince Congress to build and deploy the 100 Peacekeepers it already has requested. Vandenberg's continued testing of the missile will be affected by whatever political compromise is decided upon finally in Washington. The cost of the multi-warhead missile system is estimated at \$30 to \$50 billion. At this stage, a conference committee between the U.S. Senate and the House of Representatives has voted to limit deployment at 50 missiles. The first ten of the armed missiles, according to air force schedule, will be on nuclear alert by December 1986.

The remaining MX tests at Vandenberg will take place from underground silos, which are now being converted from use by the Minuteman, the predecessor of the Peacekeeper. Adapting the Minuteman silos is the responsibility of a group called the Three Hundred Ninety-fourth Maintenance Squadron Refurbishment Section.

According to U.S. Air Force literature, the "394th TMS," as it is known, must replace more than 500 items, including cables, electronic drawers, switches, and mechanical components, after each Minuteman launch. All damaged items must be refurbished, and a protective coating applied to critical areas to prevent extensive heat and blast damage. Before the site



*Above: Inside the launch control building, behind another locked door, air force officers simulate procedures that could start—or end—World War III. Vandenberg's is only a practice facility, but after the MX missile testing is completed here in California, the first ten armed Peacekeepers will go on nuclear alert in the state of Wyoming. Opposite: Staff Sgt. Vergil Short explains how an armed MX missile can carry up to ten individual nuclear warheads, each with its own enemy target.*











is ready for another missile emplacement, every electronic and mechanical component is functionally checked to verify proper operation. Significantly, "a destruct system is installed to insure the safety of populated areas should the missile deviate from its preprogrammed flight path."

Beyond the dozens of civilian corporations like Santa Barbara Research Center, Westinghouse, Martin Marietta, and GTE that have military contracts with Vandenberg, few in the public have detailed knowledge of what transpires at the base. Vandenberg was the air force's first missile base, and the facility is unlike any other in the Strategic Air Command. With the exception of several helicopters, which are used for range reconnaissance, missile site security, aerial surveillance, and rescue operation, there are no permanent aircraft stationed at Vandenberg. This is an air force base without airplanes.

**T**HE ULTIMATE RESPONSIBILITY for dealing with the public concerning Vandenberg's unique operations belongs to Maj. Gen. Jack L. Watkins. General

*Below: The Emplacer takes 30 minutes to raise the Peacekeeper to an upright position. So far, the missiles have been fired from aboveground silos. Right: This 100-ton Peacekeeper blasted into the sky over Santa Barbara County last June on a successful 4,200-mile test flight to a South Pacific atoll. Opposite: Future Peacekeepers will launch from underground silos formerly used by Minuteman missiles. Members of Vandenberg's "394th TMS" recoat, restore, and replace components in the silos after the extensive heat and impact damage of each launch.*



Watkins, who enjoys a reputation for consummate public relations skills, is said to be the most visible base commander in Vandenberg history. Prior to meeting the general, reporters are routinely reminded by public affairs officials of Watkin's civic contributions. These include a role in Operation Big Brother, an annual event, which according to an air force handout, brings more than 200 "carefully screened" underprivileged children from surrounding communities to a gala Christmas party. Watkins also has taken part in various community activities, including a stint in 1984 as campaign chairman for the United Way on the Central Coast. On the day prior to a recent interview, Watkins told his visitor, he had made an appearance at the Santa Barbara Club at a reception for *Santa Barbara News-Press* executives and others, shortly

before the recent announcement that the paper had been bought by the *New York Times*. The next day, when the interview itself ended, Watkins said he was due at a Rotary Club banquet on Refugio Road in Santa Barbara.

Earlier this year he chose a Lompoc Chamber of Commerce luncheon for delivery of Vandenberg's "Report to the Stockholders." Vandenberg's "economic enhancement" of the North County community in 1984 totaled over \$1.6 billion, according to the general's report. The figure, which included 14,600 direct jobs on the base as well as 12,000 additional jobs in the area, offers ample testimony to the importance of developing a positive image for Vandenberg in the community.

General Watkins is understandably proud of both the missile and shuttle developments at Vandenberg. He said that





renewed activity at the base was a product of "a change in the American receptivity to providing for a more adequate [national] defense." He attributed the change in the last five years to "a more informed citizenry," to the ability of the president to "articulate" concerns about events in Lebanon and Afghanistan, as well as the public reaction to occurrences like the Soviet downing of the Korean airliner in 1983. He indicated that sensitivity was growing on the part of the public to the strengths of the country, one of the greatest of which he terms "capitalistic democracy."

General Watkins said that as well as a city and a military base, he likes to think of Vandenberg as the Ranch. The general emphasized that Vandenberg is home to many animals, including some rare fish and birds. "We have a great concern about things like endangered species," he said.

Despite the advent of space-age technology and weapons testing in Santa Barbara County, General Watkins stated it was his intention to conserve lands in line with past traditions. "We want to keep the Ranch really like it's been," he said. "Spanish conquistadores, American frontiersmen, that's the heritage that we enjoy here at a place called Vandenberg Air Force Base. The Ranch also includes a great concern about environmental protection. This is pristine America. And I think if we continue the way we are with the small usage that we have for our land here at Vandenberg for military purposes, we are going to have a pristine piece of America. We are going to be the envy of the coastal commission, the people in the Sierra Club; and I think they'll be pleased with the way we're handling our part of the Ranch."

**T**HE OVERALL COMMUNITY MAY BE PLEASED with the Ranch at Vandenberg, but what most people these days are talking about is the Big Event next March 20. The space program is back in full swing. And there is shuttle fever in the air at Lompoc. You see it at the local McDonald's, where decorators have transformed the interior of the fast-food restaurant with a lavish space-age motif. And you see it reflected in Vandenberg Village, the bedroom community near Lompoc where the children play on streets named Milky Way, Lunar Circle, Moonglow, and Vulcan Drive.

Nevertheless, promoters like Harry Bernard over at Space Country Souvenirs do not think the community has done enough. "I look at it this way," he says. "You've got a half a dozen motels and bars going up around here. Do you think at least *one* of them would be called the Launching Pad or the Countdown? Not a chance. And the mayor—do you know the last time he was here in Space Country Souvenirs? Three years ago, that's when. And that was because I was making pins for his campaign."

But no one who knows Lompoc Mayor Andrew Salazar could truly believe that city hall is short on enthusiasm. Not when it comes to Vandenberg, be it the ongoing tests of the MX missile system or, in particular, the upcoming space shuttle. In Mayor Salazar's words, Lompoc has now become "a gateway to the stars." And the dividends for Lompoc will be manifest. The mayor plans to make the shuttle the very centerpiece for an ambitious tourism program aimed at energizing the entire Lompoc Valley. In Salazar's forecast, the sky is *not* the limit. "Today,"

he beams, "we are only where Christopher Columbus was in 1492."

Working with General Watkins, Mayor Salazar has obtained a \$45,000 feasibility grant from the U.S. Department of Defense as a step toward his first goal, the establishment of the Western Spaceport Museum and Science Center. The proposed center, which Salazar hopes to construct and to open within three years, would be housed on 150 acres of federal land recently transferred for this purpose to the city of Lompoc. Initial building costs of \$10 million for the complex, which the mayor likes to refer to as a mini-Smithsonian, are expected to come from private investments and contributions. Plans call for the complex to "develop programs, exhibits, theatres, etc., and institute a space science center which will provide a place for engineers, scientists, businesspeople, entrepreneurs and students to gather and participate in space-related seminars, conferences, classes and research projects." At this stage the museum has a charitable exemption from the U.S. Internal Revenue Service.

Like many civilian residents in Lompoc, Mayor Salazar is employed at Vandenberg, where he works as a computer manager in the missile program. And like most in the area, he recognizes that Vandenberg's changing demand for water, roads, housing, services, and weapons technologies has, over the years, put Lompoc on an economic roller coaster. Often, what has been good or bad for Vandenberg has been good or bad for Lompoc.

**V**ANDENBERG AIR FORCE BASE IS SO LARGE a complex that its effect on its neighbors is unavoidable. Located on the central California coast about 55 miles north of Santa Barbara, the base occupies almost 100,000 acres of land. That figure represents six percent of the entire county lands, and the single largest land use in the North County. While most of the area is sparsely populated, Vandenberg is linked by a network of 520 miles of roads, 17 miles of railroad tracks, 80 miles of gas lines, 296 miles of water mains, and 296 miles of electric lines. But most of the land is undeveloped, and the base boasts a significant number of livestock along with deer, bear, and wild boar.

Despite its diversity, the promise of Vandenberg has always been growth and jobs. Lompoc was a country town of 5,000 in 1957 when Vandenberg took over Camp Cooke, an abandoned army base that had once been used for artillery training. Lompoc's transformation was swift, but





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*Opposite: City Councilman John Bullock dreads next March, when at least a quarter of a million tourists are expected to crowd into Lompoc for the shuttle launch. "We're going to be trampled," he says, "overwhelmed." Right: Harry Bernard looks forward to the invasion with everything from Space Erasers to inflatable spaceships. Above: Mayor Andrew Salazar proposes a space museum and conference center to secure Lompoc's future as gateway to the stars.*

not painless. Almost immediately came the influx of military personnel and their families, technicians, construction workers, and civilian contractors. Families doubled up in rental housing, and the few existing hotels were packed. Some newcomers even took temporary shelter in their automobiles.

On December 18, 1958, a Thor intermediate range ballistic missile thundered into the skies over the North County. It was the first of 1,500 missiles and space vehicles, representing 48 different sizes







## The Midas Touch

By Jeanne Umana • Photography by Jürgen Hilmer

**T**HE AFTERNOON IS TRANQUIL and overcast in this residential oasis dubbed Hope Ranch Park, the lush turf upon which many of Santa Barbara's financially elite have chosen to reside. From the palm-studded palisades of David Guy Nancarrow's Casa Palmilla, you are privy to one of the world's more spectacular vistas. In the not too far distance, the Channel Islands, hover between sea and fog.

Mingling with the oceanside estate's misty air is the metaphorical perfume of the carefully selected quality that informs Casa Palmilla, so named for a favorite hotel in Baja California, where in earlier

years Nancarrow would spend long days of fishing.

The hacienda eschews both ostentation and pretention while embracing centuries of Mexican culture and tradition. During the two and a half years in the mid-1970s that David and De Etta Nancarrow remodeled the home, they directed architects, contractors, cabinetmakers, landscapers, and decorators toward one goal—preserving the purity of the hacienda style.

Bougainvillea, wooden benches, and palm trees occupy the central courtyard on which the home's public rooms face.







David Nancarrow, having just shuttled in from the day's appointments, leads the way into the house past a two-tiered bubbling fountain and massive outdoor fireplace. He enters what he calls the sunset room, the redesigned master bedroom of the former owner. "This is where I spend most of my time when I'm home,"

*Above: Casa Palmilla pays tribute to the classic hacienda style amid seven lush acres of Hope Ranch palms and flowers. Here a contemporary free-form pool joins the home by way of paths and patios made from hand-fired earthen tiles. Left: Arched entryways and wrought-iron encasements honor the past with timeless motifs. The home was built in 1927 and remodeled nearly a half-century later by international businessman David Guy Nancarrow and his wife De Etta.*

he says as he settles into a comfortable chair. "I read, watch television, and take business calls."

In Santa Barbara for only two days, he's spent the last two weeks in Europe on business and will leave after a short rest for more business in Milwaukee. Drawing on his Bering cigar, he obligingly turns his attention to a more domestic matter: the relationship between a man and his house.

"The house reflects my need for privacy and solitude," explains the entrepreneur. "It's also very warm and livable, I think."

The seven-acre estate was designed and built by Sydney Heckert, an instrumental force in bringing recognition to the profession of dog showmanship in the United States. Heckert built one wing of the house, in fact, as dogs' quarters. By the time of his death in the early 1970s, Heckert's showplace home had fallen into disrepair.

The Nancarrows bought the house and, with Santa Barbara architect Joe Strickland, researched its restoration. They confirmed that classic, simple lines are characteristic of haciendas, lines most often depicted in lightly textured, plain white plaster. They ordered the old house gutted, and replastering began.

They also replaced the existing flagstone tiles with 13,000 square feet of Mexican tiles and cobblestones, and used the original flagstones for new terracing from the veranda down to the sea. Over the living, dining, and sunset rooms, the massive beams were cleaned but otherwise left unchanged. Museum-documented tiles were added behind the bar in the sunset room. They bought fountains, carved wooden chests, chandeliers, and other furnishings on travels to Guadalajara, and hand-fired ceramic tiles in Monterey.

Nancarrow himself was the major influence in the design of the landscaping, which was carried out by Grant Castleberg of Santa Barbara. The lush grounds are luxuriously appointed with birds of paradise, a variety of shrubs and annuals, and a thick carpet of lawn stretching to the beach below. High walls and formal gates encircle the parklike area with its tennis courts, swimming pools, cabana, Jacuzzi, and sauna.

"We thought of family visits and a sort of country-club atmosphere when we planned the renovation," says the 59-year-old Nancarrow. "We wanted it to be enjoyable. It doesn't have glitter or glamour, but rather good feelings and lots of room. We wanted it to be spacious but not overwhelming."

The Nancarrows presently own another





home in Palm Springs, which is "ultra-modern, not at all like Casa Palmilla," but their Santa Barbara hacienda is their main residence, the home to which their four children and two grandchildren often return for visits.

"Santa Barbara is the nicest place in the world to live. It's got history, character; the climate and size are ideal for me. That's why I came here way back in the '50s," he says.

On a tour of the hacienda, Nancarrow leads the way through the east wing. The former pet quarters has its own small courtyard and Jacuzzi, which is walled in glass to afford a view to the islands. The area contains a recreation room, five bedrooms and baths. Around the main courtyard are the more public areas—the sunset, living, and dining rooms, a wine galley, another guest bedroom, and a

reception room. On the other side of the public rooms are the kitchen and servants' quarters.

What is technically fascinating about the layout of Casa Palmilla is the subtle alternation of restriction and expansion, both horizontally and vertically. The enormous living room, used for formal events and parties, has a ceiling so high that two loftlike libraries and sitting areas face one another across the airy expanse, while the adjacent dining room takes up less than half that height to encourage intimacy.

The smallest courtyards, with their own wings, yield to the large central one in what might be called pacing. Because of this intentional rhythm, the estate both delights and surprises visitors, a puzzle not to be waived until explored. "People seem to love Casa Palmilla," Nancarrow







says and smiles. "It feels intimate, yet it's really sprawling."

Is there a parallel between the building of the estate and the building of his business empire, which grossed more than

*Opposite, above: From the central courtyard where visitors enter to the music of a bubbling fountain, to the long veranda that overlooks the Pacific, the hacienda radiates California warmth and hospitality. Above: Lightly textured walls, massive exposed beams, and clean-lined classic furniture welcome guests in the formal living room. The Nancarrow's added the elegant staircase that rises to a quiet gallery overhead. Opposite below: David Nancarrow's preference for classically casual and unpretentious luxury reflects from every square inch of his Hope Ranch hideaway.*

\$150 million last year? "People around me say they see a definite pattern in my behavior," Nancarrow responds. "I seem to build on platforms. I secure myself on one, then assess the result and proceed to build again."

**W**ITH TWO YEARS of Glendale College and three years of service in the navy under his belt, young David Nancarrow borrowed \$2,000 from his parents in 1948 to form a company with his uncle, Ray N. Eddy. Despite wishes from his mother that he become a certified public accountant or lawyer, David knew from the start of his career that he was meant to be a businessman. He chuckles good-humoredly that he now has three CPAs and three lawyers each on his staff, a fact with which he occasionally teases his mother.

In 1955, Nancarrow and his wife renamed their water-conditioning company the Rayne Corporation from its former title Nawasco. They moved it to Santa Barbara, and during the next 18 years, Nancarrow guided it as president, chairman of the board, and chief executive officer. It is now one of the two largest water-conditioning companies in the Western United States.

In 1967, deciding to adopt a new challenge, he developed the Carrows chain of family restaurants, defying the notorious odds of the restaurant business against first-run success. By 1984 he'd founded 110 Carrows Restaurants, plus inaugurated two new lines—Jeremiah's Steak House and the more flamboyant Elephant Bar and Restaurant. He is also, with his partner Joe Heslin, owner of Santa Barbara Aviation Company and Santa Ynez



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Aviation. He sold the Carrows chain this January to W.R. Grace Corporation, a Massachusetts-based company with restaurant interests in San Francisco as well.

"I don't work for money," the man with the Midas touch insists. "I work to get things done, to be creative. The restaurant business is creative for me. I encourage good, honest relationships, and I help a lot of people to make their own money. This gives me pleasure because I like to see other people become successful.

"I'm by no means a gambler," he continues, "although I'm willing to take risks, carefully calculated risks. There's always a chance of losing everything you have, and I don't take losing lightly. I try never to lose. Someone once pointed out that I seem to always succeed because I set obtainable goals. Once I establish my terrain carefully, I proceed to risk another goal. Again, it's the platform theory."

Nancarrow now guides his four children in their different capacities in his businesses. "Just as my uncle did with me," he says. "He wasn't educated or rich, but he encouraged me. He said I could accomplish anything I wanted." His daughter Janet served as a partner in his Chicago-based PuroFilter Corporation. His son David is general manager of Rayne. Sons Chris and Greg are both involved in the Elephant Bar and Restaurant businesses. "They started from the bottom," he explains. "People have to learn how to be successful on their own merit."

Nancarrow admits to having a reputation for dealing well with people. "I try to develop the best in them," he says. "I take nonprofessionals and help them to succeed. We have great opportunities today. I predict a shift back toward independent enterprise in the next decade rather than a reliance on government. We're ripe for entrepreneurship."

Nancarrow credits creativity as the basis for his formula, closely followed by superhuman dedication, a cannot-fail attitude, and sound business judgment. When he selected the already existing Heckert hacienda, he chose an existing platform on which to build. With creativity and determination, he recreated the hacienda to his own demanding standards. Casa Palmilla, imbued with its personalized yet authentic ambience, is a child of the same creative process that has furnished this self-made man so much personal fortune. ■

*Musician and free-lance writer Jeanne Umana lives and works in Santa Barbara, where she is a frequent contributor to Santa Barbara Magazine and The Weekly.*





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FLAAMA, Spanish Gypsy by Dario (top left)  
SANTA BARBARA SUNSET by Dario (bottom left)

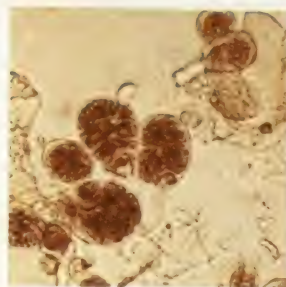
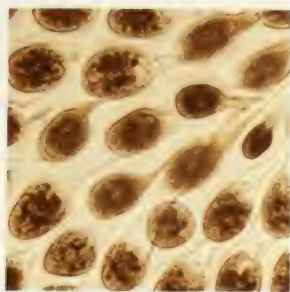


BOY AND DOLPHIN by the late Giovanni  
unique "particle bond" casting (bottom right)









## Probing Secrets of the Cell at UCSB

BY D.B. PLESCHNER

**M**Y SON HAS MY EYES AND CHIN, his dad's nose, his grandfather's big toe—his inheritance is in his genes. But genes are more than a blueprint: They control life. And now, thanks to breakthroughs in molecular genetics, cell biology, and biochemistry, scientists are stripping genes of their secrets. That knowledge is revolutionizing the worlds of science, industry, health care—in fact, we're beginning a new genetic age—and the revolution is alive and well in Santa Barbara.

Genes are strands of nucleic acids, or DNA, that make up the chromosomes found in every cell nucleus. UCSB's Dan Morse tells me. "Picture them like very long, but very thin and tiny, strings of poppet beads linked together," he says. "Each gene is made of about a thousand little beads, four different kinds of beads strung together in sequence in the DNA molecule." It's the sequence that tells the cell machinery to make a unique product, which might be anything from insulin to an enzyme that can degrade petroleum.

Dan Morse, formerly a Harvard biochemist and molecular biologist, now professor of molecular genetics at UCSB, emigrated west over a decade ago. He came to further his research on molecular mechanisms that influence genes.

Working with abalone, Morse and his colleagues used biochemical engineering to probe for the natural genetic catalysts that regulate reproduction, development, and growth in the mollusks. What they found earned them two World Mariculture



Society first-place awards: one for discovering that spawning can be induced by adding hydrogen peroxide to seawater, a method that works as well on 29 other mollusk species. The second award was for isolating the amino acid GABA, which induces larval settlement and metamorphosis. Now looking into abalone growth requirements, Morse's studies suggest that insulin may function as a growth hormone, a discovery that has important human implications.

Some forms of diabetes are caused by a lack of insulin, which normally regulates the use of sugars and carbohydrates for energy and may also influence development. Diabetes patients who lack the gene that codes for insulin must receive the hormone by repeated injection. In recent years, scientists have devised ways to

*Opposite: Assistant Debi Fisher checks the progress of Aharon Gibor and Miriam Polne-Fuller's tissue cultures. Left: The Gas Research Institute funds one of the team's projects, hoping to grow vast quantities of kelp for methane fuel. Above: Polne-Fuller was the first to release seaweed cells from the tissue encasing them. She photographed (left to right) natural kelp cells under her microscope, a new plant regenerating in culture, and another well on its way at four weeks.*

extract the human insulin-making gene from its place on the DNA strand—unpop the proper sequence of beads—and insert it into host bacteria. The bacteria then grow large quantities of insulin very inexpensively, multiplying from one cell to millions overnight.

Companies now produce insulin and other biochemicals using bacteria as "factories," growing them in huge vats. The products, faithful replicas of the natural substance, are licensed for medical use by the FDA. This ability to copy or "clone" genes is called recombinant DNA technology, or genetic engineering. It is making once-prohibitively expensive products affordable.

Besides some forms of diabetes, nearly a thousand human disorders are known to result from genetic mutations, Morse notes. He lists various forms of heart disease, cancer, hemophilia and other blood and neurological disorders, cystic fibrosis, and muscular dystrophy. One day it may be possible not only to inexpensively

MICROPHOTOGRAPHY BY MIRIAM POLNE-FULLER





*Above top: Along with tissue culture, Miriam Polne-Fuller has great hopes for seaweed's somatic hybridization, a technique now used to make monoclonal antibodies for tracking human disease. Above: Professor Dan Morse and colleague Helen Duncan are aiming their studies of genetic catalysts in abalone to more help for humans in the future.*

produce naturally synthesized human-based products to counteract these mutations, but to introduce cloned "good" genes directly into patients. Clinical trials are just now beginning on volunteer patients in a few research hospitals around the country.

In Santa Barbara, Morse has found that another aspect of his abalone research may have direct bearing on human disease. GABA, the metamorphosis trigger in abalone, is also a major chemical messenger in the human brain. It seems to control about half of all the brain cells, in fact. And the GABA molecules that Morse

and his colleagues identified in abalone also interact strongly with, or bind to, signal receptors in the brains of mammals. Because they do bind, Morse thinks they may be useful in a new diagnostic technique called positron emission tomography, or PET scan, which uses radioactively labeled molecules as tracers. When PET scan's tracers bind to selected areas of the brain, they generate a three-dimensional image that can pinpoint areas of malfunction, such as in Parkinsonism or epilepsy. The new diagnostic tool eliminates the need for exploratory surgery, in many cases.

Because GABA neurotransmitters control such a broad area of the brain, however, tracers are needed that can isolate specific groups of cells. And that's what Morse and his associates hope to supply by genetically modifying the small protein molecules they found—rearranging the "beads" slightly—using recombinant DNA techniques. If successful, Morse will be able to produce a new family of proteins to trace and diagnose malfunction, and, perhaps, be useful for treatment.

The largest group of prescriptions written in the United States today is for a variety of drugs that bind to cells regulated by GABA—for control of epilepsy, sleeping, psychological state, muscle tension. Morse points out that many of these drugs have unpleasant side effects. "They're not selective enough," he says. "So we feel that our discovery from marine organisms may have its most exciting applications in human medicine."

**K**NOWLEDGE OF MARINE ALGAE, or seaweed, is also coming of age in the biotechnology revolution. And in Bio-Sci 2, the tallest building on the UCSB campus, Miriam Polne-Fuller is helping to make it happen. When I arrive at the lab—a welter of workbenches holding seaweed-stuffed test tubes shaking in centrifuges—she is racing to finish a presentation for a conference on genetics in aquaculture at UC Davis.

Polne-Fuller came from Israel to UCSB in 1975 as a graduate student, where she began working with professors Aharon Gibor and Mike Neushul. Neushul is an ecologist and well-known aquaculturist, while Gibor specializes in cell physiology and tissue culture. Working between the two renowned scientists, Miriam Polne-Fuller found the best of two worlds.

Tissue culture is not a new field. Over 30 years ago scientists realized they could isolate single cells from different areas of a plant, manipulate the cells to improve their traits, and grow them into superior plants. Scientific tissue culture of land-based plants has been employed with increasing success ever since. Soon it may be possible to "design" new plants by introducing DNA coding for the desired characteristics. Another goal is to genetically alter plants so they provide their own fertilizer.

This is no pipe dream. Some bacteria naturally trap nitrogen from the atmosphere and turn it into nutrients that plants can use. Today genetic engineers are trying to isolate the nitrogen-fixing gene from bacteria and insert it into corn or rice, for instance. In the not-too-distant

D.B. PLESCHNER

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future they may be able to select genes providing the best traits, add nitrogen-fixing genes for self-nourishment, combine them all in a single cell, and grow the new seed stock in a petri dish. Farmers could then transfer the "perfect" seeds to the field.

Tissue culture and recombinant DNA technology also hold great promise for plants of the sea, a billion-dollar a year industry. About half of the world's seaweed harvest is used as food, one example being the nori wrapper that decorates sushi. The other half is used for pharmaceuticals and food additives, mainly gels and thickeners. But until a few years ago, nobody had a reliable way to free valuable seaweed cells from the gummy honeycomb of tissue encasing them. Then Polne-Fuller did it by accident.

She was working with tiny seed stock, studying overwinter storage methods. One day, checking an experiment stored in calcium-free artificial seawater, she found she had "a little bag of empty outside wall, and all the cells had fallen to the bottom." Then more excitement: Each cell regenerated in culture. This was six years ago, and today the light at the end of the research tunnel gleams bright. Scientists can now isolate single cells from major seaweed species. And thanks to Gibor and Polne-Fuller, who developed techniques to remove bacteria from tissue culture, they can strip the walls from single cells—with an enzyme from abalone—to get naked cells, or protoplasts.

So where does all this lead? When sea-

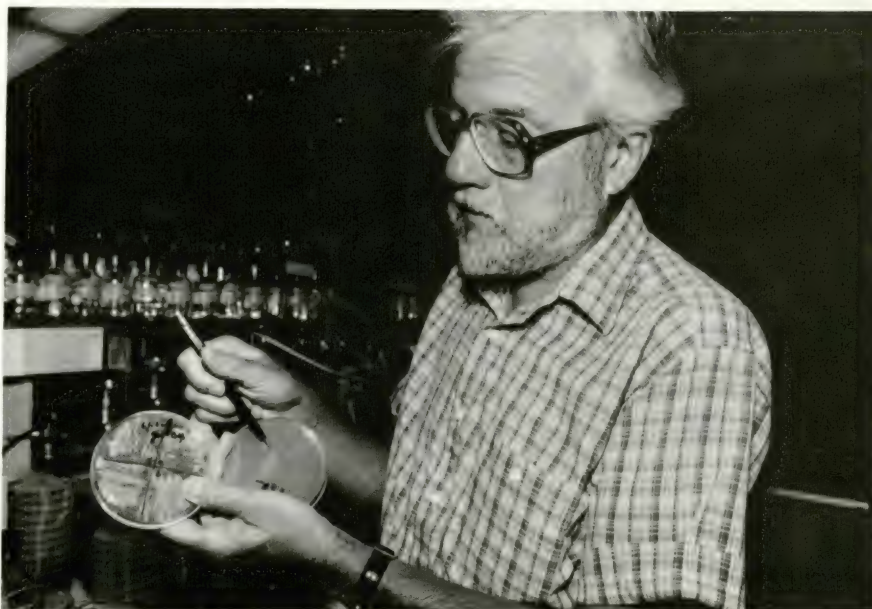
weed single cells and protoplasts became available, the Gas Research Institute came knocking. The institute looks to open-ocean mariculture to grow volumes of kelp for methane fuel production. It is developing a long-range plan involving tissue culture, cell culture, and genetic engineering, and it funds one of Gibor and Polne-Fuller's research projects.

A promising technique that Gibor and Polne-Fuller are exploring to improve sea-

weeds is called somatic hybridization. When protoplasts touch each other, their membranes "pop together," Polne-Fuller explains. If the nuclei of the two cells merge as well, their chromosomes combine and the result is one big cell with the properties of two.

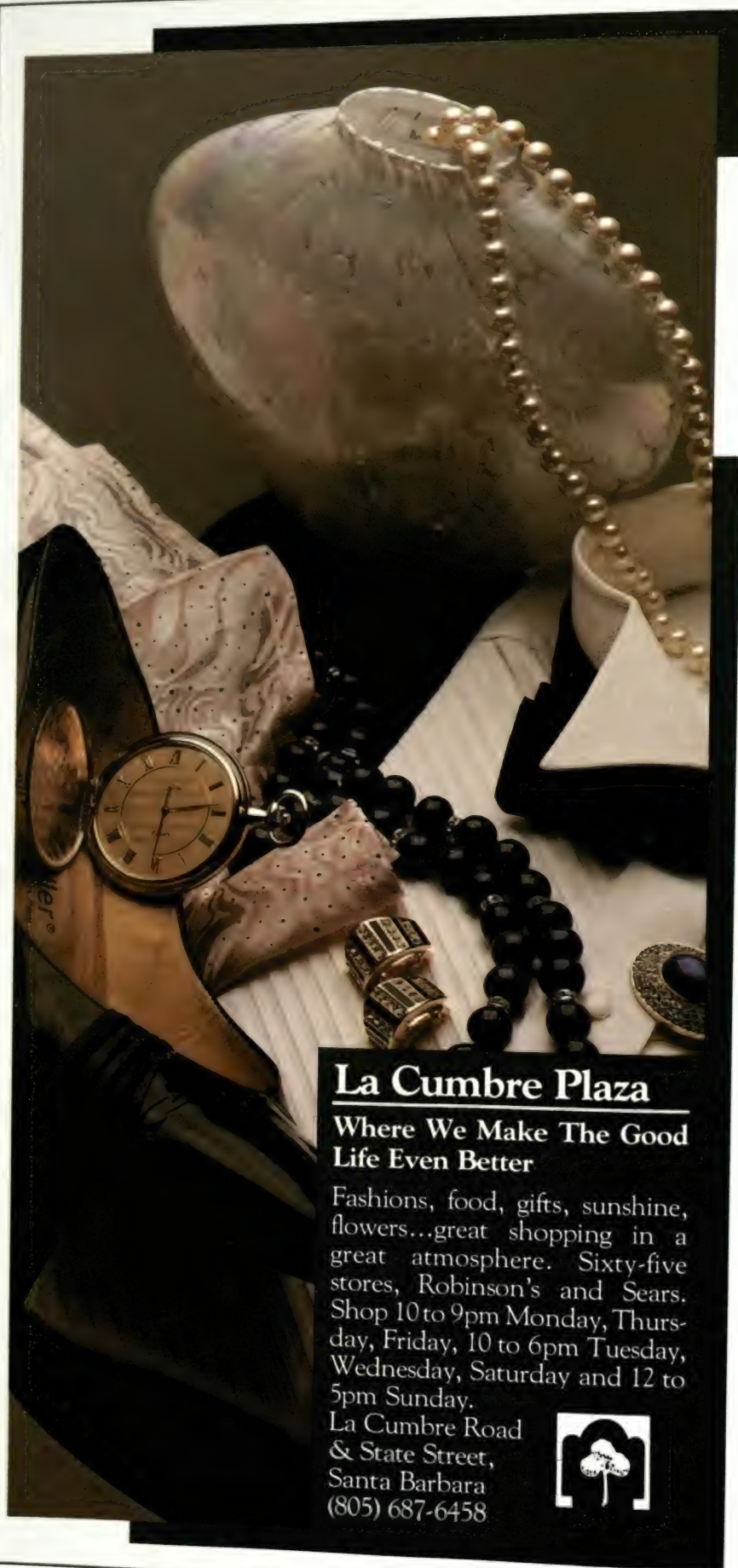
The same technique is used to make what's called monoclonal antibodies, new disease-diagnosing tools also being researched at UCSB. When a human can-

*Above: Louise Clarke and her husband John Carbon helped pioneer the recombinant DNA revolution. Here Clarke probes for the secrets of cell division with bacteria containing cloned yeast genes. Below: Carbon, head of UCSB's biology department, points out the tiny bacterial colonies that make up one of his gene libraries.*




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cer cell merges with a spleen cell from mice, for instance, the hybrid cell multiplies rapidly, like a cancer cell. But it also produces the antibody of the spleen cell—only in much greater quantity than the original. Diagnostic kits are now on the market as a result of this biotechnology, and pioneering industries in Santa Barbara are using them.

What about combining tissue culture with recombinant DNA techniques? "That's the future," Polne-Fuller says and smiles, eager to begin. "Tissue culture has been applied successfully on land plants, but genetic engineering is still in a learning state. Researchers don't quite know where all the genes are or how to transfer them into cells. With seaweed, we hardly have a hint yet." Eyes twinkling, she adds, "But we feel it's possible." A new program and lab is slated to join UCSB's renowned marine studies before long. Called the Biotechnology Seawater Lab, it surely will help provide some answers.

**R**ECOMBINANT DNA TECHNOLOGY—cloning genes—it sounds fascinating. And it was an overnight sensation—like an actor who gets "discovered" after playing bit parts for 20 years.

Some date the recombinant revolution from 1854, when Gregor Mendel, an Augustinian monk and the father of modern genetics, began tinkering with peas. A hundred years later, scientists were grappling with the question of how the DNA of genes transmits directions to make a complete organism. Then, in 1956, DNA was first synthesized in the laboratory. Each breakthrough added a new piece to the puzzle, but left another hole to be filled. And so it went until the early 1970s, when the revolution really took off.

That's when scientists began developing "cut and paste" techniques to isolate specific genes by inserting foreign DNA into bacteria, transforming it genetically. Two pioneers in developing the methods now used worldwide are UCSB's John Carbon and Louise Clarke.

Carbon, a professor of biochemistry, heads the Biological Sciences Department. Clarke graduated from Smith College and began graduate studies at UCSB in 1968. She won her doctor's degree in 1973, married John Carbon in 1975, and this morning finds her bent over a row of petri dishes transferring tiny colonies of yeast from one plate to the next. Exotic animal prints line the walls of her office; her desk overflows with photographic maps of genes and genetic charts; and a counter of tubes and plates and odd little bottles evince the workaday world of a



research scientist.

"What *do* we do?" she repeats with a laugh, searching for layman's words to describe her work. Among the couple's achievements is the establishment of the first genomic library for *Escherichia coli* bacteria, now distributed by the *E. coli* Genetic Stock Center at Yale. The library consists of some 2,000 bacterial colonies, each the cloned progeny of a cell that Carbon and Clarke genetically transformed by cutting a plasmid (a little circle of extra DNA found naturally in bacteria), adding a piece of *E. coli* DNA, and inserting the plasmid into host bacteria.

The collection of colonies contains nearly 5,000 genes found in *E. coli*. To isolate them Carbon and Clarke made billions of minute plasmid "vectors," each containing a different piece of DNA with a few genes. They used the same procedure to construct libraries for two species of yeast, one of them common baker's yeast with roughly 10,000 to 15,000 genes. Clarke says that in the 1970s, building libraries was "reasonably difficult." But they proved it could be done, enabling other researchers to easily capture virtually any gene from organisms they were studying.

Once the DNA is inserted, the bacterial host can be cultured indefinitely and always carry that one segment of genes. "A key question you need to ask about libraries," Carbon puts in, entering Clarke's office, "is how do you find which colony in this bunch of thousands has the gene you're looking for?"

Carbon and Clarke worked out a way to identify clones by using a bacterial host with a known genetic defect. "We have all these pieces of DNA from another organism," Carbon says, "and one gene there is responsible for making the product the bacteria is missing. When we put all the DNA into bacteria, none of them will grow except for the cell that picks up the DNA that corrects its defect. That's called complementation of mutations."

Carbon and Clarke were the first to use this technique to screen libraries and isolate genes. The team was also responsible for developing a cloning system for yeast, a system more and more scientists are adopting because yeast has all the advantages of bacteria plus one extra: yeast cell structure is more like human. Constructing yeast libraries, a lab team member discovered that genetic defects in bacteria could be cured by yeast genes. "No one thought that could be," Carbon remarks. "It was the first demonstration that genes could cross species lines." That knowledge—that genes from one organism can function in another—is the backbone of today's bio-



Margaretta

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# FESS

By  
Cork Millner

**F**ESS PARKER looks up from the beveled card with the White House seal. Then, "Dear Fess," he reads in his soft Texas drawl. He falters. "Uh... little hard to read her handwriting." He turns the card toward you, showing the jumble of words half printed, half in script. "Let's see," and he continues.

"I've been a little busy here..." Parker stops again and peers over his granny glasses. "She is one fine, busy lady." He goes back to the card:

"Thank you for helping... uh... helping with the tennis tournament. Couldn't have done it without you..." He reads silently for a moment, then turns the card over showing the signature on the back—Nancy.

"The note goes on," Parker says, tapping the card on his thumbnail, "about her war on drugs. I guess we raised over \$400,000 at that White House tournament, all of it benefiting her drug abuse fund." He glances at the signature on the card again. "We're so lucky to have her. Of course, I'm not too objective, but I admire her for so many things."

Parker drops the card on one of the piles of paper that clutter his desk. Behind him stands a bookcase with another disorderly heap of papers. Perched on one stack is a large color photograph of Parker chatting with Nancy Reagan. There is another half-hidden picture of Parker rejoicing with a friend the night Santa Barbara voted to accept his Park Plaza Hotel project.

"This office is for a little corporation I formed," Parker says, noticing your looking around. "I call it American Tradition,

and that's to represent how much this country has offered to previous generations—and to me, and to my children. The tradition is that you can start with nothing, pursue your dreams, and achieve anything."

He leans back in his chair and folds his arms across his chest. "Anything," he repeats. He pauses, then with a nod of his head he says, "I've got one more dream."

"You see, with the hotel conference center under way, I'll be at loose ends." He looks down at Nancy Reagan's card. "I have a deep interest in giving something back to this country, to the government in terms of my time. I've been thinking about throwing my hat into the ring for the California Republican primary for the U.S. Senate."

He picks up a pen from the desk and begins to use it like a baton to orchestrate his feelings. "I realize I haven't been trained as a politician, but that may be to my advantage; I don't have a record. The disadvantage, the hurdle I have to overcome, is that I've got to present myself as a serious candidate. What I do have in my favor is a pretty unusual persona."

Fess Parker's "persona," that outer personality that he presents to the public, has been nurtured over the last half of his life by two of the character parts he has played on screen: Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett. Both are historical idols—solid, down-to-earth American folk heroes. Their legends of honesty, loyalty, and trustworthiness read like something from the Boy Scout creed. It's an image most politicians would give up half their campaign funds for.

The Fess Parker of today is not as lean as the Davy Crockett he portrayed 30 years ago. Parker's hair, although it is still a thick, shaggy mop, is gray. Chances are you would not recognize him walking down the street. But if you stopped and talked to him—if you got him to say howdy—you'd know him at once by his slow, soft, butter-and-honey drawl.

"I imagine it's a shock for people who have only seen me on reruns of my television shows," Parker says. "They tend to view me as fixed in time. When they see this head of gray hair, they wonder who that old guy is. Then they finally realize I'm not Davy Crockett anymore."

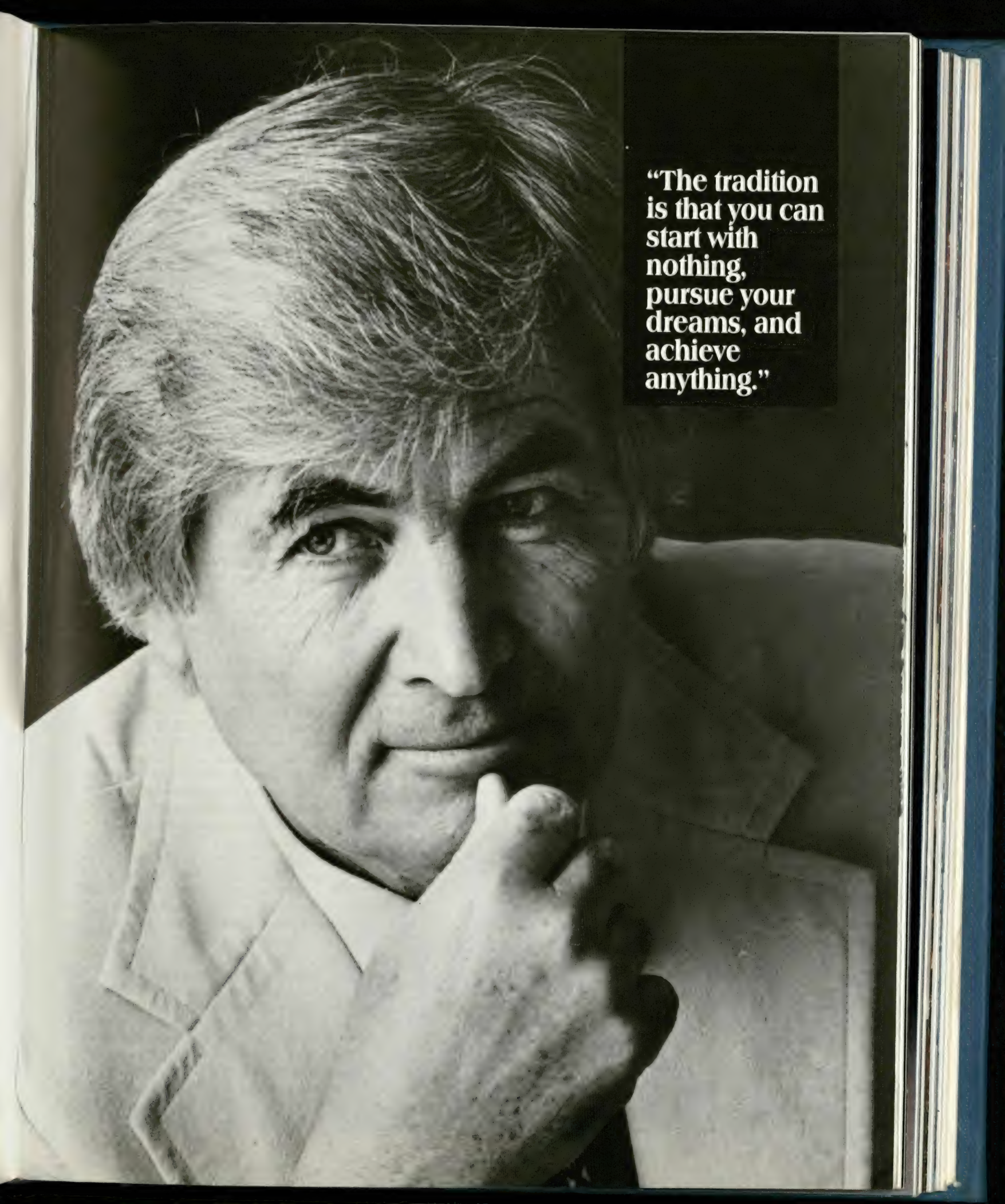
The real Davy Crockett ran for Congress and won. But can someone with a name like Fess Parker run for U.S. Senate and win?

"Sure, why not?" Parker says. He looks over at an antique photograph on the opposite wall. The brown-toned image is of a stiffly posed gentleman in a vested suit and high-collar shirt. Across the bottom of the photograph runs a signature: Simeon Fess.

"That's a picture of old Simeon Fess," Parker says, "a senator from Illinois. He's no relation, but my grandmother really admired the man. She even named her son after him, and the name was handed down to me. Senator Fess was also a great friend

Opposite: Local actor-developer Fess Parker has long been a man of dreams—and a man of action. Now with construction of his controversial hotel and conference center underway, he's thinking of running for U.S. Senate.



A black and white portrait of a middle-aged man with thick, wavy grey hair. He is looking directly at the camera with a slight, thoughtful expression. His right hand is raised, with his index finger pointing upwards and resting against his chin. He is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, suit jacket over a collared shirt. The background is dark and out of focus. In the upper right corner, there is a black rectangular box containing white text.

**"The tradition  
is that you can  
start with  
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pursue your  
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achieve  
anything."**





Right: Parker first sparked a mania for coonskin caps 30 years ago, when he played Davy Crockett, king of the wild frontier, for Walt Disney and ABC TV. Above: He went on to play another frontier hero, Daniel Boone, in a series for NBC that ran through 1970. The image is a public relations man's dream.



of Will Rogers, who thought the name was hysterical. Rogers would be doing one of his humor routines and he'd say, "Now, as my friend Senator Simeon Fess would say..." Parker smiles and shrugs. "So, you see, I'm named after a senator."

If Parker does run for U.S. Senate, it won't be the first time a celluloid image has entered the California political arena. George Murphy, a movie song-and-dance man of the 1930s, found a place in the U.S. Senate. And, of course, Ronald Reagan was governor of the state. To be on a friendly basis with the president of the United States is certainly on the plus side for any political aspirant.

"The president and I don't have what you'd call a long-standing personal relationship," Parker says quietly. "But I am a friend. You meet a lot of people in the movie industry in a casual way. I remember the day when Disneyland opened in 1955, and I was there at the ceremonies as Davy Crockett. Ronald Reagan was the announcer—out there with a microphone commenting on the parade and interviewing Walt Disney and others. I talked to Reagan several times after that. When he ran for governor, I went on a few trips and spoke for him. Seems like I've seen him more since he's been president. I went to Australia recently as his representative for an American Friendship Week, and it was one of the most interesting experiences of my life."

While in Sydney, Parker had to answer questions by Australian reporters about his friendship with Ronald Reagan. "I had been briefed by the state department to expect that," Parker says. "But one question came as a surprise. They asked me if the president was going to appoint me as U.S. ambassador to Australia." Parker answered that he hadn't been asked. But the question got him to thinking, and his interest in public service began to spark.

"I really don't know if I'll ever get appointed or elected to anything," Parker says. "I look at it like this: life unfolds in a certain way; there is a rhythm and an ebb and flow to it. This is simply an idea that I have to give birth to." He pauses. "I will never have the chance again."

"Chance" to Fess Parker is something that comes to the prepared mind. It was in the summer of 1950 that he first went to Hollywood to take a chance on the movies.

"I had watched a film crew making a movie when I was in the navy in World War II," Parker remembers, "and I thought it would be great to be an actor. After I got out of the military in 1946, I decided I'd better go back to the University of Texas first and get a degree. After that I would give myself



three years in Hollywood to see if I had any future in the acting business."

Parker leans back in his chair. "Well, about two years and nine months after I arrived in Hollywood, I got this bit part in a picture called *Them*, a science-fiction feature about ants that mutated into huge creatures after an atomic explosion. I had a good scene in the picture, but James Arness was the star.

"Walt Disney came to see the movie. He had the idea of casting James Arness in a new live-action film he was planning about Davy Crockett. They tell me Disney saw my little scene and said, 'Who's that!'"

Disney was just finishing his plans for Disneyland at the time. He needed cash for the project, and so he took ABC as a partner. Disney got his fantasy park, and ABC got one of the hottest television shows of the decade, "The Wonderful World of Disney." The program opened with a three-week series called "Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier." The show catapulted the new actor with a Texas drawl right from mutated ants to instant stardom.

"I know how Elvis Presley and the Beatles felt," Parker says with a shrug. "Within three weeks of the Davy Crockett show premier I couldn't leave my hotel room without a swarm of fans around me.

"I guess I handled it okay for the most part. After all, I wasn't 17. I was 30. I'd been in the service, had a college degree, even done graduate work at the University of California. But still it wasn't easy." He smiles and grips his front teeth. "I had 13 cavities at the end of the first year. I don't know why. There have been studies that say stress can produce certain enzymes. My food habits changed, maybe my dental hygiene wasn't the best, who knows? Anyway, in my mouth I now have more gold than King Solomon ever had."

Fess Parker's other gold mine, the Davy Crockett television series, was filmed as three one-hour Technicolor episodes. Since very little television was broadcast in color, the shows were aired in black and white. The three hours of TV shows were edited to less than two hours and released in Technicolor to movie theaters. The film was a phenomenal success, and soon it seemed that every kid in the world was wearing a coonskin cap. Parker got ten percent of the merchandising.

The Davy Crockett mania began to ebb after two years, and Parker was cast by Disney in several more films. "*Old Yeller* turned out pretty good," Parker says. But *The Great Locomotive Chase* "was duller than sin."

Parker leans forward on his desk, his arms crossed over a pile of papers. "In

those days I wanted to be the best actor I could be, but the films weren't much good. Eventually NBC tried to get me for a series about the further adventures of Davy Crockett, but Disney objected."

It was then that some bright studio executive came up with the idea that if Fess Parker could play a frontier hero like Davy Crockett, why couldn't he do just as well as another coonskin-capped legend—Daniel Boone?

"That was a very personal and difficult decision for me," Parker says. "My identification with Davy Crockett was pretty complete, and the Daniel Boone character was very close. Could I call myself Amos instead of Andy?"

He could and he did. For the next six years Parker filmed 165 episodes as Daniel Boone for television, an undertaking he compares to making 80 feature films.

Parker bought a weekend home in Santa Barbara in 1958. Two years later he married Marcy Rinehart, whom he had met in Hollywood when she was a vocalist with a dance band. The Parkers now have two grown children, son Fess Elisha and daughter Ashley.

Parker was getting bored with the movie and television industry by the late 1960s. "I could have gone on with television," Parker says, leaning back in his swivel chair. "I turned down the 'McCloud' series that Dennis Weaver did so well. I guess I kind of made an appraisal of what was happening in the film business, and after 20 years I felt like I had become a component of a process that turned out cans of tomatoes. I was disillusioned with the prospects of improving myself as a performer. I wasn't growing. It was time to change."

Parker looks at a large rectangular map on the wall, an aerial photograph of the beach along East Cabrillo Boulevard. "That's when I got interested in developing real estate."

The result of that interest was Parker's Park Plaza Hotel and Conference Center. The area where Park Plaza is presently under construction was originally a 32.35-acre eyesore across from East Beach between Milpas and Santa Barbara streets. In 1964 the area was included in a city general plan as the site for a conference center. Nothing ever came of the plan, and the property remained a fenced-in refuge for discarded beer bottles.

"I had been living in Santa Barbara for 16 years," Parker says, "and I wondered why that property hadn't been developed. In 1976 I asked about it, and they told me that eight and a half acres were available. So I optioned it with the idea of building a tennis club." He looks at the aerial wall map

again. "Hyatt Hotels had an option on the rest of the property, but they gave up the idea of developing it. They were afraid the land might become a controversial political issue. They sure were right!"

So where angels and the Hyatt Hotel's top brass feared to tread, Parker rushed in. In 1979 he bought the property, all 32.35 acres of it. Now all he needed to do was convince a hotel chain to build on the land.

"I talked to everybody," Parker says, "the Marriott people, Hilton. . . . Finally I called the chairman of the board at Red Lion Inns, and they got interested." He pauses and grins sardonically. "Six years later—after appearing before a multitude of councils and commissions and overcoming a dispute with Red Lion Inns, not to mention a voter referendum—we finally broke ground on the project."

Parker says that the approval of all the committees, commissions, and the voters of Santa Barbara has been gratifying, but he has the strange feeling he was given his cake—but can't eat it. He feels the convention center concept—a good one and a needed one—was scaled down too much.

Parker's original proposal included a 1,500-seat conference center, a 500-room hotel, 200 condominiums, and ten tennis courts. The much-reduced plan that is now being built on a 23.5-acre strip along Cabrillo Boulevard will offer only 360 hotel rooms plus meeting rooms, a large banquet hall, several restaurants and bars, a health club, swimming pools, and enough parking space for 1,000 conventioners.

"I don't believe the city approved the conference center size that was needed," Parker says with a sigh. "One of the big stumbling blocks was the question of traffic congestion." He leans forward, hands clasped together. "Look, there are 2,000 seats at the Arlington Theatre on State Street, and at the height of traffic, there is no problem. I just feel that to put only 360 rooms on 23 acres is a misuse of the city's waterfront resources.

"Anyway, the hotel is going forward, and I have a deep and sincere interest in seeing Park Plaza built the way I represented it." He looks at an artist's drawing of the project that leans against the office wall. "Shortly after the project was approved, Red Lion Inns sold their company. It was bought by what I call the Entity, an executive hierarchy made up of bankers and buy-out specialists. They will execute the project plans." He pauses. "The problem is, I don't know what their goals are.

"I mean, a lot of time has been spent making this a first-class project—and that could change. The basic design will be the same, but attention to quality might suffer.



# BIG VALLEY

By Leslie Westbrook

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JURGEN HILMER

LET ME INTRODUCE YOU to a few of your neighbors. They live just over the hill in the Santa Ynez Valley, where privacy is paramount and cowboys still ride and rope. This is a valley full of hard-working folks, both rich and poor, as different from each other and from us as the names of their ranches and farms. You'll find the Valley Stud, Harmony Acres, Etcetera Farm, Money\$Ranch, and Richard Eamer's multi-million-dollar Mandysland, named after a deceased Labrador retriever ("The guy can't be all bad," concurs one old-timer). Another family calls their place Peace and Comfort Farm after a Bach cantata. They have but one thing in common: they all share a love for the gentle land nestled between the Santa Ynez and San Rafael mountain ranges, land still lush with open spaces, wildlife, and wild flowers in the spring.

The Valley, as it is called by locals, has always attracted individualists, including the rich and famous. Actor Jimmy Stewart had a spread here. Clark Gable married Carole Lombard at the Alisal Ranch. And stars continue to buy homes and move in to the area. Actress Bo Derek grocery shops at El Rancho Market, and tennis celebrity Jimmy Connors is said to visit Birkholm's bakery for the famous pastry and local gossip.

Today's population of some 15,000 includes the old families and their descendants—cowboys, ranchers, and farmers. Additions in the past decade include a slew of fine horse breeders and wine vintners. The growing valley also supports a burgeoning middle class. With the growth comes a whole new flavor to the valley. It's

a flavor that some people like—and others don't.

One old-timer (who'd rather not be named) has a term for the newcomers who no longer ride, but roll into town in their fancy cars and private aircraft. He calls them Beverly Hills cowboys.

"I'm suspicious of anyone wearing a tie," says long-time valley realtor Fil Condit, dressed in jeans, topsiders, and a Brooks Brothers shirt. "Developers from Los Angeles buy million-dollar houses, and they may not like cow pucky. Those cows are grazing on development land. But the fire department likes it, and the cows like it." The realtor admits to mixed feelings over the new wealth of the valley. "Last year the Bank of America closed 42 of its 84 branches in California—but they opened one in Solvang." He likes the old camaraderie and fears it is being lost. "When we went through the Depression, nobody was on welfare. Everybody took care of each other. The Santa Ynez Valley was home to some of the most generous men in the world—we hate the fact that we might be losing that. Now there are guarded gates, and people don't mix as much anymore."

So with a growing valley come the growing pains.

Not long ago the Santa Ynez Valley consisted of just nine ranches, many that have since been divided and subdivided. Several of the old-timers are still fighting to keep their original holdings intact. And the new-timers keep moving in. This is a story of just a few of the old-timers and the new—people of a grand, though ever-changing, valley.



*Above right: Visitors enter John and Brooke Bacon's adobe hacienda through a classic mission-style entryway. The home was built in 1938, using adobe bricks made right on the land. Right: Brooke visits the Belgian draft horses at the corrals. With resident donkey Handsome Harry at stud, the mares produce outstanding mules to help with heavy labor around the ranch.*





**J**OHN BACON and his wife Brooke met four years ago at a propane station in Santa Barbara. He was filling his 100-gallon tank when he spotted Brooke across the parking lot. He noticed her bicycle attached to the front of her car, informed her that he had a bicycle built for two, and they've been riding together ever since—not only bicycles, but horses and Jeeps on their 600-plus-acre ranch nestled against the Santa Ynez Mountains. They were married atop Wedding Hill, a spot at the top of their ranch that they still visit when not otherwise commuting between two houses on the land: La Hacienda and La Casita.

Though a relative newcomer, Brooke and her 11-year-old son Gabriel fit right in. Her cropped blond hair at times recalls Joan of Arc. Other times she's the smiling Dutch Girl. She greets you like a long lost friend and welcomes you graciously into her home, wiping her hands on her apron. Dressed in a lavender and white gingham blouse with a white collar, a full skirt, and tennis shoes, she is a new-age farm girl with a heart of gold. "I felt like a mail-order bride," she exclaims, having adjusted quite nicely to life on the farm. "All I ever wanted was a tepee and five acres, so I've come to love it here. I love the way it smells—the sage and stuff."

Brooke's husband, John Baptiste Ford Bacon, Jr., is a fifth-generation Californian. He was raised in Pasadena and Montecito, but has lived in the valley for 35 years. "I was 16 or 17 years old when my uncle used to drive me over to the valley from Santa Barbara," he says. "I used to work on this ranch when it was part of the original Rancho San





Fernando Rey. I lived in the bunkhouse with two cowboys and a Mexican ranch hand. I got \$7 a day, room and board." Life on the farm suited John perfectly. "I thought I was in hog heaven," he remembers. Little did the young ranch hand imagine that one day he would buy the heart out of the original land grant and call it home.

The authentically styled Spanish adobe, La Hacienda, was built in 1938 for Santa Barbara's "father of the Fiesta," former Pittsburgh railroad equipment manufacturer Dwight Murphy. Designed by local architect Joe Plunkett, it epitomizes the Santa Ynez Valley of yesteryear. A vast rambling porch wraps around the front, offering 180-degree views of Lake Cachuma and the San Rafael Mountains beyond. Thick adobe walls provide cool refuge from the summer heat and warmth in winter. There's a collection of fine old canes in one corner and a bass fiddle in the entry hall to greet guests. "I play it at parties sometimes," John explains. He'll often invite a few neighbors in to join him with guitar, piano, and voices.

A painting by local artist Channing Peake hangs in the hall near the fiddle, along with an extensive Indian basket collection. The living room's comfortable chaise lounge provides another perfect spot for soaking up the valley views. A formal dining room is used less often than the friendly kitchen, where much of farm life activity goes on. Throughout the house, in the courtyard and around the pool, your senses are bombarded with the colors and the fragrances of the valley below.

When they want to "rough it," the Bacons drive their four- (Continued on page 46)







Above: Driftwood shaped into a cross by the elements provides a focal point above the ranch house living room fireplace. A painting of Lake Cachuma by famed Santa Ynez Valley artist Channing Peake hangs above the sideboard. Among other mementos, the shelves hold a photo of John with former state governor and valley resident Ronald Reagan and another of La Hacienda's original owner Dwight Murphy with his prize palamino. At left, the portrait of an illustrious ancestor, Captain John Ford, represents roots sunk even deeper into California history. Above right: John (right) and Kim Perkins, another local rancher, take a break during spring round-up at a neighbor's ranch. Opposite below: La Casita, the Bacon's getaway cabin, provides a respite from the larger demands of farm life down below.



"I like being outdoors, but it's the people I like best about the valley. They're unpretentious."

—John Bacon





**N**EWLYWEDS DAVID AND MERYL CASSIDY live in the heart of the valley, in a to-the-manner-born farmhouse set amid 30 rolling acres of clear mountain views. It is here that the singer and actor of TV's "Partridge Family" fame finds solace from his hectic show business schedule. "Nobody bothers me here," he says. "It's an incredibly relaxed atmosphere." It is also here that he joins Meryl's enthusiasm for raising thoroughbred race horses.

Married just one year, the Cassidys were acquaintances for ten years and shared horse-breeding interests long before falling in love and marrying. They've recently sold their home in Los Angeles, so the farm is now their only residence. They live here with Meryl's ten-year-old daughter Caroline, caretakers Dale and Vicki Schumacher, and an extended family of animals: six cats, two dogs, and a number of horses that presently varies between 20 and 25.

The farmhouse stood vacant for many years before David first saw the property in the mid-'70s and wanted to buy it. But his business manager talked him out of it. "He didn't think the Santa Ynez Valley was worth investing in at the time," he says, adding, "I think that was the last business decision he ever made for me. I fired him shortly after that."

Unknown to David, the farm was sold a week later to Meryl, who bought it after just 20 minutes of deliberation. And when David and Meryl came to the farm together for the first time ten years later, David could hardly believe the twist of fate. "When we drove



HENRY DILTZ







*Opposite above: Singer and actor David Cassidy hopes for a winner from his thoroughbred mare Soft Song, currently in foal to 1983 Kentucky Derby winner Sunny's Halo. David and his wife Meryl not only breed and raise horses, they race them on tracks all over the country.*

*Opposite below: Meryl and her daughter Caroline pose with Johnny's Image, a retired champ who still holds the track record at Hollywood Park. The Cassidys reward their prized gelding with the most luxurious paddock at the farm. Above: The view from the terrace shows off a sparkling pool, Meryl's spectacular rose border, and acres of the valley's famous blue sky. A basket of homegrown apples in the foreground, an antique carousel horse, and a pine bench typify the eclectic touches found throughout the home.*



**"There is a sense of peace and stability. . . . It's more than the farm—it's the whole valley that means home." —Meryl Cassidy**





**D**AVE AND MARGY HOUTZ were only looking for a weekend place when they first started searching the Santa Ynez Valley. Then, with a tape cassette of Bach's Cantata no. 308, "Peace and Comfort," playing in the car, they discovered their own piece of paradise and named it after the cantata. Five years ago it was nothing more than raw land. "It was like a canvas for our palette," Margy says, "and we felt like kids going crazy in a candy store." Since then the Houtzes have shaped their land into vineyards, gardens, a barn, a winery with guest house, and a main house.

The "contemporary farmhouse," as Margy calls it, is the result of 20 years of ideas clipped from magazines and a lot of creative collaboration with architect Mark Kirkhart of Santa Barbara's Designworks. "We chose Mark because we get along with him so well. We worked together on the plans for a year and a half before building, making changes all along the way. It's a very personal house. Dave and I were on the job all the time." Two years and "lots of money" later, the Houtzes and their 15-year-old daughter Maggi moved from the city to the country.

A dirt road leads you past the full, green leaves of chardonnay, cabernet sauvignon, and sauvignon blanc grapes growing on the vine. Margy recently returned from a trip to discover that her husband had built her a gazebo overlooking their man-made pond. "I had always wanted a pond," Margy says, "so we dammed an area in. Then the wild mallards moved in and raised a dozen walnut-sized baby ducks last spring. I spent hours watching them." The pond creates a natural environment for other birds and wild







*Opposite left: New valley vintners Dave and Margy Houtz proudly weigh a box of sauvignon blanc grapes just in from the field. The couple made their first release of wines this year from last year's harvest, under the Houtz Vineyards label. Left: The contemporary farmhouse, designed by Mark Kirkhart of Santa Barbara's Designworks, wraps around a south-facing patio. To the right is the loggia and master wing with library, bath and bedroom. Above: Under a soaring exposed-beam ceiling, the 700-square-foot living room provides plenty of space for guests. This view is from the kitchen, wide open to the area where Margy often plays grand piano and Dave occasionally joins her on clarinet. French doors lead to a patio and grassy area for more parties, picnics, and wine tastings outdoors.*





animals as well, who leave their tracks for the delighted Houtzes to discover.

An accomplished builder, Dave had wanted to erect the main house himself. He told his wife it would take him seven years. "She said that was too long," he says, "so I built the barn instead." They hired Santa Barbara contractor Bob Young to build the main house.

Highly polished bleached wood floors make a stark contrast to the vineyard soil outside the front door. "The contrast is important," Margy says. "We get a great deal of pleasure out of getting our fingers in the dirt, but we also like to leave that and come inside to a more elegant atmosphere."

The couple love to entertain, and the house reflects their hospitality. The kitchen is open to the living room with fireplace, where most of the action takes place. "We love having friends over, good meals, and conversation," Margy says. In the summer the Houtzes dine outside on the deck that surrounds the home. And there's a more formal dining room for special family meals or small dinner parties.

Each detail reflects the couple's taste, from the tiles in the kitchen to the wallpaper in the library. "When I told the painters to paint the bookshelves in the library red, they didn't believe me," says Margy. Today the traditional room is a marked contrast to the sparseness of the living room. "We both like simplicity, but we wanted to duplicate one of the rooms from our original home in Santa Monica." The contrast works handsomely.

The Houtzes decided to start a winery after considering sev- (Continued on page 48)





"It's like a dream come true. We had our first crush last year, and the whole family joined in."

—Dave Houtz

Above: The Houtzes's "front yard" holds a thriving vineyard of chardonnay, cabernet sauvignon, and sauvignon blanc grapes. The couple purchased Peace and Comfort Farm as almost 30 acres of raw land in 1981 and planted the vines the following summer. Later came the gardens, a barn, a winery with guest house, a pond with gazebo, and the main house. Dave's scarecrow, dressed here in his old clothes, is the least sophisticated but most picturesque method of six he uses to keep starlings and linnets away from the sugar-filled fruit. Above right: Dave greets winery visitors every weekend and works at home full time during harvest. The rest of the year Margy tends the business full time while he commutes to his real estate firm in the Los Angeles area.



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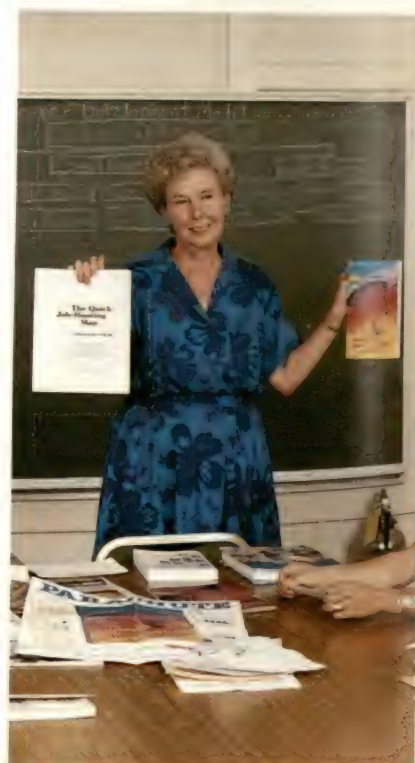
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY JURGEN HILMER



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# CLÉNET

## A Phoenix Rising

By Louis W. Thompson

Photography by Jürgen Hilmer

**T**HIS TIME it's going to work. The Clénet, the most expensive American car, is back in production. The highly publicized bankruptcy of September 1982 is just a memory. The factory has been moved from Goleta to more efficient quarters in Carpinteria, and, according to New Clénet Coachworks president Alfred J. DiMora, orders are pouring in.

There are plans for expansion—big plans. If the new management has its way, Clénet soon will leave behind its reputation as a small boutique automaker and take its place as a major force in the ultra-high-price auto field—a field now domi-

nated by European cars. "We are, very simply, taking on the Rolls-Royce," says DiMora. "When people think of the ultimate car, a car in the \$100,000 range, they are not going to think of an English car or a German car. They are going to think of an American car—the Clénet."

A grandiose scheme? Perhaps not. Observers point out that in some areas, the Clénet is already competitive with the Rolls.

Clénet bodies are as painstakingly put together by hand as the classic pre-World War II Rolls-Royces. Each Clénet requires at least 1,200 hours to complete. As a





result, everything about the Clénet fits together with remarkable precision—the doors, the hood, the trunk lid, the windows. The finish is flawless. Like the Rolls, the Clénet has a burl walnut dashboard and seats covered in Connolly leather. Everything about the Clénet shows the craftsman's touch, right down to the cut crystal ashtray.

Clénet considers the Rolls most vulnerable to challenge under the hood. The Rolls averages 8 miles to the gallon while the Clénet gets 16. The Rolls uses its own engine and, for the most part, its own drive train, which dealers concede have

not been free from service problems in recent years. Rolls service can be touchy, difficult, and expensive.

The Clénet uses a Lincoln fuel-injected engine and drive train, both considered models of dependability. The Clénet can be serviced by most mechanics or at any Lincoln-Mercury or Ford dealer.

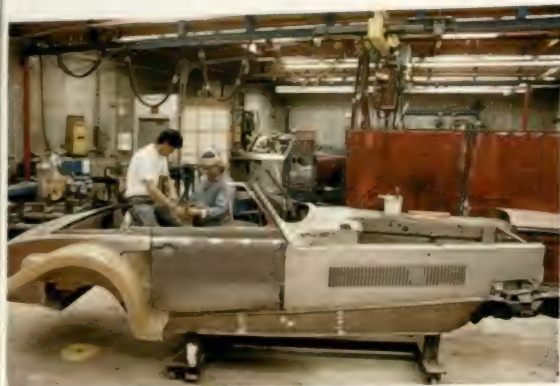
Price comparisons between the Clénet and the Rolls are difficult. Rolls does not make a convertible-top two seater, and the two seater has been Clénet's largest seller. Clénet does not make a four-door sedan, the usual Rolls body style, although a four-door Clénet is on the drawing boards.

The only possible direct comparison is between four-seat convertibles. The Rolls-Royce Corniche sells for \$150,000 and up; the Clénet version, the Series II Cabriolet,

*Below: Alfred J. Dimora resurrected Clénet Coachworks last year in Carpinteria. The new Asha Series III at left is one of four Clénets owned by collector Buck Kamphausen. The Series I at center sold in 1979 for \$30,000 and today, used, sells for \$60,000. The Cabriolet Series II at right was willed by singer Marvin Gaye to Las Vegas showman Wayne Newton, who had a horse trailer made to match.*







sells for \$98,000. But the body styles are so different that it is difficult to imagine one person liking both cars.

Where the Rolls is sedate, even understated, the Clénet makes a virtue of flamboyance. "The Clénet," says DiMora, "is for the guy with the red tie, the person who wants something different. If someone spends \$100,000 on a car, he wants to be noticed."

Critics have called the Clénet gauche, "a car for people with more money than sense."

Clénet Coachworks calls the car "neo-classic," an updating of the stylish 1930s roadsters.

Auto purists scowl at the fake exhaust pipes emerging from the engine compartment and the "graceless" ornamental chrome radiator. DiMora argues that the

*Above top: The minimum 1,200 man hours needed to hand build each Clénet starts in the body construction department. Here (from left) Clemente Hernandez and Pete Hagman painstakingly align the all-steel, zinc-coated parts. Above: Wiring specialists (from left) Dave Cutler and Bart Rierson preside over the final assembly area. This is where the engine, suspension, air conditioning, and so forth are added. Right: Clénet's new staff of 48 includes 85 percent from the old company. Here (from left) Joe Polizzi and Craig Karell fit the convertible top on a nearly finished Series III.*









## the foot-note\*

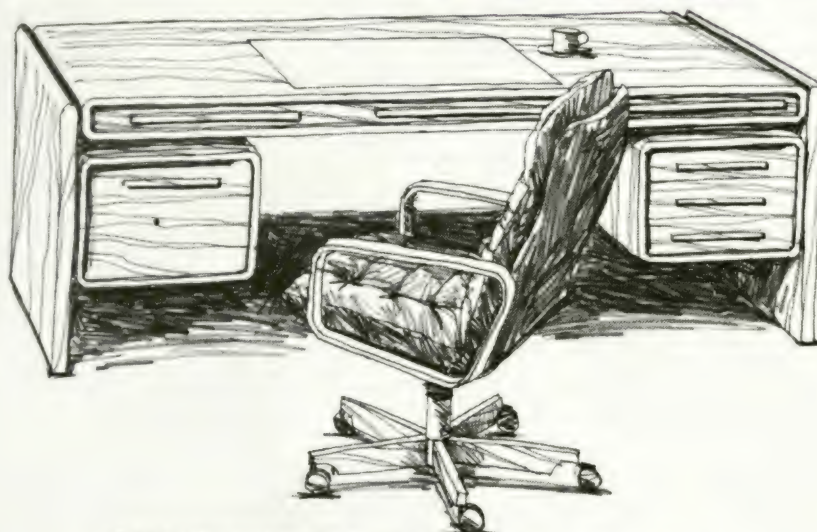


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pipes and the radiator have become associated with Clénet design, and that the car minus those and other ornaments would lose its identity.

It is clear, however, that the "neo-classic" style imposes severe limits on the utility of the car. The swooping running boards take precious space from the interior, causing the Clénet to lack the ample shoulder room long associated with the Rolls and other luxury cars. In order to save space, Clénet has moved the shift lever to the dashboard. This puts it out of the way, but space in the Clénet is still so limited that taller drivers and passengers must move the seat back as far as it will go to swing their legs around to exit the car.

The small cockpit gives the driver the feeling that the Clénet, already a large car, is bigger than it is. The unusual proportions, the small driver's compartment compared to the massive bulk of visible metal, can give the uncomfortable impression that the driver has a huge and vulnerable vehicle under way.

Approaching a blind intersection, the long hood makes it difficult for the driver to see oncoming traffic. There is a great deal of expensive coachwork stuck out into the road before he or she can see whether it is safe.

Who does the styling at Clénet? It seems clear that styling is a group effort, but led by the energetic presence of one Alfred J. DiMora.

"I make things start," DiMora says, "and the employees make them happen."

DiMora himself was the sixth Clénet employee, joining the nascent car company as an assembler in 1977.

Nine years ago DiMora was 20, working at a gas station at the Winchester Canyon freeway exit. A car approached—a preproduction Clénet on a test run. The car stalled. DiMora went to help, found the trouble (it was vapor lock), and got the car running again. It may have been one of the most significant vapor locks in industrial history, for it brought together the showy Clénet and the man who would later save the company, the equally showy DiMora.

DiMora, as he tells it, was on the fast track early. The schools in Rochester, New York, where he grew up, had a program designed to get students working early. DiMora was able to go to high school for half the day, then do something "more practical" with the rest of the day. DiMora became a machinist in this program, then went to welding school. Later on, while still in high school, he worked as a machinist eight hours a day. At 17, shortly before graduation, he married and bought



a house, this to go with the new Chevrolet Corvette he had acquired. The couple eventually had five cars, including a Lincoln Continental and a 1969 Chevy SS Nova that DiMora raced.

But it all fell apart. DiMora was going through a divorce at the age of 19. His father couldn't understand why his son wouldn't take a job at Delco (the company plant is in Rochester) and hold it until retirement. DiMora felt he was meant to *run* a company. The west beckoned, and DiMora found himself a home near a brother in Santa Barbara.

Clénet Coachworks was a heady place for an ambitious young man when DiMora joined it in 1977. Nobody there had run a car company before. Founder Alain Clénet had worked in Detroit for American Motors and then for a company that made tents, but few of the other employees had even that much industrial experience. Jobs were shared by all employees, and in time DiMora had mastered every job at the plant. Many weeks he would spend Monday through Friday assembling Clénets, then on weekends go to auto shows and try to sell the cars.

Tensions built. DiMora left Clénet Coachworks in 1978 after a "clash of wills" with Alain Clénet. DiMora occupied himself building his own car called the Sceptre, which won Best of Show at the Los Angeles Auto Exposition later that year.

Meanwhile, production at Clénet Coachworks rose to 30 cars per month. But high interest rates and a stagnant economy began to take their toll.

After the original Clénet Coachworks went bankrupt in 1982, DiMora founded the Classic Clénet Club to supply owners with technical information and to provide parts.

During the bankruptcy proceedings, several suitors appeared ready to take over the defunct company. It was clear that the company had gone bankrupt because of tremendous overhead in the huge showcase factory on Hollister Avenue. But the cars themselves had sold well for the most part, and there were orders for new cars on the books when the company closed. There was also a massive compilation of parts at the Goleta coachworks—enough to start producing cars again.

During the inventory process, however, all the parts had been dumped in one enormous heap on the floor of the plant. DiMora, who had found financial backing, was the only suitor able to sort out the pile of parts on the floor.

In the process of gaining control of the company, DiMora had visited many of the coachwork's original suppliers, paying



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Clénet's debts and thus gaining the suppliers' support in his takeover bid. After he gained control, he began contacting the earliest employees of the coachworks, whose zeal and dedication had made the Clénet a reality. Most were eager to rejoin the company. DiMora leased new headquarters in Carpinteria with less than half the space of the old plant—this to help keep overhead at a minimum.

The new Clénet Coachworks was formed officially in May of 1984. Setting up the new production line and retooling took six months. And with a dozen employees, the new company began to take shape.

One of DiMora's most important duties was lining up dealers for the car. At present there are 12 Clénet dealers, some of whom also sell the Rolls-Royce.

"They want the Clénet as an alternate to the Rolls," DiMora says. "The problem these dealers have with the new Rolls and with other new American luxury cars is that they are not noticed enough."

One Rolls dealer who does not sell the Clénet explains that the Rolls has been "toned down" because "there are terrorists in the world right now, and people who have money don't want to attract their attention."

"We need the Clénet," another dealer says. "The American luxury cars have been losing out to the BMWs and the Mercedes for years. Maybe the Clénet can get some of that market back."

Surveys have found that even in cities like Detroit, home of the American auto industry, where it was once considered a serious social gaffe to be seen in a foreign luxury car, people are beginning to snap up high-ticket Mercedes, BMWs, and even Rolls-Royces.

It is uncertain where the Clénet will fit into the luxury car picture. With its easily serviced, dependable Lincoln engine, it is the exotic car most suited to daily driving. Yet its limited passenger compartment and trunk make it impractical for shopping trips and for all but the shortest journeys; and its long nose makes it a handful in tight traffic situations.

Acceleration is not a strong suit either. There are Japanese sedans at one-tenth the price that can beat the Clénet on this point.

If you want to buy a Clénet, however, you will have to wait eight months for the privilege. The factory is so jammed with orders that production can't keep up with the demand. The reason? The Clénet may be the best-built car in the world. It's big, it's showy, and it's American.

*Santa Barbaran Louis W. Thompson has written for Newsweek, People magazine, and the Washington Post, among others.*





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# MMMushrooms

## Sprouting gourmet treats in Santa Ynez Valley

By Tim O'Leary

**A**GRICULTURE HAS LONG been the number one industry of Santa Barbara County. But now, entrepreneurial farmers John and Jeannie Rodwell have sprouted a unique agrarian niche in the golden hills of the Santa Ynez Valley. Here on Alamo Pintado Road in Solvang they own and operate the county's only commercial mushroom farm—Meadow Mist Mushrooms.

And it's a booming success. Last year the half-acre operation produced an astounding 36,000 pounds of mushrooms, with earnings topping half a million dollars. Who buys all those mushrooms? Happy customers like President and Mrs. Ronald Reagan; TV chef Julia Child, who uses the mushrooms on her "Good Morning America" cooking shows, most of the finer restaurants of Santa Barbara County, and an expanding number of private individuals who can't seem to get enough of the versatile—and nutritious—gourmet treats.

The Solvang operation is the culmination of John's 34 years in the mushroom business. As a consultant, he designed and established 27 other mushroom farms in such distant countries as the Soviet

Union, Kenya, Cyprus, South Africa, and New Zealand. Meadow Mist is his twenty-eighth, but the first that he built for himself and Jeannie.

Meadow Mist will celebrate its third birthday next spring. "We walked onto this land on April Fool's Day," John says.

"That should tell you something," Jeannie says with her irrepressible sense of humor.

Four months later, their first harvest of field mushrooms—*agaricus bisporus*—was ready. Now demand for their crop far exceeds their present production capacity, so John and Jeannie plan to build five more growing houses to double the farm's output. It's no wonder that county residents have dubbed them Mr. and Mrs. Mushroom.

Their five-acre farm employs six full-time workers. "Meadow Mist is probably the smallest mushroom farm in the United States," John says, "but to me, small is beautiful." This attraction is further illustrated by petite Jeannie, who, she says, stands a "full four feet 11."

A former World War II fighter pilot for the British Royal Air Force, John became intrigued by mushroom farming while tending the mushroom garden of another

pilot many years ago.

Jeannie comes from a much different background. Her forte was fashion. "The rag business," she says. For 28 years she owned the Post and Rail, a successful clothing store in downtown Santa Barbara. After returning from buying trips to Paris "absolutely walleyed" too many times, she decided to join John's business interests. Now she is as involved as he is.

The Rodwells' crops continually progress from spore to harvest in ten short weeks. Mushrooms in varying stages of growth fill the barns. "It's a very technical process," John says.

Contrary to popular belief, mushrooms do not grow in animal waste. Instead, the Rodwells use bedding straw donated by area horse farms that contains only two per-

*Opposite: John Rodwell visits one of his five growing barns. Here the staff plants, raises, and harvests the tasty tidbits by hand, emphasizing an organic, chemical-free method. In its second year, Meadow Mist Mushrooms sold over 16 tons—more than half a million dollars' worth—to discerning individuals and Santa Barbara's finest restaurants.*









CINDRA O'LEARY



NICK GALANTE

*Above left: Jeannie Rodwell used to run the Post and Rail, a highly successful women's clothing store in downtown Santa Barbara. Now she's sold on mushrooms, and her famous mushroom pâté is in great demand at county wine tastings. Above right: John designed 27 mushroom farms around the world before founding his own—Meadow Mist—in the Santa Ynez Valley.*

cent horse manure. They compost, sterilize, and specially treat the bedding straw using no chemical additives. Once the growing-bed compost is prepared, the mushroom seed spores are planted, raised, and harvested by hand.

Nothing is wasted in the farm's futuristic growing process. After the mushrooms are gathered, Meadow Mist continues the recycling process by donating the growing-bed compost—which has become thick and heavy like peat—to area gardeners and local stud and horse ranches.

John's totally organic, chemical-free process is one of the major selling points of his mushrooms. He plans to begin experiments soon in growing exotic mushrooms, too. "Mushrooms are a versatile vegetable," he explains, "a really incredible food. The health benefits are outstanding." Mushrooms are rich in folic acid, one of the most successful weapons against anemia, and they contain niacin, riboflavin, thiamin, and vitamins B, C, and D. Plus, they are free of sugar and starch.

Although the Rodwells own a beautiful manor on a 16-acre English estate near London that has been in John's family for three generations, and a spacious oceanside home in Oxnard that has a commanding view of the Channel Islands, when in residence at Meadow Mist they live in a simple double-wide mobile home. There they are surrounded by reminders of their consuming interest—mushrooms—depicted in paintings, posters, and books, and displayed in a china cabinet holding mushroom-decorated dishes and a stained glass mushroom.

At Meadow Mist, even the five white growing barns resemble mushrooms. On the walls of the sales office, which serves both retail and wholesale buyers, hang framed letters from President and Nancy Reagan and invitations to prestigious wine tastings and gourmet cooking classes. Their two work trucks' license plates read MMMUSH 1 and MMMUSH 2. And their motto—Meadow Mist Mushrooms Make a Meal Marvelous—is splashed across both

vehicles and posted at the entrance to the sales area.

The initials of Meadow Mist Mushrooms capture the spirit of the tasty treasures. "Mmm," John explains. "And with all those m's, we hope customers can envision mushrooms sprouting in the damp morning air."

"It's been a magic name," Jeannie agrees.

In ancient lore, mushrooms are often associated with magic. Egyptian hieroglyphics depict mushrooms as symbols of immortality. The Greeks considered mushrooms food for the gods. Viking warriors feasted on mushrooms before setting sail to conquer other lands and explore the New World. And the Japanese credited mushrooms with aiding longevity.

Legends about mushrooms and longevity find evidence in the youthful appearances of John and Jeannie, both nearing retirement age. But their active life-styles ridicule the concept of retirement. "I really think we should write a book about how we are at this age," Jeannie says, "but I'm too



busy living in my book to write it."

John acquired his Mr. Mushroom nickname by setting a new style and pace in mushroom promotion. "The more people who know about mushrooms," he says, "the more mushrooms will be needed." He urges fellow growers to spend a penny on promotion for every pound of mushrooms sold. This figure is low when compared to the four percent spent annually by California avocado growers, he says.

Word of Meadow Mist's fresh, organic mushrooms has spread rapidly. More than 60 restaurants make up the farm's customer list. Carryout sales at the farm average between 40 and 50 pounds a day to such county dining favorites as the Belle Terrasse Restaurant, Cold Spring Tavern, Encina Lodge, the Equestrian Restaurant, Federico's Mexican Restaurant, Mousse-Odile, Olive Mill Bistro, Pierre LaFond & Company, San Ysidro Ranch, the Sheraton Santa Barbara, and the Valley Hunter.

The Rodwells offer advice as well as fine mushrooms to their clients. They say that keeping mushrooms fresh starts with the storage bag. Paper bags are best; plastic bags don't allow the mushrooms to "breathe." Mushrooms should be kept in a cool, dry place. Jeannie says she never washes Meadow Mist mushrooms, only brushes them lightly because of the clean environment in which they are grown. She suggests that buyers of other mushrooms who are unsure whether pesticides have been used should rinse and quickly dry those mushrooms just before eating or cooking. "Spraying mushrooms with water is the kiss of death," Jeannie says. "They turn brown right before your eyes."

Although their young operation is now an institution in the valley, the beginning days were rocky. They faced opposition from neighbors who worried that the operation's compost heap would cause pollution. The attempt to stop Meadow Mist cost the county \$100,000 in planning, staff, and hearing expenses. "The people against it were overnight experts on agriculture," John says bitterly. But a lopsided battle for petition signatures gave Meadow Mist a decisive victory; about 1,500 residents approved the farm while only 7 opposed it.

"Solvang's mushroom consumption has tripled since the farm opened," Jeannie says, "and now Santa Barbara County is much more mushroom conscious because of our fresh-picked mushrooms."

The Rodwells's operation triggered a sense of united purpose among the valley's various agricultural interests. "We've been kind of a catalyst," Jeannie says. "We feel as though we've brought everybody together." Her packaged meatless mush-

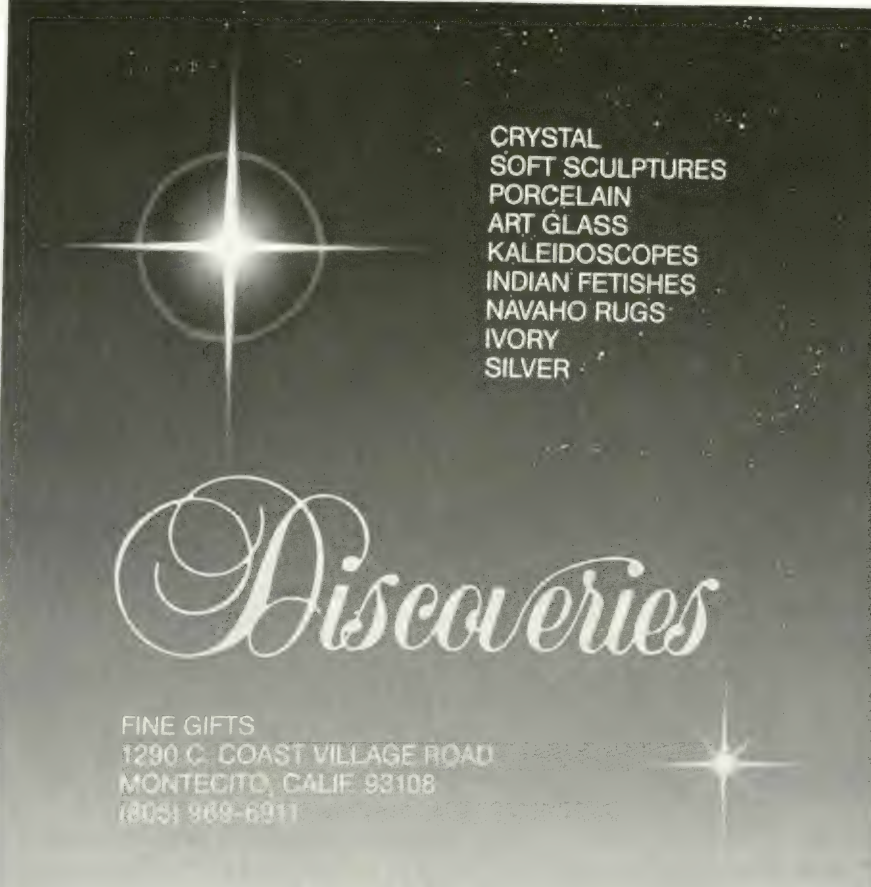


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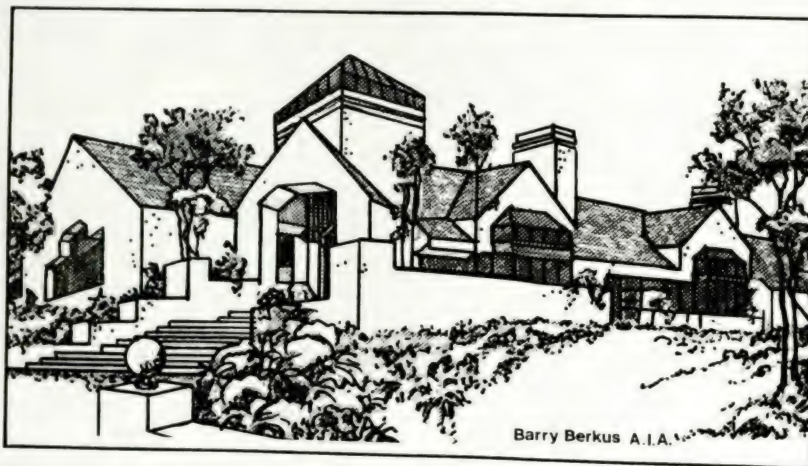
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room pâté is a popular treat at area wine tastings, and Meadow Mist's conscientious recycling of compost has also recycled good will. Grape growers, wine makers, gardeners, farmers, ranchers, and horse breeders have all been touched by Meadow Mist.

The idea for the mushroom pâté came from renowned chef and Santa Barbaran Julia Child. She suggested to the Rodwells that they create a mushroom pâté to serve as an appetizer at area wine tastings. Two years and numerous recipes later, Jeannie produced the present pâté, which is in great demand at wine tastings and is being introduced in gourmet markets throughout the county. "I think it's the only commercial mushroom pâté in the nation," John says.

Evoking memories of an epicurean Thanksgiving stuffing, the pâté contains 85 percent mushrooms and—in descending order of concentration—bread crumbs, onion, celery, milk products, egg, herbs, margarine, and salt. Jeannie says the margarine is used sparingly, and only to sauté the mushrooms. The delightful dish is low in cholesterol and has no preservatives or artificial additives.

The Rodwells hope eventually to expand production by packing their pâté in crocks and adding health food stores to their marketing menu, which would mean they would distribute the pâté nationally. Jeannie says the pâté is wonderful on crackers, in cucumber-and-sour-cream sandwiches, and as a stuffing for mushroom caps, which then can be covered with cheese and heated under a broiler.

The innovative Rodwells are also considering pâté loaves accented with walnuts, artichokes, and sherry. And John is working on a mushroom recipe book, while Jeannie is contemplating adding a quiche to their commercial line.

And if this isn't enough to keep them active, there are always basics like label design, marketing strategy, clientele, publicity, product awareness, and—of course—growing those beautiful little mushrooms.


"It's a continual challenge," John says.

"For two people who wanted to retire," Jeannie adds, holding up a perfectly shaped mushroom cap, "this has taken us by storm." ■

*A staff writer for the Lompoc Record, Tim O'Leary also free-lances for UPI news service and for magazines such as Austin and National Future Farmer Magazine.*

*Meadow Mist group tours are available by calling (805) 688-8089 in advance to make arrangements.*



A photograph of two young men. The man on the left is wearing a white polo shirt with red horizontal stripes, red trousers, and a yellow cardigan draped over his shoulders. The man on the right is wearing a teal sweatshirt and white shorts. They are both smiling and looking towards the camera.

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# RIDERS ON THE STORM

Wherever a waterspout appears, people rush to the water's edge and stand mesmerized by its strange combination of beauty and insinuation. It is the subject of tantalizing tales for grandchildren, a glimpse of nature's essential power.

Meeting a snake-like twister as it drops from a dark jungle of clouds is another order of experience altogether. One small airplane flew into a waterspout at an altitude of 800 feet, was swept out of control with its wing down and nose up and a few minutes later was ejected from a cloud more than 8000 feet up. Live fish have been vacuumed up and rained down on startled people inland, but without harm . . . except to the fish. (Near ponds and swamps people may be telling the truth about "the time it rained frogs." So far, however, it has never actually rained cats and dogs.)

It was October 1, 1976, when eight or ten of these watery vortexes formed in the Santa Barbara Channel as tropical air from a West Pacific typhoon caromed down the coast from Oregon. The atmosphere was warm and oppressively humid and the sky had filled with anvil-shaped

cumulo-nimbus storm clouds. Witnesses say that two clouds seemed to roll over one another, picking up speed and turning counter-clockwise, converging with the same effect that an ice skater achieves by tucking both arms to spin faster and faster.

Soon the first funnel-shaped shadow seemed to bore downward to the sea. (Actually there was already a rotating cone of air below the storm head; water vapor, condensing in the whirling winds, took shape along the lines of force in the cone.)

At least two spouts hit the surface, with a noisy splashing of spray and a sucking up of salt water into the vortex. The funnels remained for a half hour. As the clouds scudded away, the spouts were left to trail like kite strings, which finally broke, coiling upon themselves. Then, they were gone.

Meteorologists recognize two kinds of waterspout: "storm," just described, and "fair-weather." The fair-weather spout starts at the surface and develops upward, a product of rising hot air. Like a fair-weather friend, it is a solitary creature, while as many as 30 storm spouts may form and recede in one day-long flurry.

Storm spouts are, technically speaking, tornadoes occurring over water. ("Tornare," Latin, means "to turn.") But the tornado, nature's fiercest storm, is a death-dealer with a black heart given to random violence. By comparison, the waterspout is a kindly cousin. With its less powerful winds (60 to 120 miles an hour against a tornado's 500 m.p.h. force) and its slow pace, the waterspout rarely develops enough drive to penetrate inland.

One notable exception took place in Santa Barbara on New Year's Eve, 1878. Cyclonic winds and squalling rains combined forces near Stearns

Wharf to create a twister that tossed an anchored lumber ship up the wharf toward the warehouses and sank a Chinese junk; then it crossed ashore, unloaded a torrent of sea water and proceeded up De la Vina Street whistling an ominous tune.

Uprooted trees sailed overhead. A barn skidded up the road until it was broken apart—although a horse which had been tied inside was carried for a full block and set down safely, like Dorothy returning from Oz. (As folklore has claimed, twisters perform impossible feats like driving straws into tree trunks.) Surprisingly, there was only one death in the swirling storm of 1878.

Seven years later a twister with an apparent sense of humor touched down near the source of San Roque Creek and literally pulled a stretch of the creek into the sky. The water was lofted over the ridge to the east and poured into the area now marked by Foothill and Alamar Boulevards; the freakish flood subsided after just half an hour, however, damaging only a few fences.\*

Such oddly-behaved twisters occur around the globe. Waterspouts, for example, have performed their erratic dance in the Gulf Stream and the Great Lakes alike, in the seas of Japan, in the conflicting winds off Africa's west coast and, as in 1976, in the Santa Barbara Channel. Whenever they occur, people drop their hammers, pencils, plows or chopsticks and run to watch, for waterspouts fall into that dwindling class of events over which man has not one whit of control. Like a thunderstorm or an avalanche, the waterspout is enjoyed only at a distance.

\*This report was uncovered in the *Santa Barbara Weekly Independent* of November 20, 1885 by local historian Walker A. Tompkins.

BY JERRY DUNN



STEVE BISSELL







# BLUE WHALE IN MISSION CANYON

By Robert Sollen



**A** MAGNIFICENT blue whale skeleton stands newly reassembled outside the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History—a spectacular sight for visitors and scholars, but also a reminder that humans have nearly succeeded in wiping out the largest living creature ever to inhabit planet Earth. Surrounded by gravel walks, pyracantha bushes, and ancient live oaks, the 72-foot specimen honors the largest of all whales in one of the first complete blue whale reconstructions in the United States.

Before the turn of the century, blue whales numbered about 200,000. Then advanced twentieth-century ships and equipment made hunting the giants possible, and today only an estimated 9,000 to 20,000 remain. They are scattered throughout the world's oceans in small groups and in different places at different times. Sadly, sci-

entists say that too few may have survived for the species to continue.

Backed by a 1966 international ban on killing blue whales, Santa Barbarans and other concerned citizens are spreading the message that the gentle beasts should be treasured, not plundered.

The mighty blue whale grows far larger than any dinosaur that ever walked the earth. It lives 90 to 100 years, and is endowed with an almost magical ability to navigate the world's oceans. One of its favored pathways is along the Santa Barbara Channel Islands.

It takes 1,500 sturdy people to equal 100 tons, but just one blue whale. Blues often grow to 100 feet, and they weigh a ton a foot. After a six-month feeding season, they can weigh twice that much. That's a lot of meat, oil, and blubber, and that's why the





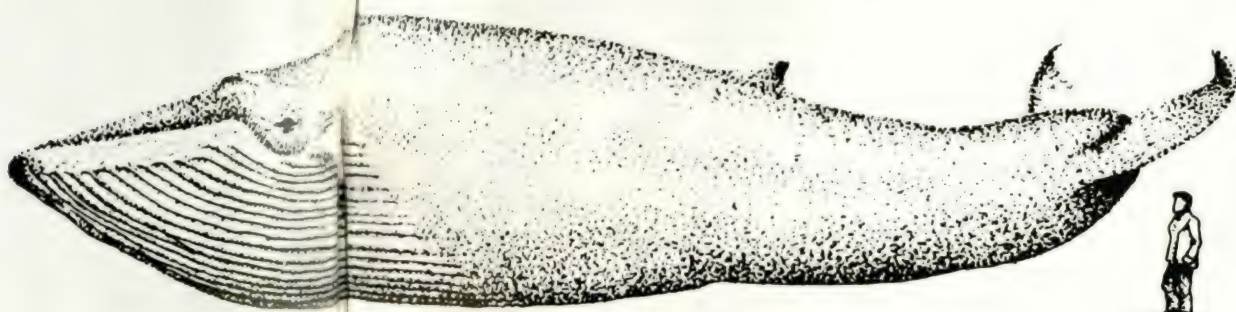
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Above left: On their journey from Mexican to Alaskan waters, a rare blue whale and her calf pause to bask in the California sunshine. The gentle blue giants represent the largest creatures ever to inhabit planet Earth. With their population left sadly decimated by the whaling industry earlier in the century, too few blues may have survived to continue the species. Above: In August of 1980 a young blue whale died of unknown causes off the coast of Santa Barbara. The tide draped his carcass below a rocky cliff at Vandenberg Air Force Base. Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History staff and volunteers worked long hours in the pounding surf to salvage the rare skeleton. Top: Cables from two cliff-top winches carefully eased the huge cranium up the 100-foot slope.





JURGEN HILMER



ROBERT NOLLEN



Above top: After the two-and-a-half-ton skull made it to the top of the bluff from the surfline, it had to be loaded and secured onto the red museum truck for the trip back to Santa Barbara. Above: A jigsaw puzzle of bones ended up in the backyard of the vertebrate laboratory. Here Charles Woodhouse, marine mammal specialist and assistant director of the museum, shakes his head over the tremendous task ahead of him. Right: Woodhouse, backed by assistant James Greaves and 1,250 hours of volunteer labor from the community, bolts a final rib in place. Above right: Late last year, three years and three months after the whale washed ashore at Vandenberg, the museum unveiled its spectacular 72-foot monument to the remarkable species.







international whaling industry took such a liking to the whale in the first half of this century. Producing by-products such as livestock feed, margarine, and fertilizer, the massive hunt peaked in the season of 1930-31 with a slaughter of nearly 30,000 individuals—more blue whales than swim the ocean today.

Shocked into action, governments of whaling nations formed the International Whaling Commission. Over the years the commission designed regulations to conserve ocean wildlife by restricting the harvest. Most countries abide by the rules, with the notable exceptions of Japan and the Soviet Union.

In August of 1980, nature provided Santa Barbarans an opportunity to study and display the skeleton of a rare blue whale. The community donated more than 1,250

volunteer hours to the museum specimen—a 25-year-old male that died at sea of unknown causes. The exhibit opened in November 1983 with a slogan that drew hundreds of visitors: Blue Whale Sighted In Mission Canyon!

"A specimen like this is dramatic," says museum director Dennis Power. "It's a focal point for getting people interested in biology, ecology, and marine animals; a dramatic visual aid to arouse interest in marine life and in life sciences in general."

Weighing 70 to 80 tons, the whale's body had washed ashore at Vandenberg Air Force Base, where the surf draped the carcass over boulders at the foot of a steep 100-foot slope. It was Friday afternoon during the vacation of Charles Woodhouse, marine mammal expert and assistant director of the Santa Barbara museum. While

staff members tried to locate him, Los Angeles and Baltimore museums indicated they would be interested in having the animal. But word reached Woodhouse in time for him to decide that the whale—or as much of it as possible—would be the property of the Santa Barbara institution.

"When I got back in town I said, 'Well, let's at least try for the skull,'" Woodhouse remembers. "Someone donated a crane and many others helped. That was a great morale booster."

Woodhouse and several men worked for hours in the pounding surf. They carved the skull from the blubber and wrested it from the spine. Finally the men secured cables from two bluff-top winches onto the three-ton cranium and dragged the big bone slowly up the incline.

By this time museum staff member Waldo



Abbott had arrived at the Vandenberg sentry post with the red museum truck. After some difficulty, he convinced the sentries he was there to pick up a whale's head, and they waved him through. Woodhouse remembers the truck springs giving a mighty creak as the skull settled onto the flatbed.

"The decision to try for the rest of the skeleton wasn't made overnight," he says. "The logistics seemed overpowering at the time. We knew degreasing the bones would be a long task. What I didn't envision was how tough the connective tissue would be."

But as progress steadily continued, Woodhouse, his assistant James Greaves, and museum director Dennis Power decided they wanted to reassemble the entire 72-foot skeleton. "We didn't have room to store tons of bones," Woodhouse says. "And we couldn't just leave them scattered all over the backyard, though they drew a lot of interest there. Even unassembled, they were the most popular display on the docents' tours."

Since the museum had no hall large enough to house the two-story giant and no funds to build a new exhibit room, why not keep it outdoors where it had always been? A corridor between the museum's auditorium and parking lot seemed ideal for the steel support system that Woodhouse had conceived. When reassembled, the long sleek skeleton would be held in a gentle arc as if the whale were preparing to dive.

But first many bones had to be repaired. Lining up the scores of ribs and vertebrae in the right sequence was a herculean task. "I joked with visitors that we got this wonderful kit, but we lost the instructions," Woodhouse says.

To patch and restore damaged bones, Woodhouse and Greaves used Bondo, a repair compound for auto bodies that sculpts easily before turning rock hard. While the museum crew shaped Bondo over gauze, chicken wire, and fiberglass fabric to rebuild where necessary, they laughingly threatened to name the restored skeleton Bondo.

Observing the laborious, tedious, and time-consuming task over more than three years, one might easily assume that the cost was running into hundreds of thousands of dollars. But the Santa Barbara museum did it with a \$28,000 grant and a lot of volunteer labor.

The grant from Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Frank paid for the construction of a gantry that supported the bones while they were being steam blasted and assembled, a special steel trailer to support and transport the skull during restoration, and James

Greaves's time. Besides that, 1,000 hours of volunteer labor got the beast off the beach and another 250 hours aided in reconstruction. Seldom has \$28,000 gone so far.

According to popular whale lore, eastern Pacific blue whales in the northern hemisphere should be feeding in Alaskan waters in August, not basking off sunny Santa Barbara County. Not necessarily, Woodhouse says. "In June of 1980 we saw a dozen between Santa Rosa and San Miguel islands," he explains. "There's lots of krill here in the summer to feed on, and blue whales don't migrate nearly as far north as grays do."

Other experts concur with Woodhouse's findings. "In Southern California, sightings are fairly regular from July through October, often just outside the Channel Islands," says a report by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA). "Blue whales have been reported around San Miguel Island for several weeks at a time during these months. This may mean that some whales in some years venture little farther north than Point Conception."

Unlike grays, blues migrate in small groups so far offshore that their routes are difficult to trace. In the past, blues were thought to migrate from Arctic or Antarctic waters in warm months to spend the winter in tropic waters. Now scientists believe they may take different routes on occasion, and some may not even migrate. According to NOAA and the Alaska Geographic Society, one tropical group may live year-round 1,000 to 1,500 miles off Central America.

The navigational abilities of those who make the Alaska-to-Mexico trek each year seem almost magical. "We have really no idea how species such as blue, sei, sperm, and bottlenose whales are able to orient themselves and navigate across thousands of miles of open ocean," says D. C. Gaskin, author of *The Ecology of Whales and Dolphins*.

The mighty blue whale begins life even larger in size than most mammals ever reach as adults. At birth, blue whale calves measure about 25 feet long and weigh between two and three tons. A baby gains 200 pounds a day on mother's milk, which has ten times the fat content of cow's milk. This free lunch goes on for seven months, increasing the calf's protective blubber layer before it swims to colder seas to feed on solid food.

As it matures, the world's largest animal is sustained by some of the very smallest creatures—krill, tiny crustaceans similar to shrimp that thrive in cold waters and some temperate zones like Santa Barbara's.

The blue needs a lot of krill to satisfy its appetite and metabolic demands, and it eats without chewing. Instead, it is toothless, its body designed for another kind of ingestion. "Pleats" under its lower jaw extend back to its belly button. These expand when the whale takes in a tank-sized scoop of water containing a mass of krill. The whale forces the water out through 600 to 800 baleen on the upper jaw. The baleen are extensions similar to cartilage, matted with bristles to strain the nourishing crustaceans from the water. The whale need only lick them off with its giant tongue.

Depending on which expert's book one reads, the blue whale takes in four to eight tons of krill or four to eight million shrimp a day when feeding. The blue whale must consume a yearly average of a million and a half calories a day. But since the mammal is believed to feed less than six months a year, it must double the calories during that time; that's roughly three million calories a day. Whether blue whales fast completely in other months has yet to be determined, although scientists agree that at most, they eat very little when away from cold water.

When they aren't feeding, some blue whales are mating. This takes place in warm southern waters during winter. Although no one has reported witnessing blue whales mating, scientists know the gestation period lasts one year and that calving occurs on the southward end of migration.

While the humpback whale makes the most intriguing sounds, the blue outdoes it in volume. Recorded at 188 decibels, a blue whale's whistle is the loudest sound ever known to be produced by a living source, according to Lyall Watson, author of *Sea Guide to Whales of the World*. Scientists speculate that low frequency blue whale moans may be used as signals over hundreds or even thousands of miles.

The blue whales that migrate off the coast of Santa Barbara, called the eastern Northern Pacific group, are believed to number about 6,000, the largest group of blues in any ocean. Scientists are watching to see whether the scattered groups will provide enough genetic diversity for the species to reestablish itself. Meanwhile, appreciative Santa Barbarans at the natural history museum can study and enjoy the framework of one of nature's most awesome masterworks—the remarkable blue whale.

Robert Sollen has been a reporter for the Santa Barbara News-Press for the last 15 years, specializing in resource management issues.



# BURT'S EYE VIEW

By Burt Prelutsky

## Marriage: A Very Risky Business

ONE OF THE REASONS I think so many marriages wind up on the rocks is because they start off in too grand a fashion. It was that wise old cynic, Oscar Wilde, who suggested that Niagara Falls was the second worst disappointment in the life of an American bride. Actually, it's long before the wedding night, even before the exchange of vows, that your average marriage is doomed. How can it be otherwise? Just consider the letdown. After all, on what other day of her life will thousands of dollars be lavished simply to show her off to her greatest advantage? On what other day will all her friends and relatives congregate, bearing gifts, to pay homage to her? On what other day will she have her peers behave like ladies-in-waiting servicing a queen? And, even more important, on what other Sunday will her dearly beloved not only shave without being nagged to do so, but spend more time concentrating on her than either watching pro football or working out the hitch in his backswing?

When modern marriages go awry, the stated reasons are usually finances, in-laws, and infidelity, but the subconscious motivation, at least on the woman's part, is to rid herself of the unshaven lout, so she might be free to experience yet another wedding day.

Actually, some smart fellow could probably make a fortune arranging unbinding marriage ceremonies for the superficially committed. It would certainly save a lot of wear and tear on everybody's emotions and avoid a lot of unnecessary *Sturm und Drang* in the divorce courts.

Even if there were a way to avoid wedding days, I'm afraid marriages would still remain a very risky piece of business. One of the big problems with people getting married is that people change along the way. If our taste in clothes, food, movies, music, hobbies, and literature change, it's only reasonable that our taste in mates would change, too. It doesn't make us bad people. It's just that what we might choose to marry in our 20s is not likely to be the same in our 30s or 40s or 50s. This point was summed up neatly by Groucho Marx, veteran of three stormy marriages and expensive divorces. In his later



TRISH REYNOLDS

years, Marx decided that the only marriage that made sense to him was between two old men who both loved baseball and had independent incomes. It was his friend of 50 years, songwriter Harry Ruby, he had in mind. And although he agreed in spirit, when he died in 1972 at the age of 78, Ruby was engaged to be married. And not to Groucho Marx.

Still, when you get right down to it, marriage between the sexes is just asking for trouble. The fact of the matter is that men or women have more in common with water buffalo than they have with each other. The simple truth is that women are smarter than men.

The reason women wind up being smarter than men is because little girls are smarter than little boys. It may be a biological quirk, but it's a head start they never relinquish. Of course now that girls are being encouraged to play football and soccer, where the chances of rattling their brains are so great, the gap may eventually narrow.

As proof that girls are brighter than boys, I'll simply point out that most kite flyers are male. Of all the pointless activities, kite flying just might be the gooniest. If not, it's certainly right up there with such bona fide contenders as mountain climbing, playing penny-ante poker, and eating celery. Kite flying is a pleasant way to spend an hour or two only if the alternative is being stretched on a rack or drawn and quartered. While

flying your kite, you get to stand in one spot, getting a crick in your neck and staring directly into the sun. And when you've grown weary of all that fun and excitement, you get to roll up a thousand feet of string, giving you plenty of time to wonder how it is that your life has come down to this, after starting off with so much promise.

As further proof of their superior brain power, I will point out that all women, but very few men, carry handbags. This builds up their muscle tone, but that's the least of it. It also enables them to cart around all sorts of life-support systems, ranging from aspirin and bandages to Mace and .45s. But, perhaps, the most important thing of all is that, unlike men, they don't go through life sitting on their wallets. In terms of comfort and general well-being, going through life perched on a wallet compares nicely to sleeping on a bed of nails or sitting front row center at a rock concert. All in all, this wallet syndrome is a boon only for chiropractors and pickpockets, as women obviously have the good sense to realize.

Frankly, gentlemen, I haven't the foggiest idea why women even put up with us. We're not only stupid, but we never hang up our clothes and we make a mess in the kitchen. It may be the same reason, though, that they seem to like cats, alfalfa sprouts, and shopping for clothes: they're smart as the dickens, but they're perverse as hell.





# Casa Blanca

## By the Sea

By Georgia Sargeant  
Photographs by  
Jürgen Hilmer

YEAR AFTER YEAR it stood abandoned on the shore, gnawed by wind and tide. The people living nearby called it the Castle, and passed along wonderful stories about it. They said it had been the site of bacchanalian revels, or the property of a gang of mysterious Arabs who liked to patrol the beach on camels. Some said its owner had built it for a distant bride, who canceled their pact with suicide. Despondent, he proceeded to drown his sorrows in spectacular debauchery, finally losing his life in the great storm that swept both him and his house away, leaving just the pleasure grounds behind.

These tales sound like the fabrications of a romantic novelist. Instead they are just a few of the local legends that have grown up in the 50-odd years since the





lovely complex of buildings—properly known as the Casa Blanca—was built by the beach at Sandyland, just up the coast from Carpinteria.

Like all good myths, the stories form a tapestry woven from threads of truth and fantasy. In this case the facts are as interesting as the fabrications. There is even a happy ending: at long last, what remains of the lovely ruin has been rescued from the sea. Its new owners, Bakersfield oil drilling contractor Robert Montgomery and his wife Ruth Ann, have restored it lock, stock, and barrel—or at least tile, pipe, and wire—to its former glory.

“We looked all up and down the coast from San Diego to Morro Bay, for the right spot for a beach house,” recalls Ruth Ann Montgomery, fair and

spoken, originally a teacher. “I grew up in the Los Angeles area, and my summers were spent by Redondo Beach or beside Balboa Bay. At first we looked there, but it’s all too crowded and noisy. In 1976 we found what we wanted on Padaro Lane.”

The Montgomerys and their three children, now all married and presenting them with grandchildren, grew fond of the area. Eventually they bought a second beach cottage, a ranch in the foothills—and Casa Blanca. “We were looking for a larger place,” Mrs. Montgomery explains, “because it was getting pretty crowded when the children brought all their families to visit.”

“The realtor came over one day,” her husband continues, “and told me she had something to show me, so we walked

down the beach and took a look.”

At first the Montgomerys were not interested, it was in such bad condition. The front wall of the house next to the ocean had caved in on the first floor. Boulders were strewn throughout the buildings and courtyards all the way back to the tiled hall with the swimming pool and steam baths.

Casa Blanca was not only a wreck, it was legally entangled. Eventually rising to the challenge it presented, the Montgomerys made a bid based on an estimate of the costs of a new sea wall and reconstruction of the damaged shell. The offer wound its tortuous way through the courts and was accepted. The Montgomerys became the owners of the biggest white elephant on the South Coast. It has taken them three years and

*Opposite: Cool and exotic as a Maxfield Parrish illustration, the keyhole arches of the marble-floored fountain court face the encroaching sea. Above: Stark white walls and an elaborately tiled doorway beckon the viewer into the cool inner sanctum. Casa Blanca is noted Santa Barbara architect George Washington Smith’s one building designed in a purely Moorish style.*





*Above: Now lost to time and tide, the opulent main house was furnished with oriental splendor by "Hollywood playboy" Albert Isham during the Roaring Twenties. Right: Its boldly designed atrium was lit by traditional Moroccan brass lamps. New owners Robert and Ruth Ann Montgomery were able to duplicate them on a trip to North Africa. Above right: Isham brought carved stone sphinxes with individual faces from Egypt to flank the natatorium's massive wooden doors.*

much money and labor to make it habitable again.

The Casa Blanca complex was designed in the Roaring Twenties for a young "Hollywood playboy" named Albert Isham, the millionaire scion of a distinguished Chicago family. Its architect, George Washington Smith, is credited with having brought the mission revival style of architecture to its artistic height here in Santa Barbara during the teens and twenties, leaving us our red-tile heritage.

As described by architectural historian David Gebhard in *Santa Barbara Architecture*, Smith easily surpassed the "catalogue of styles" typical of earlier designers. Most of all he loved the simple, even primitive traditional buildings hidden away in remote Mediterranean







provinces. But he was a painter as well as an architect, with an eye trained by the creative flood we call "modern art," the impressionist and cubist matrix that would soon give birth to the Bauhaus and abstract expressionism.

The villas and townhouses of Smith's fame are simple, massive, and spacious in atmosphere even when small. They are also beautifully constructed and lovingly finished with warm traditional details—the perfect blend of ancient and modern. "The Castle," which is actually just the gymnasium and natatorium of the original estate, is Smith's only known venture into a pure Islamic style, but it is on a par with the rest of his work.

"Every year Albert Isham would go abroad in the summer and travel. And when he got back he would come to

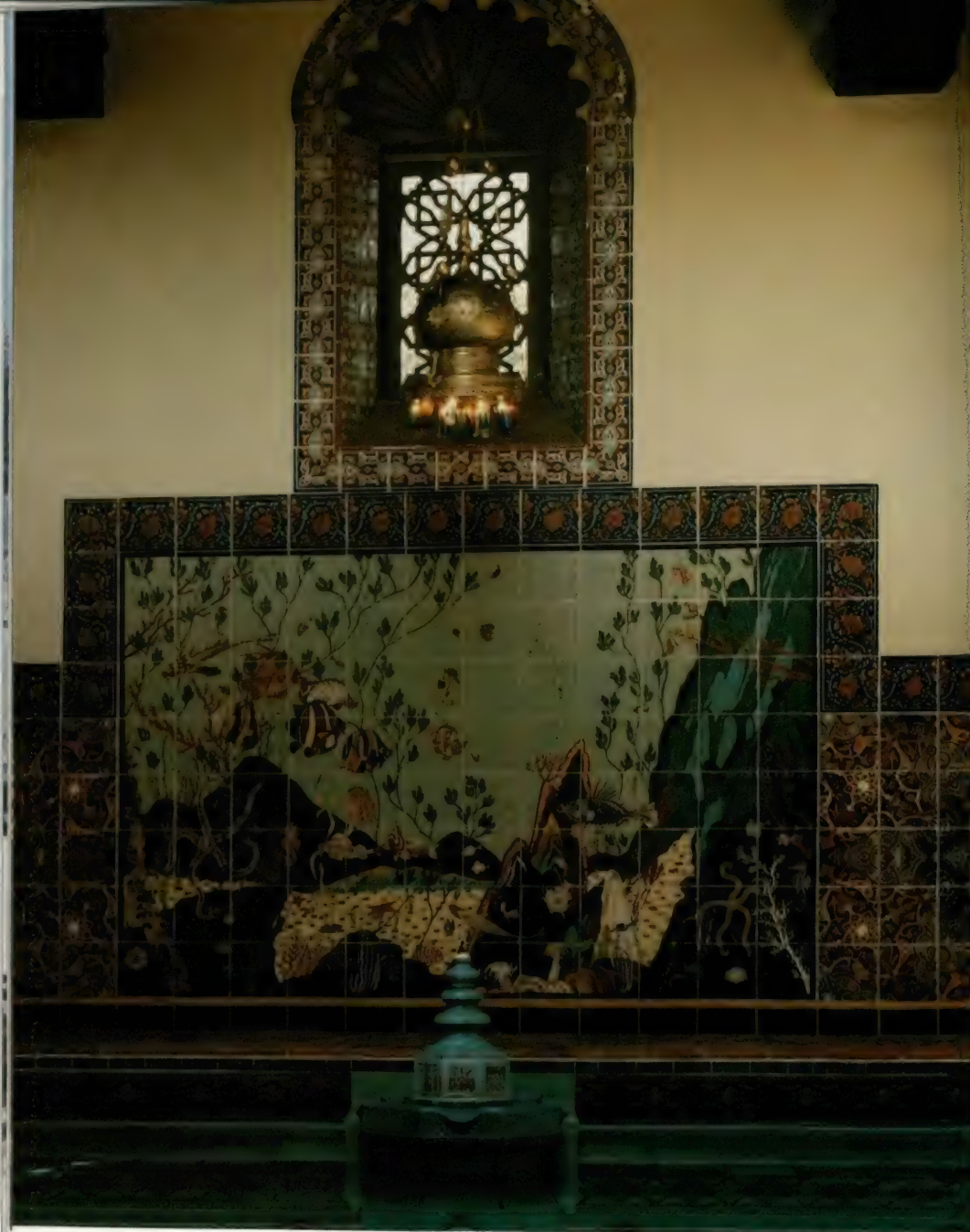
George Washington Smith and commission him to build a new house on the land in the style of wherever he'd been," recalls gruff-voiced octogenarian Lulah Maria Riggs, herself an eminent architect who started her career drafting Smith's designs. "He had to keep rebuilding because the sou'westers would come up and wash 'em right out to sea again. I guess he had enough money so it didn't matter to him."

Most of Sandyland's beach—a bad area for building to begin with—was consumed by storm and tide during the '30s and '40s. Isham had started with seven acres; little more than three are left. This attrition is usually blamed on the construction of the Santa Barbara breakwater, a marvel of poor engineering that altered currents in the channel for

miles around. The harbor area beaches are now choked with sand, while erstwhile sandy shores from Cemetery Point to Padaro Lane are reduced to their stone skeletons. But the breakwater may not be the only villain. During the same period extensive flood control, from dams to cement streambeds, sharply curtailed the amount of sand washed down from the mountains each winter.

Isham's beach house and the cottages that flanked it were among the casualties of this perpetual battle of the elements. A great winter storm in the '30s irreparably damaged the main house, its style derived from Moorish Spain. It was dismantled, and some of its special features, like the great stone fireplace, were salvaged and built into later construction on the estate.





*Above: Once painted out by a zealous movie crew, this tile mural depicting the wonders of the briny deep accents the deep end of the swimming pool, which originally could be filled with either fresh or ocean water. Isham brought thousands of tiles from as far away as Spain and Morocco, and from nearby Rincon Canyon's historic pottery works. Above right: According to local legend, bon vivant Albert Isham once drove his Duesenberg convertible—with champagne-sipping starlets on each fender—right into the pool.*

Other elements were sold or given away. According to one account, the roof was moved to a Rincon ranch house. One of the guest houses, now known as the Honeymoon Cottage, was moved back from the sea to one of the original tennis courts. Another, according to Carpinteria native and former mayor Ernest Wullbrandt, was moved up onto Foothill Road.

Only a few of Smith's creations were left on their original sites. Toward the shore stands a marble-paved fountain court flanked by a pair of wood-paneled bedrooms with vaulted ceilings reminiscent of the inside of a tent. Back from it stretch two great walled courtyards, now paved with asphalt. To their west, toward Santa Barbara, stands the splendid gymnasium and grand tiled swimming pool

hall, which some say originally had a false floor that could be laid down for dances. The buildings also held a squash court, a single-lane bowling alley, and an exercise chamber.

This monument to physical fitness was built in 1927. According to Miss Riggs, Isham had quit drinking at the time, and wanted to lose weight and get into better physical condition. The "Hamam Baths," as she recalls their being nicknamed, also contributed to the purpose for which the whole complex had been designed—parties.

Even in his own time, Isham's parties had a reputation for wildness; these were the Roaring Twenties, and Casa Blanca saw more than its share of flappers and bootleg whiskey. Some stories, as noted by Jayne Caldwell in *Carpinteria's*





Was, place Isham in Hollywood's fastest set, which was speedy indeed. According to her sources Casa Blanca was a regular stop on the pilgrimage to the Hearst Castle, the site of many unrestrained extravaganzas.

Montecito native Ambrose Cramer recalls a charming though unprovable tale from the time. "The pool-warming party was in full swing, with bathtub gin flowing freely, but no Isham. Then the big wooden doors opened and he came roaring into the building in a convertible Deussenberg." Other versions of the story adorn each fender with a champagne-drinking starlet. "He drove it right into the pool, where of course it sank, and his white yachting cap came floating up to the surface. A few seconds later so did he. Supposedly, David Gray, who was

an avid car collector, bought the Deussenberg from him later."

But not all Isham's parties were wild. "He put on a graduation party for my high school class, but my mother wouldn't let me go," remembers Madge Rodriguez Shepherd, who was brought up on her family's Spanish land grant in the foothills. "If she had gone," says Ernest Wullbrandt, "it would have been perfectly proper. Isham was a gentleman." Another Carpinteria native, Rosemary Carton Brown, vividly recalls being taken to tea at Casa Blanca by her aunt when she was 12. She remembers watching in awe as the great glassed skylight panels over the pool slid back to expose the sky, and gazing at the colored lights flickering underwater.

Yachtsman Isham loved the sea and all

its pleasures. Clam bakes, says Wullbrandt, began with a furrow in the sand plowed by a neighbor lad and his mule; the largest shellfish turned up this way were tossed into the fire pit. Local people who helped with the festivities were often invited to the party. Daphne, the operator who ran the town's little manual switchboard and put through all the calls making arrangements, had a standing invitation to come on up after work. Isham was no snob.

He was also not a happy man, according to his friend Marshall Bond, a somewhat younger member of the same set. "It was a shame," Bond says. "He was a brilliant guy, graduated first in his class at Harvard, and distinguished himself in intelligence work in World War I. Good businessman—he made a mint selling





short just before the stock market crashed. But he was one of the homeliest men you ever saw, and he could never just accept it and forget about it.

"There are so many people so stupid they can't even spell right, and so few like Albert with real ability. But he could never believe that anyone would want to be friends with someone like him."

The decline of Isham's health was probably hastened by the rot-gut bootleg liquor available during Prohibition. "He used to go to the Biltmore every Friday night and get drunk," Bond recalls. "Finally his doctor told him he had to quit or die; and he did stop, for about six months. Then he went back one Friday night and did it again. He was dead by Monday morning." Isham was just 38 when he died.

"He was a generous man. For example, there was a young gal with a couple of kids working in his broker's office; like a lot of people, she got fired when the market crashed. Isham met her on the street, and asked her why she looked so glum. When she told him, he reached into his pocket and gave her all the money he had on him, about \$300."

"I liked him; he was always polite—never got fresh like some men," remembers Miss Riggs. Montecito resident Grace Lloyd believes he was a tragic figure. "His mother and mine were friends back in Chicago," she says, "but she died when he was just a boy. Her father left his whole fortune to Albert unconditionally, and he came into it all when he reached 21. He seemed to be headed for a brilliant career, but getting

*Above: An Arabian Nights vista of keyhole arches leads from the ocean to the "Hamam Baths." Above right: Over six feet high, this priceless antique Venetian glass chandelier was hanging by one rusty wire when the Montgomerys bought Casa Blanca. Far right: In Isham's day the pins of this private bowling alley were set up by hand. Montgomery installed a mechanical pinsetter. Right: When the estate lay abandoned, souvenir-hungry vandals picked many of the original brass studs out of "the Castle's" ancient doors.*







*Above: Historian Marguerite Eyer Longstreth, Casa Blanca's second owner, added a maze of reflecting pools and courtyards to the west of the buildings, culminating in an arch to frame the setting sun.*

all that money too young went to his head and ruined his life . . . It was a case of 'poor little rich boy.'"

For years after Isham's death in 1931 no one lived in his party palace. The storms had already taken the main house when Casa Blanca was purchased by oil magnate Van Rensselaer Wilbur and his wife, Marguerite Eyer Wilbur, who today lives in their great Montecito estate. "There was a sweet story about the Wilburs," Mrs. Lloyd says. "When they were courting they used to take picnics out onto a certain hillside in Long Beach. Mr. Wilbur became quite attached to it, and bought it after they were married. It was called Signal Hill and it turned out to be a great oil field."

After Wilbur's tragic death in an automobile accident, his widow remarried

twice, less fortunately; both ended in divorce. Harvey Taylor, her second husband, was a college professor who brought some 20,000 books back from France with him. At first these were accommodated on shelves built into Isham's old squash court and exercise room. New windows and a fireplace were added to bring light and warmth. Then, fearing the damp sea air, Mrs. Taylor built a special library for the books on Hot Springs Road in Montecito.

Her third husband, also a professor, was named Longstreth.

Marguerite Eyer Wilbur Taylor Longstreth is herself an historian, a respected author whose works include a biography of Thomas Jefferson. During the early '60s she had a two-story, L-shaped building erected beside Casa Blanca's foun-

tain court, overlooking the encroaching ocean. It became a retreat and conference center. She also added two little guest cottages in the rear by the railroad tracks, and transformed the tennis court between the front house and the gymnasium into a large pool reflecting a classically styled sculpture. The maze of pools and courtyards added to the west of the buildings ends in what used to be called a folly, in this case a detached arch or gateway whose only function is to frame the view of the setting sun from the squash court-library.

Although Mrs. Longstreth's additions repeat some Moorish details found in George Washington Smith's creation (for example, the toothed crenulations on the roof corners), they fall short of its standards in aesthetics and workmanship.

Marguerite Longstreth donated the whole Casa Blanca complex to USC for a conference center, on the condition it be kept up. When this did not occur, she sued for its return, won, and gave it to the Marguerite Eyer Foundation, dedicated to the encouragement of young writers. Montgomery eventually purchased it from this nonprofit group.

"The first thing we had to do was to put in an adequate seawall," he explains. The slope of the old one worked like a staircase, bringing the waves right up to the front of the building, where it trapped the water onshore, instead of letting it run back out to sea.

During the year it took the Coastal Commission to approve the beefed-up barrier that now keeps the ocean at bay, work to restore the gymnasium began.

Montgomery brought in Bill Johnson to act as supervisor. Johnson had recently restored the Montgomerys's River Island Country Club, a resort in the Sierra Nevada town of Porterville, and their Bakersfield residence, which is fitted up as a Mexican hacienda.

Once the basic structural renovation of Casa Blanca was underway, the Montgomerys decided to go to Morocco to check the authenticity of the restoration. After flying to Europe to meet with Montgomery's Norwegian colleagues, they were met by their own plane in France and taken to Morocco.

"We were really very lucky," explains Mrs. Montgomery. "A friend of ours who works for *Town and Country* had just finished a series of articles on Morocco, and she made arrangements for us." The



manager of La Mamounia, the country's most beautiful, elegant, and antique hostelry, met them at the airport and provided their escort throughout their stay.

Though they feel that the strangeness and poverty of North Africa would disconcert many Americans, the Montgomerys enjoyed their brush with its ancient culture. Due to the eminence of their host they had the privilege of watching the country's great national festival. This included a pageant in moonlit ruins put on by representatives of the country's many ethnic groups, with veiled women, robed sheikhs, camels, fakirs, and all.

The Montgomerys brought back more information and experience than artifacts, since the Moroccan way of life is a bit too foreign for comfort. "We were honored with an invitation to eat at home with a Moroccan family, which is rare," says Mrs. Montgomery. "They sit on very low divans, which are their main furnishings. Food is eaten with the fingers, and a man comes around with water kept warm in a special pitcher, to clean your hands between courses. It was fascinating; but we weren't ready to live like that." Casa Blanca's main living quarters are now decorated in a contemporary style, ornamented with outstanding antique European furniture and souvenirs of North Africa.

Some of the ancient imported treasures from Isham's house, like the massive wood-mosaic doors and carved stone fireplace, had been built into the Longstreth addition. Most notable of these is the great Venetian glass chandelier, which when the Montgomerys first saw the place, was hanging by one rusty wire. "We took a fragment of glass from it to Venice to see if we could replace some of the broken pieces and find out when it was made. From its color"—clear, a bit bubbly, with a warm gray tint—"the man there said it must be from the very oldest period, and priceless. When I think of it hanging by just one wire..." She shudders eloquently.

The guest rooms, natatorium, and Honeymoon Cottage built under Smith's direction, have proved the most rewarding to restore. "I've been a carpenter all my life, and I don't think I could do work like that," says Steve Johnson, who is helping with the restoration. Domestic interiors had been painted purple and peach. Extensive stripping revealed exquisitely fitted clear fir paneling on the walls, ceilings, and built-in dressing room wardrobes. Not one nail can be seen.

The echoing, ornately tiled hall that

holds the swimming pool is the crowning achievement. With the exception of the electrical system (originally in a basement flooded periodically by the ocean), the Montgomerys insisted on restoring everything—even the plumbing—to be just as it was in Isham's time.

Dark corroded lamps hanging near the ceiling, when brought down and cleaned, proved to be made of brass meticulously hand-inlaid with sterling silver and copper. Mexican glassblowers replaced the damaged multicolored "icicles" that hang from these lamps.

During the early '60s Casa Blanca had served as a set for several TV shows, notably "Ike" and an episode of "McLeod." The glorious old Spanish, Moroccan, and local tile friezes that sur-



*Above: Robert and Ruth Ann Montgomery, current owners of Casa Blanca.*

round the pool were painted out by the film crews, and had to be stripped. The great movable skylight doors were taken down into the courtyard, and every bit of corroded metal and cracked glass replaced. Once more the push of a button sends them rolling ponderously apart.

Multicolored lights glitter again beneath the surface of the pool, which, according to Miss Riggs, had to be built to withstand daily tidal fluctuations in the water table that raise and lower the whole thing several inches. The quality of construction Smith demanded is staggering. Wullbrandt remembers an early attempt to bulldoze one of the cable-reinforced walls. The attempt had to be abandoned; the wall just wouldn't budge.

Landscaping for the grounds is still in progress. Many of Marguerite Longstreth's six-inch-deep pools either did not drain or would not hold water, so they are being converted to planters. Experiments in handsome low-maintenance plants that can withstand the perpetual assault of sand, wind, and salt spray are underway. Establishing goldfish and exotic waterlilies has been difficult, but with the Montgomery determination at work, the challenge will undoubtedly be met.

Casa Blanca's destiny is not yet clear. Though it was bought originally as an investment, the cost and effort to restore it has endeared the old "Castle" to its new owners. For the foreseeable future, at any rate, it will see a lot of entertaining, both private and charitable. Around Christmas it hosted a special tour to benefit Mrs. Montgomery's favorite charity, the Assistance League. And May saw a gala benefit ball for the Lobero Theatre, also designed by George Washington Smith. Casa Blanca is becoming a party house once more. Albert Isham would be pleased.

*Georgia Sargeant is a local journalist whose writings range from politics to art.*

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**SANTA BARBARA  
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Continued from page 53

We look down on hundreds of sea elephants snoozing at Adams Cove, a wide sandy beach anchored by rock outcroppings. The newborn pups are a few feet long and weigh in at 30 or 40 pounds. A month later they will weigh up to 300. Some of the bulls, over 18 feet long, would tip the scales at over three tons.

Also blanketing the beach are cacophonous hordes of California sea lions. Along with Steller sea lions, harbor seals, and northern and Guadalupe fur seals, the northern elephant seals and sea lions on the beach below make San Miguel the most diversified pinniped rookery in the world. As many as 15,000 individuals bask on the rocks and beaches during mating season. Amazingly, although the U. S. Navy bombed and strafed the island for years, the animals continue to return to mate and bear their young in increasing numbers.

For hours we are glued to our field glasses, totally absorbed by the undulating mammals on the beach below. Only our pilot's threat of taking off in the dark sends us scurrying down the trail back to the plane.

*By 1935 I had replaced the Travel Air with a Cabin Waco; this in turn was replaced with a 450-horsepower Beechcraft Biplane which could travel 200 miles per hour. Now equipped with the best possible passenger plane, I made it a practice to visit the island regularly, often twice or more a week. I gained an immeasurable amount of valuable knowledge and experience in flying the hard way, as well as enjoying a wonderful friendship with these hardy people, all of which netted me a great deal of satisfaction and is a pleasure to recall.*

— George Hammond

**A**IRBORNE AGAIN. The sun drops glowing into the surf behind Point Bennett. We make a final pass over the rugged north coast, low enough to see the Lesters' graves. Elizabeth Lester outlived her husband by 40 years and was buried at his side.

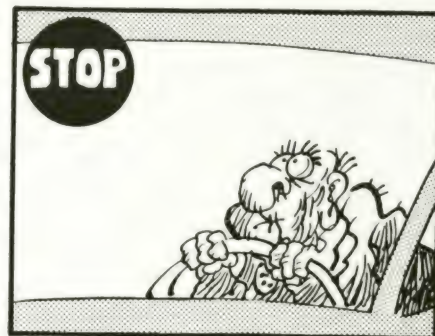
Coreopsis covers the coastal cliffs below with a golden blanket. Shadows fill the stark canyons, and the island embraces the coming night. We leave San Miguel alone, as it should be, an island never truly owned by man, but by the tempestuous sea and the howling wind. ■

John McKinney is the author of California Coastal Trails, published by Capra Press. (Portions of The Legendary King of San Miguel by Elizabeth Lester, ©1974, reprinted courtesy publishers McNally & Loftin.)

## SANTA BARBARA SCENES

WAITING AT THE FREEWAY LIGHTS

by Russell Myers





# Julia

An afternoon with everybody's favorite French chef.

By Cork Millner • Photography by Brian Leatart

THIS IS AN INTERESTING SAUCE," Julia Child says, pushing a small dish toward me. "Try it. Goes well with the quail. It's got liver, butter, cognac, and port wine in it." Her eyes twinkle and she adds, "I call it a 'loose mousse.'"

I spoon a bit of pale brown "loose mousse" onto my plate, dab some on my cold quail, and taste. "Ummm," I hum as my undertrained palate tries to unravel the different taste sensations.

Julia Child watches me expectantly.

What do I say to this delightfully incorrigible cook, this master chef who has unveiled the mysteries of French cooking and made Gallic dishes commonplace in American kitchens? How do I express my pleasure to this gastronomical giant who has taught fledgling cooks—who didn't know a truffle from a toadstool—the wizardry of *haute cuisine*?

I swallow and say, "Delicious," then, "a fabulous recipe."

"Actually, we really don't speak of 'recipes' anymore," Julia says, attacking the tiny quail on her dish, effortlessly separating the meat from the bone. "We speak of 'dishes.' *Recipe* makes it sound awfully dry, don't you think? Perhaps it is better to simply say 'the food' or 'the dish.'"

"Nor do we use the term *gourmet*," Paul Child says from the other end of the luncheon table. "*Gourmet* doesn't mean anything anymore." He cuts a piece of asparagus, fresh and green, and dips it in hollandaise.

"*Gourmet* makes it sound like someone is putting sherry wine in the cornflake casserole," Julia adds, "which really wouldn't be very tasty. It's an overused advertising word. Someone will say to me, 'My son is a gourmet cook,' and I think, what does that mean? Does he really grind the hamburger himself rather than get it out of the package?"

"We say 'good cooking,' 'good cooks,' and 'good food,'" Paul says, "like what we're eating."

The food in front of us is good, quite good. Besides the quail and the asparagus, there is thin sliced smoked ham, fresh lettuce salad, toasted French bread, and a plate of fruit and cheese: Brie, Camembert, and cheddar. Lunching with Julia and Paul Child in their Santa Barbara apartment overlooking the Pacific is everything I expected—except the lunch is cold.

One hour earlier, when I arrived at the door, Paul Child answered my ring. Standing behind him—and towering over him (she is six foot two inches tall)—stood Julia Child. She shook my hand and propelled me into the living room.

"Sorry, we're having a bit of trouble with our oven." Julia's laugh is warm and friendly, and her voice has an amusing lilt, almost like an English accent. "Seems rather foolish—a cook without an oven." She pops into the kitchen through the swinging door just as the oven repairman pops out.

"It's not the oven, it's the electricity," he says.

"Can't you do anything about it?" Julia asks.

"You'll have to get an electrical man."

"What a bother," she says, then turns to me. "Oh, well, nothing wrong with a cold lunch. Come on into the kitchen."

Julia's Santa Barbara kitchen is small and square with a single window over the sink. There are two white ovens and broilers and a white electric range with four burners. One wall is covered with copper pots, aluminum pans, wooden spoons, whisks, crushers, grinders—all the paraphernalia of a well-organized cook.

In the center of the kitchen, a massive oak cutting table dominates the room. "Had a wonderful lunch yesterday—used that oak table as a buffet," Julia says. "Started at one o'clock and lasted until 7:30. We had the chef from Ma Maison and Michael Hutchings from the Olive Mill Bistro in Montecito. I suppose

that's why the oven's stopped working—too many cooks in the kitchen." Julia pulls leaf lettuce from its stalk and washes the greens in tap water.

"At our home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, we have a bigger kitchen," Julia continues. "But any kitchen is fine as long as it functions as a kitchen and not something some designer dreamed up for *Better Homes and Gardens*." She takes the dripping leaves and puts them in a small red plastic lettuce dryer.

What makes a good cook? I ask.

"Good food and the love of eating," she answers, pulling on the cord of the leaf dryer. The lettuce whirls inside, spinning off its excess moisture. "The more 'piggy' you are, the better cook you are. Then you must have the necessary cooking hardware to be able to prepare food properly, and you need to know cooking terminology. It's like building blocks.

"Of course, having a bit of experience helps a lot. And the more experience you have the more interesting cooking is because you know what can happen. In the beginning you can look at a piece of chicken and it doesn't mean much, but once you have done some cooking you can see in that chicken a parade of things you will be able to do with it. That's when the challenge begins. That's when it becomes fun. Cooking may be a creative art, but it is also a wonderful full-time hobby."

*Julia Child takes time from her busy schedule to relax at home in Santa Barbara. Opposite: Her enthusiasm for good food is infectious. Here she has prepared an elegant canard en gelée, illustrating her ability to keep the beauty in while taking the mystery out of fine cuisine. "My idea was to take French cooking out of cuckoo land and bring it down where everybody is," she says. Her popular TV shows and best-selling cookbooks attest to her success.*









Above left: A California native, Julia is now an expert at shopping for ingredients in Paris. Above right: What makes a good cook? "The love of eating," Julia insists. "Experience helps a lot, and also having the necessary cooking hardware."

Julia puts the lettuce in a bowl, then opens the refrigerator and takes out a small leg of smoked ham. "The problem for cookery-bookery writers like me is to understand the extent of our reader's experience. I hope I have solved that riddle in my books by simply telling everything. The experienced cook will know to skip through the verbiage, but the explanations will still be there for those who need them."

Cookbooks have been one of the key measures of Julia Child's success, as are her award-winning television shows, "The French Chef" and "Julia Child and Company." But the real key has been her ability to take the mystery out of French cooking; to move it out of the bistro and into the American homemaker's kitchen.

"My idea was to take French cooking out of cuckoo land and bring it down where everybody is," Julia says. "No, you can't turn a sow's ear into veal Orloff, but you can do something very good with a sow's ear."

In her monumental fourth book, *From Julia Child's Kitchen*, she reminds the reader that "French cooking isn't fancy cooking, it's just good cooking.... Cooking well, too, doesn't mean cooking fancy, it just means that anything you set your hand to makes good eating, be it mashed potatoes, chicken soup, meatballs, or a twelve-layer cake.... *Coq au vin* is a chicken stew, a *pot-au-feu* is a boiled dinner, a *mayonnaise de volaille* is a chicken salad, and *soubise* is plain old rice cooked with onions, and there is nothing fancy about any of them."

Julia Child has published six successful books thus far that echo this cooking philosophy. The original *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* was followed by *Mastering the Art of French Cooking, Volume II*. Then came the *French Chef Cookbook*, taken from her first television series, and *From Julia Child's Kitchen*, followed by two large-format books based on her latest television show, "Julia Child and Company." The last two books were heavily illustrated in color. "I was getting tired of gray food," she says. "Now with color there are no more gray strawberries, pale and sickly veal, livid lettuce, or pallid pickles."

In 1972 she received the *Ordre du Mérite Agricole* from the French government, and in 1974 she was awarded the *Antonin Careme Medal* from the Chef's Association of the Pacific. She has also won an Emmy, the Peabody Award, and been the cover subject of *Time* magazine.

Amazingly enough, Julia McWilliams at age 34 could barely boil water.

"I don't think I was born a chef, but I've always been very hungry," Julia says, slicing the last of the smoked ham. "And I married a man who likes to eat. We both shared a passion for food."

She looks up as Paul comes through the kitchen door. "Gosh, when were we married? I've got it written down somewhere... 1945 or '46. The beginning date isn't as important as the fact that we are still together."

Paul and Julia met during World War II in Ceylon. Paul, a confirmed bachelor at age 42, was designing war rooms for

Lord Mountbatten, and Julia was serving as a filing clerk in the Office of Strategic Services. (She had joined the OSS with every intention of achieving spy status.)

"I didn't want to marry anybody," Paul says. "But then I met Julie—I've always called her Julie. She had a kind of crazy humor, and I could see how tough she was, and how she worked like mad on projects and never gave up."

"I wasn't going to marry anyone either," Julia confesses, an obvious warmth in her voice, "until I met Paul. I guess he just ruffled my nesting instincts."

"I don't know exactly what it was when we met," Paul says. "It wasn't like some bomb exploding, but there was something there, some new fizz about ready to go off."

A few years after they were married, Paul was assigned to the American embassy in Paris. "We got off the boat in Cherbourg and started to drive toward Paris," Paul remembers. "We stopped in Rouen, and went into a French restaurant. It was there that Julia had her first taste of French food."

"And I never got over it," Julia adds, putting several halves of French bread into a small electric toaster oven, which, for lack of counter space, was stored atop the refrigerator. "The food in that French restaurant was so carefully prepared... I was amazed. I had never tasted anything like it before."

"She was hooked," Paul says.

Once in Paris, Julia brushed up her college French with two Berlitz lessons a





Above: Cooking is more than Julia's career, it is her passion. The Childs enjoy preparing feasts for guests at home. Are friends intimidated to return the favor? "Not if they know us," Julia says. "We're perfect guests — always hungry!"

day. (Paul had lived in Paris in the 1920s where he'd already learned the language and developed a love for French cuisine.) Julia enrolled in a six-month Cordon Bleu cooking course along with 12 American GIs. "Some of them weren't very serious about cooking," Julia remembers. "Most of them had stayed in

Paris on the GI Bill to be near their girl friends. For those few of us who were genuinely interested in cooking, it was easy to get the chef's full attention."

Julia was fortunate to have for a teacher master chef Max Bugnard, then in his late 70s, who had worked with the great Escoffier. She also met Simone

Beck and Louisette Bertholle, two French women who were working on a French cookbook for Americans. Julia was taken on as the team's translator, but was soon making major creative contributions to the cookbook. The manuscript, *Mastering the Art of French Cooking*, was being prepared for Houghton

## Julia Child's Santa Barbara Menu

I AM A CALIFORNIAN, originally from Pasadena," Julia says, looking out from her balcony at the ocean. "But I love Santa Barbara. It's so beautiful here, with such marvelously mild weather. Why live anywhere else? Paul and I are planning on eventually moving completely out of our place in Cambridge. Santa Barbara is one of the few places in California that has been able to keep itself clean and stable. Monte Carlo, Cannes, and Nice, France, are terribly overbuilt now. They have torn down many of the wonderful old buildings and put in high rises. *Semper vigilante*—you have to be ever watchful.

"For a party to match the outdoor style of living here I would recommend something typical and just right for Santa Barbara—a barbecue! A meal doesn't have to be like a painting by Raphael, but it should be serious and beautiful, and what could be better in this climate than a barbecue?

"For the main course, I'd cook salmon steaks over the coals. I'd make a sliced cucumber salad flavored with

fresh dill and sour cream, and a regular tossed green salad with some fresh tomatoes—is there anything lovelier? I'd have other salads on the side and several sauces for the salmon, just for

those who like to sample everything. Then, so we don't sauce everything up too much, some plain melon and some cheeses and fruit. Of course, there would be wine—always wine. . . ."



PHOTO BY JURGEN HILMER. SETTING AND ACCESSORIES FROM D. CROSBY ROSS



# PACIFIC COAST AIRLINES



## Your West Coast Connection

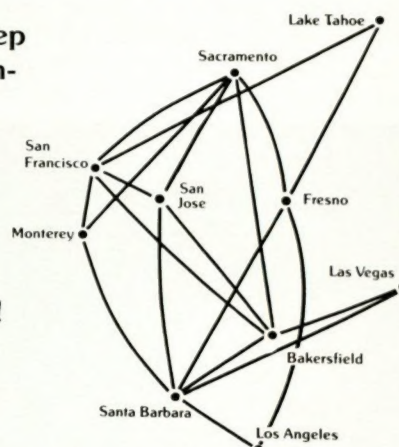


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# PACIFIC COAST AIRLINES

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Mifflin, and was finally completed in 1958, seven years after the writer-chefs started it. The publishing company turned it down. It was too long, they said. The three women shortened it. Still too long. Then they sent it to cooking enthusiast Alfred Knopf, who published it in 1961. The sales have soared ever since.

"I happened to be the right woman with the right book at the right time," Julia says. "It was the beginning of the '60s, the Kennedys were in the White House, and there was a lot of new talk about French food. Travel to Europe was also becoming easier, and Americans had the opportunity to savor French cuisine."

The book's success propelled Julia into her first television show, an educational program on Boston's WGBH called "The French Chef."

"They had asked me to come on a talk show to be interviewed about the book," Julia says. "During the show I beat some egg whites in a French copper bowl to enliven the talk. The response from viewers was quite excited, and I was asked to tape three half-hour shows. I remember after the first taping, I rushed home and Paul and I dug our tiny budget television out of the unused fireplace—it was so ugly, that's where we hid it—and sat down and watched this strange woman tossing French omelettes, slashing eggs about the place, brandishing knives, and panting heavily as she careened around the stove."

Julia's success on television was not based simply on her cooking techniques or her ability to unravel the mysteries of French cooking. Her exuberance and her passion for good food were infectious. She would take shortcuts, break rules, and her audience loved her for it. She would squeeze lemons through her "impeccably clean dish towel," or sample sauces with her fingers. And if a minor disaster happened on camera, she would scoop up the wayward item, drop it back in the pan, and say to the camera, "Remember, you are all alone in the kitchen, and no one can see you."

"I'm not fazed by anything going wrong in the kitchen," Julia says, scooping hollandaise into a sauce dish. "Fact is, some people accuse me of planning disasters. But it's not necessary to plan a disaster in the kitchen. There are simply too many of them that happen automatically."

As if to emphasize her point, the bell on the toaster dings, and Julia slides the French bread, a bit burned and smoking, off the aluminum tray. "See?" she says,



fanning the crisp edges of the bread. "Little disasters are easy. . . . Well, it's ready. Everyone carry something, and let's go into the dining room."

I pick up the asparagus dish and lettuce tray and we all caravan to the dining table in the living room. The walls are covered with photographs taken by Paul, including one of Julia with a cat in her arms. It is his favorite photograph of "Julie." A large glass window overlooks a small balcony with flowered sofas, and beyond is the ocean.

We sit down and Julia pours from a bottle of burgundy. "Sorry it's not white wine," she says. "Seem to be out, but this will do fine. Good wine is a complement to any meal."

We clink our glasses together and they ring like delicate wind chimes. Julia says, "*Le carillon de l'amitié.*"

"The bells of friendship," Paul translates.

After tasting the "loose mousse" I take a piece of slightly scorched French bread and ask, "What was your biggest cooking disaster?"

"That's one of the four or five questions everyone asks," Julia says. "I always have to answer the most recent one. Any disaster is a learning process, you just have to learn to be the master of whatever happens."

What is the second most asked question?

"Aren't people afraid to ask you for dinner?" she answers. "Wouldn't they be intimidated? Well, not if they know us. We're perfect guests to have—we're always hungry."

"Then, we are always asked what our favorite meal is. There are so many favorites—all in my cookbooks. And the last question is always, 'What would you want for your last meal on earth?'"

"It wouldn't be a monkfish," Paul says, munching on a slice of apple.

"The monkfish was one of my strangest television menus," Julia explains. "We were in our local fish store in Cambridge, and I saw this whole monkfish. Usually it's just the tail. And I thought, what a great visual for television. It was so vicious looking."

"A monster," Paul says.

"For being so ferocious in appearance, it is a very mild-tasting fish," Julia says. "It has a chewy flesh, but little flavor of its own. Everybody screamed when they wheeled it into the studio on a cart. Imagine a tadpole the shape of a grand piano."

"Filmy stuff on the top," Paul adds.

*Continued on page 100*



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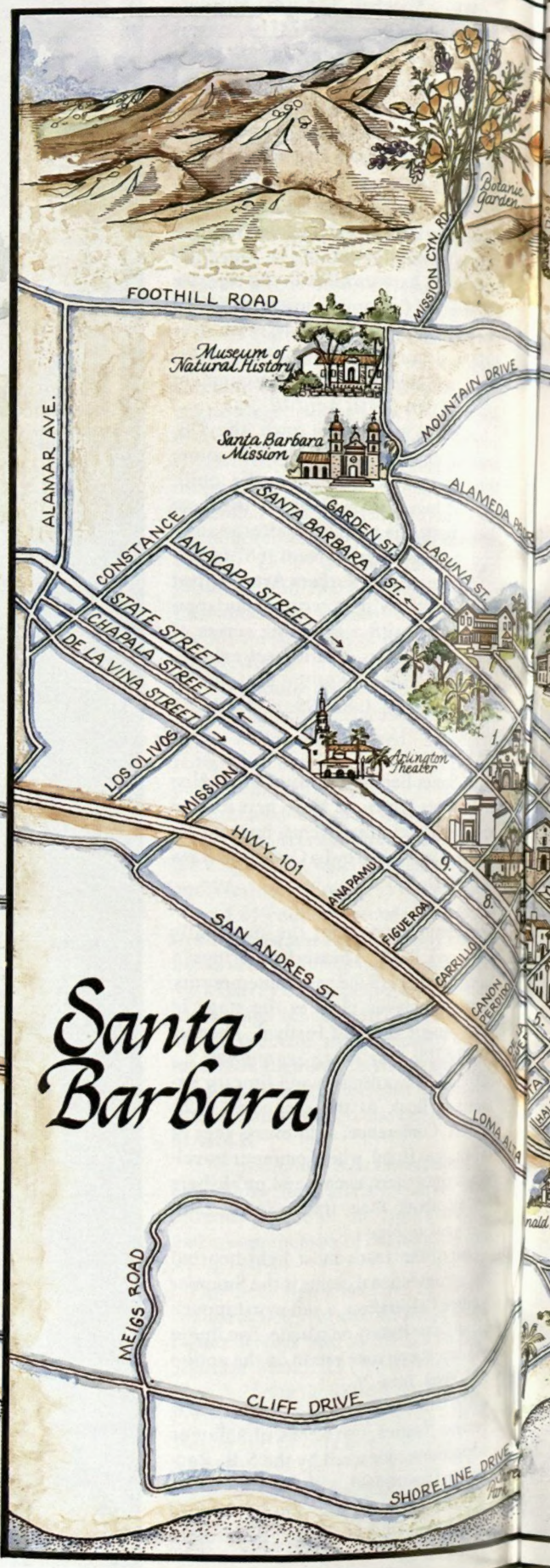
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## Santa Barbara Landmarks

1. County Courthouse, Anacapa & Anapamu St.
2. La Cañeda Adobe & Presidio Chapel, Canon Perdido St.
3. El Cuartel, Canon Perdido St.
4. Historical Society Museum, 136 De la Guerra St.
5. De la Guerra Plaza, De la Guerra St.
6. El Paseo, De la Guerra & 8+4 State St.
7. Lobero Theatre, Anacapa & Canon Perdido St.
8. Hill-Carrillo Adobe, 11 E. Carrillo St.
9. S.B. Museum of Art, State & Anapamu St.



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